THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JUNE, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Lest We Forget

When the news came a few weeks ago of the death of Ian Maclaren, while he was on a lecturing tour in this country, we found occasion to look back among the files of eleven or twelve years ago for some of the contemporary impressions of his first great popular success, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. In more ways than one those old files made odd, interesting, and not altogether unprofitable reading. In them we find names, then hailed as of great promise, but which in the course of the brief years have been completely forgotten. There are other names, those of most of the men and women who stand for the literary success of to-day, for which you may search in vain. Their time had not yet come. But most interesting of all is it to study, from the point of view of 1895, those sturdier reputations which were then already established and which still in some measure endure.

In 1895 the last echoes of that noisy furore which greeted Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby* were just dying away. Although the *Adventures* and the *Memoirs* of Sherlock Holmes had appeared a year or two before, the science of deduction was still in the first full swing of its American popularity. Hall Caine's *The Manxman* and Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda* were still new books. Max Nordau's *Degeneration* was being widely read and discussed. The utterances of Mr. Edward W. Townsend's Chimmie Fadden were being quoted by thousands, who saw in him a new and strange field of American humour. In the long list of his novels, Marion Crawford was then no farther along than *The Ralstons*. George Meredith's *Lord Ormont* was to be found occasionally among the lists compiled of the best selling books. Mr. Kipling was then a very vital force. Favourite bits from *Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas* were being flung about enthusiastically, and perhaps a little monotonously, by undergraduates on every campus. Undergraduate publications were filled with stories, boyishly modelled after those of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. His doings furnished "copy" everywhere. THE BOOKMAN was then in its first year, and in the first paragraph of the issue for June we read that the announcement that "Mr. Kipling is about to return to India is exciting a great deal of interest." We are further informed that it is generally regarded as a wise thing for him to do, for it is impossible that even such a genius as he is should long be able to reproduce the mystic spirit of India while living in Brattleboro, Vt.

The three books which during the five years from 1894 to 1899 stand out by reason of a popularity that was almost sensational have the point in common that they were, to all practical purposes, first books. Although *Peter Ibbetson* was published in 1891, its vogue was by no means great, and it was *Trilby*, which had been planned earlier, that established

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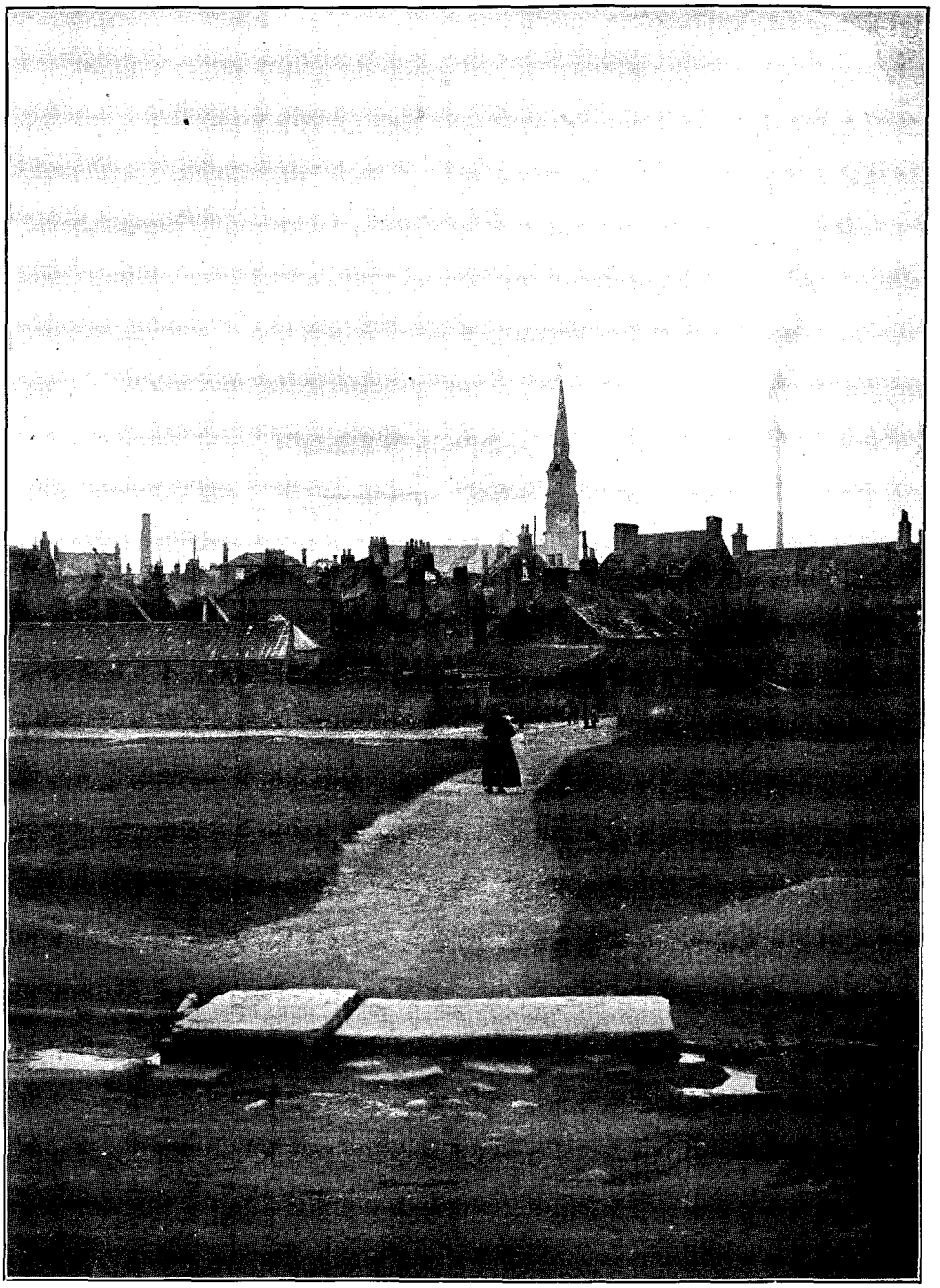

"THE TALL SPIRE OF THE KIRK"

Du Maurier's reputation as a novelist as well as a draughtsman. The story of the posthumous *David Harum* is too well known to need retelling. The circumstances in the case of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,* the second book in order in this series of successes, were just as remarkable. A year before these annals of Perthshire parish were being discussed in every corner of Great Britain and Amer-

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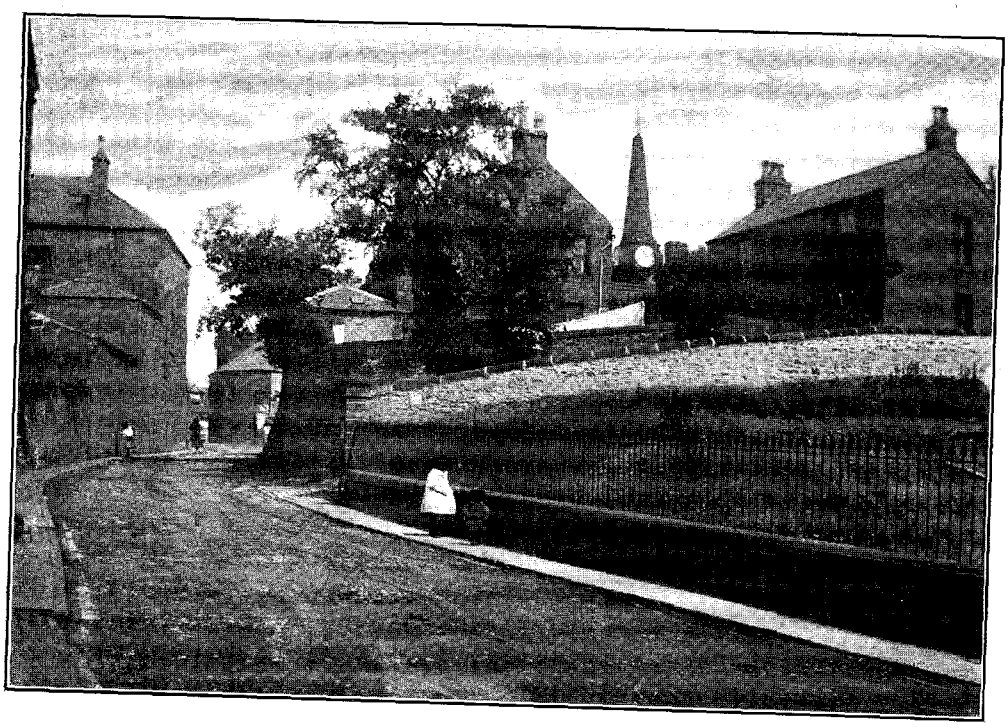
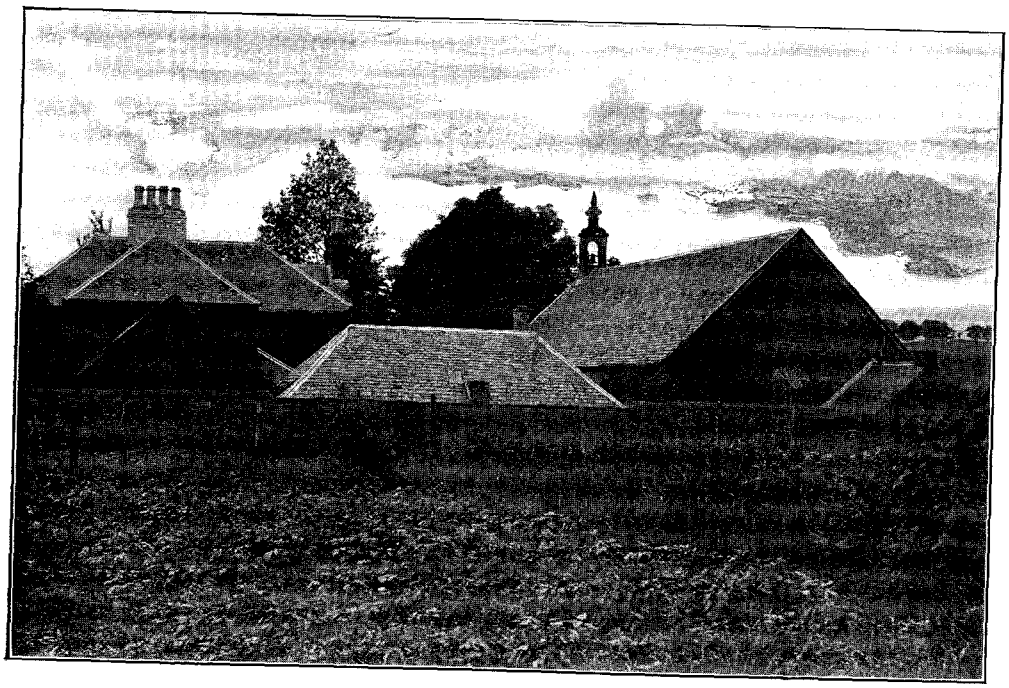


KIRRIEMUIR, "THE LAWYER'S HOOSE"



THE FREE KIRK AND MANSE FROM THE REAR

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GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Mr. Viereck's *Nineveh and Other Poems* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

ica, the author had practically written nothing. He had attained the comparatively mature age of forty-five, and had long been a leading clergyman in Liverpool, but that was all.

Although he was born in Mannigtree, Essex, where his father, who was engaged in the Excise, was stationed at the time, John Watson was a pure Scot, and it was in Scotland, first at Perth and then at Stirling, that the formative years of his childhood were passed. In due time he went to Edinburgh University, and when he had finished his studies he decided, in

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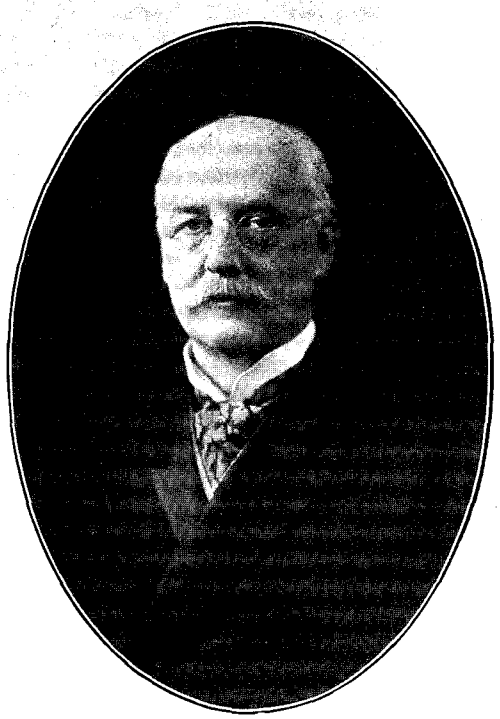
ARTHUR HORNBLOW

accordance with the strong wish of his father, to be a minister of the Free Church. While passing through the curriculum of the New College at Edinburgh, he formed deep friendships for such men as Henry Drummond, George Adam Smith, and James Stalker, who were among his fellow students. There was a society, The Gaiety Club, which still meets from time to time. After serving as assistant at a church in Edinburgh, John Watson became minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond, the Drumtochty of his stories. His congregation was a small one, but he found the work pleasant, and when at Logiealmond, he had literary plans very much like those which were realised twenty years later. It was self-distrust alone that prevented him from going on with the book, which would undoubtedly have much resembled *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. From the little Perthshire parish Mr. Watson went to St. Matthew's, in Glasgow, as the colleague of Doctor Samuel Miller, and three years later he was called to the church in Liverpool, where he remained for twenty-five years.

Arthur Hornblow

Arthur Hornblow, author of *The End of the Game*, served his literary apprenticeship in newspaper offices. He is an Englishman by birth, but has resided in New York for a number of years. He has seen much of life in London, Paris and other places. He was a reporter in Kansas City and later an editor on the staff of the New York *Herald*. The account of a newspaper being rushed to press, which makes a chapter in *The End of the Game*, is largely based upon his own experience. Six years ago he became editor of the *Theatre Magazine*. Mr. Hornblow has a reputation as a successful translator. A few years ago his translations of the novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio attracted much attention and praise from the critics. He has also written several plays. A recent piece, entitled *The System of Dr. Tarr*, based on Poe's fantastic tale, written in collaboration, had more than one hundred performances in New York and Boston. His first attempt at novel writing was *The Lion and the Mouse*, which he made



WILLIAM H. MAXWELL

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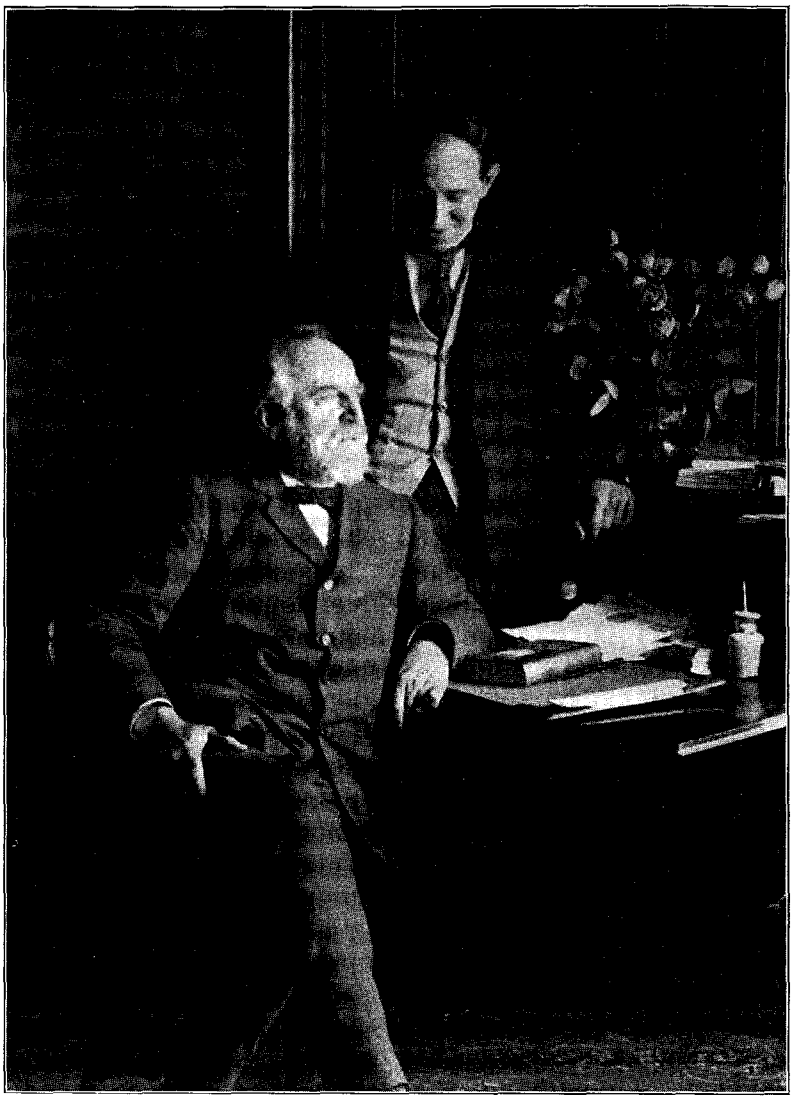

WILLIAM T. STEAD AND HERBERT KAUFMAN

from Charles Klein's play. That book is now in its sixtieth thousand.

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A Public Benefactor

The most pleasing incident of the Peace Conference lately held in New York City was the effectual squelching of Mr. William T. Stead by Dr. William H. Maxwell, the city superintendent of schools. This was a feat which no other human being had ever before achieved. Even the English courts of law had attempted the task in vain. Mr. Stead had traversed the four quarters of the globe, everywhere writing, talking, and bellowing, with an utter disregard for anybody's comfort or convenience. In New York he had cursed and damned before gatherings of clergymen and children; he had thrust in his oar with regard to all sorts of matters which concerned him not at all. Yet every one appeared to be reduced to a sort of impotence before the whirring of this human wind-

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mill. No one had the nerve and the strong will to rise and jam him down into the silence which best befits him. But he found his Waterloo when he began his corybantic performances at that session of the Peace Conference over which Dr. Maxwell presided. The speakers had agreed to limit themselves to a given period of time; but when Stead reached his time-limit, naturally he did not stop. He never does stop. He kept right on for about five seconds, when Dr. Maxwell informed him that his time was up. That made no difference to Stead. He was intending to talk indefinitely. But Dr. Maxwell, with a sharpness and vigour which delighted the whole assemblage, brought the blatant Englishman down from his perch of self-complacency and actually made him close his mouth and keep it closed. This one incident alone would have justified the whole Peace Conference. We hereby offer a very large bouquet to Dr. Maxwell. He has deserved well of the Republic.

An eminent English scientist who attended the Conference was asked by an American friend:

"How is it that such a person as Mr. Stead is taken seriously in England?"

The Englishman smiled a little and then replied:

"Why, really, you know, it has always been such a puzzle to us that he is taken so seriously in America!"

No one has any right to impugn the motives which lead Mr. Stead to deport himself in the extraordinary fashion with which every one is familiar. It is conceivable that he is sincere and well-meaning. But the fact remains that he represents the extreme type of noisy sensationalist, and that he is a yellow journalist who antedated the journalistic yellowness of our American newspapers. His outrageous "Modern Babylon" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* many years ago cost him a jail sentence, which he served. Since then he has kept out of prison because he has refrained from exploiting salaciousness; but it is questionable whether he has ever ceased to offend good taste and common sense. He is always rampant, and he has always shown himself a mere sensation-monger. He cannot do anything without shocking the sensibilities of people of refinement. The titles of two of his books—*If Christ Came to Chicago* and *Satan's Invisible World*—are characteristic of the man and of his craving for notoriety. It would hardly be necessary to mention him were it not for the fact that so many Americans, otherwise sensible and well-informed, seem to regard Mr. Stead as a sort of inspired oracle at whose feet it is a privilege to sit. Their delusion is not only pathetic in itself, but it is rather discreditable to our national intelligence.

The Progress of Arbitration

Looking back upon the Peace Conference and the subjects which it discussed, it would seem as if the wisest words to which it listened were the words addressed to it in a letter written by President Roosevelt. This letter recalls an address made to a like conference years ago by President Harrison in Washington. These conferences undoubtedly do good in that they foster and promote a general unwillingness to rush hastily into war. They help the movement to encourage arbitration as a means of settling international disputes. But that war will ever be eliminated altogether is quite unthinkable. The American delegates at the first Hague Conference put on record an explicit declaration that no question affecting the Monroe Doctrine should be regarded as belonging to the sphere of arbitration. Germany would never arbitrate a claim as to its rightful possession of Alsace-Lorraine. England would never arbitrate a dispute concerning its practical sovereignty over Egypt. There are many things which relate to national pride and to national honour which could never be submitted to the decision of a group of foreign judges, no matter how eminent or how upright these might be. It is indeed open to question whether, in some instances, war does not confer greater and more lasting benefits than could ever be achieved through arbitration. Had the seceding Southern States in 1861 pre-

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sented their case before such a tribunal as that which is now established at The Hague, there is little doubt that a verdict would have been given in their favour and that the American Republic would have been split in two. The historical argument in a narrow sense pretty nearly justified the Confederate claims. The geographical argument in their favour was also very strong. A group of judges —Russian, French, Swiss, and German— would have decided adversely to the North. Yet had such a verdict been given, and had it been accepted without question, does any one imagine that it would have been advantageous for the people who now constitute the United States of America? The centrifugal forces would have been so strengthened as ultimately to divide the whole central portion of North America into a swarm of petty states and quarrelsome republics resembling Italy before 1859, or Germany before 1866. All the blood and treasure expended in the Civil War are now seen to have been well expended, since they cemented the Union into the greatest and most powerful empire of the modern world—powerful not merely in its material but in its moral energies, working harmoniously with the other Anglo-Saxon peoples for the spread of the highest civilisation.

Suppose, again, that Russia and Japan had submitted their disputes to arbitration and that they had accepted the decision of The Hague Tribunal. Japan would, no doubt, have received some additional rights in Corea; and Russia would, no doubt, have been compelled to evacuate Manchuria. But neither country would have been much better off. Japan would still have been regarded as a second-rate and inferior Asiatic power. Russia would still have been held fast in the grip of an irresponsible autocracy. Through the flames of war and its terrible ordeal, Japan has been enabled to take its place among the leading powers of the world; while as a direct result of that great struggle, Russia has burst her fetters and is moving slowly but surely onward toward freedom and the peace and order of constitutional government. The horrors of Port Arthur, the slaughter of thousands upon the frozen slopes of eastern Asia—these were dreadful at the time; but neither Japanese nor Russian will now assert that they were too high a price to pay for what they brought to both of the contending nations. Those who prate of perpetual peace and smugly tell us that Christianity condemns even the most righteous war, should remember that it was Christ Himself who said: "I came not to send peace [on earth], but a sword."

To Mr. Meredith Nicholson

We should like to have a word in private with Mr. Meredith Nicholson regarding his two successful books, *The House of a Thousand Candles* and *The Port of Missing Men*. We have read these two books with a great deal of interest. In fact, we have enjoyed them so much that what we have to say to Mr. Nicholson is not prompted by a desire to carp, but rather to make a suggestion which we trust may be helpful to him in the future. Mr. Nicholson's general theory of fiction seems to require him to end each of his novels with a scene in which a party of men heavily armed tries to round up another party of men also well provided with weapons. There ensues a fierce and continuous fusillade at point-blank range and lasting for a long time. The amount of ammunition expended from revolvers, rifles and shotguns must be very considerable. Yet no one ever seems to be seriously hurt. Thus, in the first novel, Glenarm and his party blaze away with revolvers at the sheriff and his party, who reply with shotguns and pistols. They are all in one room. Still, there are no casualties. So, in the second novel, the foreign villains and the friends of Armitage empty whole stacks of cartridges at each other. The rifles crack sharply, the revolvers spit viciously. Nevertheless, the only death is that of the burly Servian assassin; and he is not hit by a bullet, but tumbles down into a ravine where he breaks his neck.

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Of course the real reason for this disappointing absence of bloodshed is due to the fact that Mr. Nicholson makes his combats occur in unromantic Indiana and in peaceful Virginia. If anybody were really hurt, there would be a coroner's inquest and unpleasant proceedings in the criminal courts which would interfere with the comfort of Mr. Nicholson's heroes and postpone indefinitely their marriages. This is why Indiana is less suitable for romantic events than Ruritania, where Black Michael and Rudolf Rassendyll can have it out in true mediæval fashion, and where a few deaths are of no particular consequence. When Mr. Nicholson writes another book we hope that he will lay his scene in some quarter of the world where they don't stick at trifles and that he will make at least some of his characters better marksmen. We really couldn't stand another novel where there is so much shooting and so little bloodshed. The excitement would become very mild, for we should know in advance that nothing was really going to happen, after all.

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The Deadly Parallel

This at least must be conceded. Petulant resentment of criticism is no longer an American national characteristic. There may have been some modern justification for Kipling's

> Which knowledge vexes him a space.
> But while reproof around him rings,
> He turns a keen, untroubled face
> Home to the instant need of things.
>
> Enslaved, illogical, elate,
> He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of Fate,
> Or match with Destiny for beers.

But when he wrote:

> Blatant, he bids the world bow down,
> Or cringing, begs a crumb of praise.

he had in mind the American pictured by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. It may not be altogether to our credit. Perhaps it is because we have grown calloused. But the old peevish irritability in the face of transatlantic misinterpretation, abuse, or even well-founded criticism no longer exists. Otherwise matters do not seem to have changed greatly. For example, Mr. Whibley's opinion of American journalism, expressed in last month's BOOKMAN, and the impressions of Charles Dickens on the same subject as narrated seventy years ago in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* are not materially different. We are bound to concede that there is considerable justice in the British view of our journalism; but we may add that there is a very scandalous and quite true article to be written about the London ha'penny papers.

What picture of its world does the Yellow Press present? A picture of colossal folly and unpardonable indiscretion. If there be a museum which preserves these screaming sheets, this is the sort of stuff which in two thousand years will puzzle the scholars: "Mrs. Jones won't admit Wedding," "Millionaires Bet on a Snake Fight," "Chicago Church Girl Accuses Millionaire," "Athletes make John D. forget his Money." These are a few pearls hastily strung together, and they show what jewels of intelligence are most highly prized by the Greatest Democracy on earth. Now and again the editor takes his readers into his confidence and asks them to interfere in the affairs of persons whom they will never know. Here, for instance, is a characteristic problem set by an editor whose knowledge of his public exceeds his respect:

"Here's this morning's New York Sewer! Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco movement yesterday, in which the Whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dooel with Bowie knives; and all the Political, Commercial, and Fashionable News. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!"

"Here's the Sewer!" cried another. "Here's the New York Sewer! Here's to-day's Sewer, with a full account of the Ball at Mrs.

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for the decencies of life: "What Mrs. Washington ought to do. Her husband Wall Street Broker. Got tired of Her and Deserted. But Mrs. Washington, who still loves him dearly, is determined to win him back. And here is the Advice of the Readers of this Journal." Is it not monstrous—this interference with the privacy of common citizens? And yet this specimen has an air of dignity compared with the grosser exploits of the hired eavesdropper. Not long since there appeared in a Sunday paper a full list, with portraits and biographies, of all the ladies in New York who are habitual drunkards. From which it is clear that the law of libel has sunk into oblivion, and that the cowhide is no longer a fashionable weapon.

White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled, with the Sewer's own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the Sewer! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York Sewer! Here's the Sewer's exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the Sewer's exposure of the Washington Gang, and the Sewer's exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the Sewer! Here's the New York Sewer, in its twelfth thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed! Here's the Sewer's article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the independent jury that didn't convict him, and the Sewer's account of what they might have expected if they had!"

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Prizes of Journalism

If the modern American yellow journalist is utterly cynical in regard to his own profession, speaks of the sheet with which he is at the moment allied with an irreverence which borders on contempt, and takes no shame in telling of his experiences "being thrown off doorsteps," the exponent of our more respectable journalism is too often inclined to regard himself and his particular newspaper with a seriousness which is at times almost comical. Those bright young men with so keen a sense of the humorous do not always possess the saving sense of humour. That they should believe implicitly in themselves and their profession, and cherish the idea that the sun rises of a morning only that men may have light by which to read the newspaper that they have helped to make, is in itself perfectly proper and praiseworthy, but at times their gravity resembles that of the young man of letters who, with exaggerated formality, will speak of "Mr. Thackeray" or "Mr. Dickens" or "Mr. Milton." Paradoxical as it may seem, that little world of the dignified American newspaper office is a very narrow one indeed.

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This life of the newspaper office has been made the subject of two or three plays, several novels, and a large number of short stories, some of them of very excellent quality. The various phases of newspaper making in many magazine articles and journalism as a career has been the subject of various books. Among the latter we can recall none that seems saner or more practical than Mr. John L. Given's recently published *Making a Newspaper,* although here and there are slight indications of that solemnity to which we alluded in the preceding paragraph. Mr. Given imparts a vast amount of elementary information, but that was perhaps necessary, and the book on the whole makes very interesting reading. One chapter treats of "the prizes in journalism," which, differing from Mr. Given, we think are generally underrated. According to this chapter, the greatest yearly income received by a daily newspaper writer in the United States can be set down at about $50,000. The author obviously has in mind Mr. Arthur Brisbane, who prepares the highly seasoned editorials that appear in eccentric type in the Hearst newspapers. The next highest amount, also received by only one man, is about $35,000. Two or three others get something like $20,000 each,

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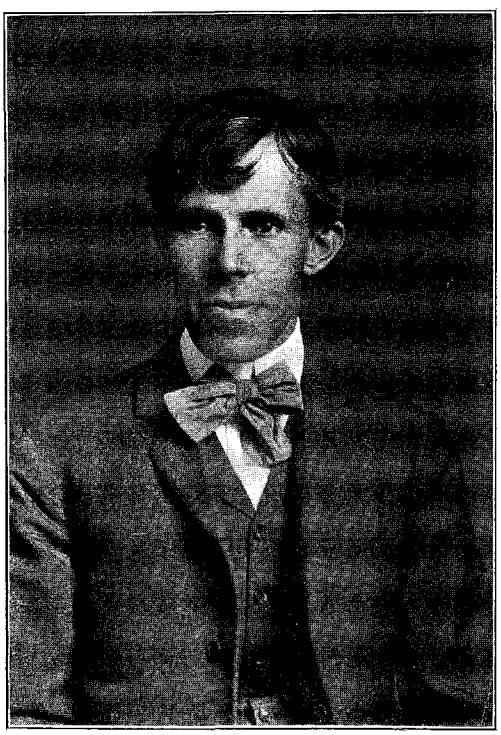
and fifteen or twenty more receive over $10,000. It is estimated that salaries of $5000 a year or over are paid to about three hundred newspaper men. Mr. Given places the pay of an experienced war correspondent with a reputation at about one hundred dollars a week. Perhaps this is accurate, but it will do no harm to add that at the beginning of the recent war between Japan and Russia Mr. Richard Harding Davis was receiving something like ten times this amount for marking time in Tokio.

"On morning papers in New York editors-in-chief and managing editors ordinarily receive from $10,000 to $15,000 a year. City editors' salaries range from $4000 to $7500, while telegraph editors receive from $2000 to $3000. Editorial writers average $5000, but there are a few men of long service and extraordinary ability who pass the $10,000 mark. Night city editors earn about $4000 a year. On evening papers the editors-in-chief and managing editors get in the neighbourhood of $7500; city editors from $3000 to twice this amount, and telegraph editors from $1500 to $2500; while salaries of editorial writers range between $2500 and $5000. For a dramatic critic on either a morning or an evening paper $3000 is good pay, while art critics and book reviewers without reputations earn about $2000. Papers which make a specialty of financial news pay the editor who looks after its collection and preparation for publication anywhere from $2500 to $6500 a year. An exchange editor's salary ranges from $1500 to $2500 a year, and in his class are the majority of the special department editors. The sporting editor, though, usually gets more than do other department heads. The pay of a Sunday editor is about $3000 a year unless he is one of the two or three men who have charge of the supplements from beginning to end, and are not under the supervision of a managing editor, in which case he may get $5000."

JOHN L. GIVEN

Author of *Making a Newspaper*



CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Author of *In an English Bathtub*

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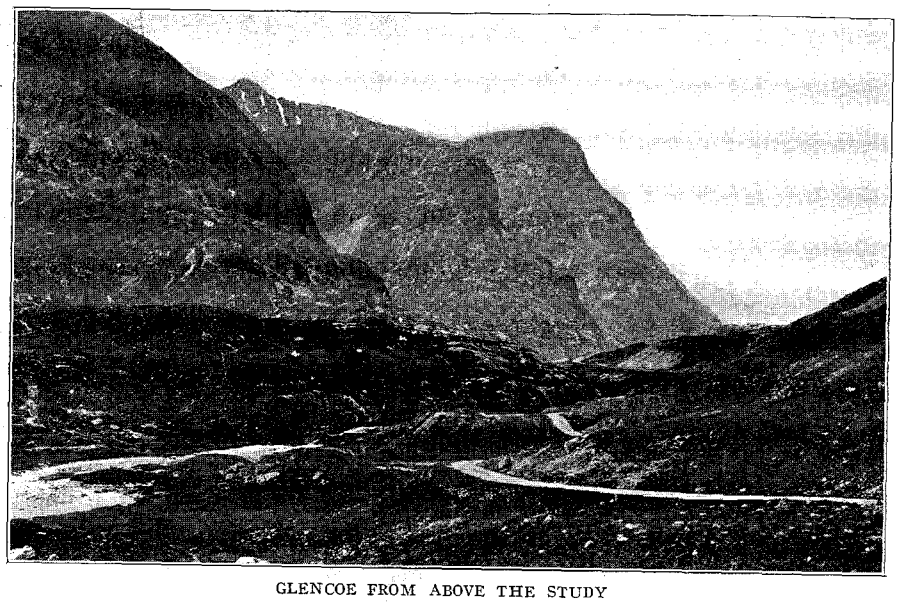
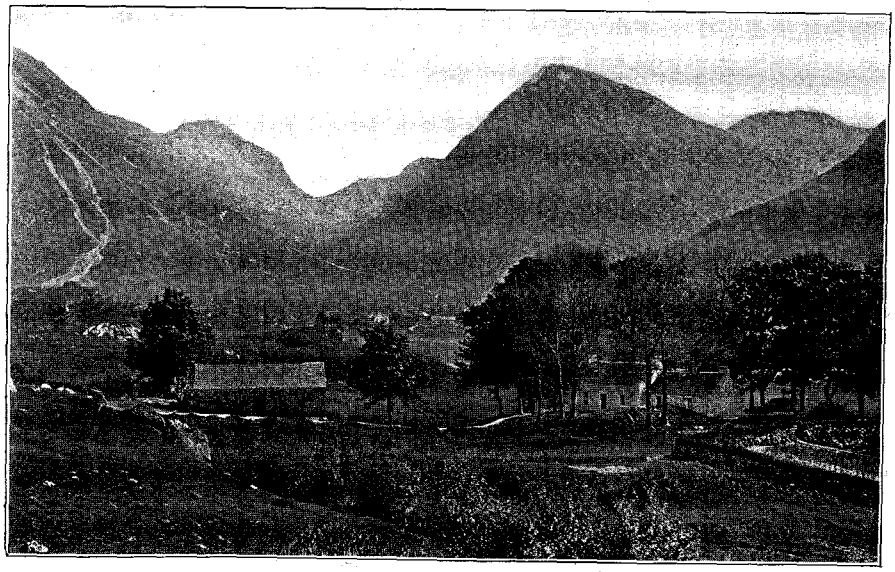


GLENCOE FROM ABOVE THE STUDY

The Glencoe Massacre

The theme chosen by Miss Marjorie Bowen for her new novel, *The Master of Stair,* acquires a special interest in view of certain autobiographical facts concerning the young writer. *The Master of Stair* is built up around that famous episode in Scotch history, the massacre of Glencoe, which was celebrated by Aytoun in his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.* The massacre was planned and executed by the Campbells upon their hereditary enemies, the Macdonalds, under circumstances that threw much discredit upon the then government and brought about the downfall and disgrace of Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, who was Minister of Scotland and who is the hero of Miss



THE SCENE OF THE GLENCOE MASSACRE

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Bowen's novel. It is now said that Miss Bowen is herself a Campbell, her real name being Gabrielle Vere Campbell, and that she is therefore one of the very clan that visited such vengeance upon its enemies two centuries ago. Miss Campbell, however, has discovered certain documentary evidence showing that the massacre was not altogether the inhuman, cold-blooded slaughter that has been represented in history. The chief cause of the substitution of *The Master of Stair* for *The Leopard and the Lily,* an earlier written story, was the approaching sale at Sotheby's of a letter containing the order for the Massacre of Glencoe, dated February 14, 1692. The letter was from Major Duncannon to Captain Robert Campbell, and it is said that the discovery of it was among some old papers in Australia.

MARJORIE BOWEN

Astounding as it sounds, the feud spirit still persists here and there among the

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descendants of the old clansmen. Perhaps Miss Bowen, living in this enlightened age, and brought up as she was in London and Paris, never realised that she possessed any "hereditary foes" until a year or two ago, when she had the following personal experience. She was at a ball, and she noticed there a man who was the best dancer in the room and who had not been presented to her. When she commented upon the fact to some one she received this reply: "Oh, yes, he is the best dancer here, and we wanted very much to present him to you; but of course it was out of the question; or possibly you do not know that he is a Macdonald." Nor is this an isolated instance. Indeed, a great deal has been written lately of a rising animosity in these modern days resuscitating the old feuds between the Macdonalds and the Campbells. There was a note in the English papers not long ago that in Australia a Macdonald and Campbell sat side by side, wild words arose over the Glencoe Massacre, and the Macdonald offered the

C. N. WILLIAMSON

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Campbell the blade of the knife, which is a deadly insult in Scotland. Quite recently the Macdonalds all over the north of Britain were very much worked up by the story that a number of Campbells mounted had ridden laughing and jeering through Glencoe.

Rhætia, who is also incognito. During the time that the tale was running serially there were many surmises as to the originals from whom the characters were drawn. A recent letter from Mrs. Williamson throws some light upon this and other matters pertaining to the book.

A. M. WILLIAMSON

"The Princess Virginia"

The heroine of the latest novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson is a German princess with English and American blood in her veins who, while living incognito in the Rhætian Alps, meets and falls in love with the young Emperor of

The Princess Virginia was begun when the authors were staying at an old castle in the Austrian Tyrol. Partly the idea of the heroine came from Princess Helene d'Orleans, who used to live near Kingston in an old house lent by the queen. "She was such a pretty girl," writes Mrs. Williamson, "so full of fun

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and high spirits, and thought of such amusing things to do. She and Princess Maud, now Queen of Norway, used both to take the names of Miss 'So-and-So' and go about visiting their companions. We were in Austria just at the time when one of the Austrian Grand Dukes was about to make one of the romantic love matches the Austrians are always wanting to make, and we also saw some beautiful ceremonies and attended some of the charming entertainments given at the time of the emperor's birthday; so altogether this is the way the story came to us, and, of course, it isn't half as romantic as the real story of the old emperor's love and courtship when he first met his poor, beautiful, murdered empress. Now for the hero. It came to us in this fashion: The German emperor goes off shooting incognito and hides himself in the mountains with an aide-de-camp or two, or did a few years ago; and at one time he had a rather wonderful hut somewhat like the one we described in the book, but *The Princess Virginia* hut was exactly like one in the mountains of the Tyrol belonging to one of the Austrian noblemen, and we had lunch there, but there wasn't quite such a scramble to reach it as that which is in the story."

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

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Arthur Paterson

The career of Arthur Paterson, whose new novel, *John Glynn,* will be reviewed next month, has been a very peculiar one. He was born in Cheshire, England, in 1862, and after finishing his education came to America in the search for fortune. For some years he was a ranchman, first in New Mexico and afterward in western Kansas. Returning to England, he was for some time in business in Birkenhead, and then became secretary of the London Charitable Organisation Society, which does work similar to that of our University Settlement. From his experiences in this field is drawn much of the material of *John Glynn.* Mr. Paterson's other publications are: *The Better Man, A Partner from the West, The Daughter of the Nez Percés, A Man of his Word, A Son of the Plains, For Freedom's Sake, Father and Son, The Gospel Writ in Steel, Cromwell's Own, Oliver Cromwell, A Biography, Colonel Cromwell, An Historical Drama, The King's Agent,* and *The Haunts of Tennyson.*

ARTHUR PATERSON

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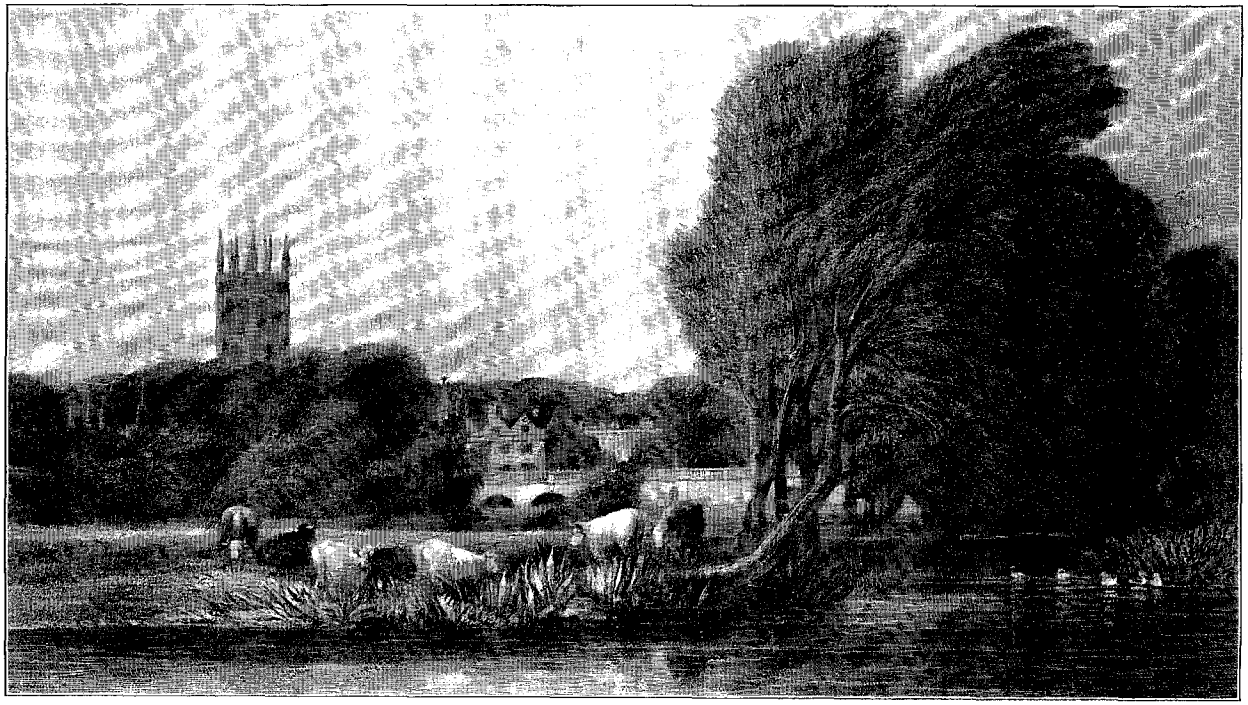

THE SCENE OF THE OXFORD PAGEANT

From the painting by De Wint

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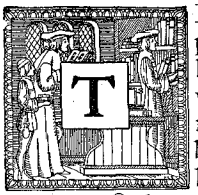
THE OXFORD PAGEANT



HE classic, immemorial peace which usually broods over the grey walls and quiet quadrangles of Oxford is to be disturbed this summer by unprecedented excitements. Only a few weeks ago a thing that has not occurred before within living memory, a contested election to the chancellorship of the University, broke in upon the academic calm; and the Commemoration over which Lord Curzon has announced his intention of presiding in person will glitter not only with the rarely visible gold embroidery of the Chancellor's gorgeous gown, but with the splendours of the pageant. The success of the impressive spectacle in which last year Warwick offered a vivid realisation of its thousand years of history has stirred more than one ancient town to emulation. Remote Sherborne was the first to catch the fever; and now it is announced that simultaneously with the Oxford pageant, Romsey in Hampshire is to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the founding of its abbey by a similar display, in which the carrying of the body of William Rufus through the town on its way to Winchester will form one of the most interesting scenes by reason of the fact that the cart is to be driven by a man who not only bears the name, but is believed to be a descendant of the charcoal-burner who in 1100 conveyed the corpse to its resting-place.

These spectacles, like a dramatised version of the linked episodes of Mr. Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* illustrate vividly the venerable age and impressive continuity of English life; but there is no place in England where a richer series of varied tableaux could be evolved from the chronicles of the past than at Oxford. The labour involved in the proper execution of such a design is well-nigh inconceivable. No less than five thousand volunteer assistants are to take part in its presentation, two scenes alone requiring eight hundred performers. At this moment many fair heads are bent anxiously over brightly coloured stuffs through which busy needles flash in and out for the making of the costumes according to the precise instructions of antiquarian correctness, under the direction of Mr. D. C. Calthrop, one of the foremost living authorities on English historical dress. Besides those which are made by the wearers, over three thousand will be supplied at a moderate rental by the official costumer; and the amount of thought and responsibility involved in this detail alone may be measured by the fact that some of the suits of armour, for instance, consist of twenty to thirty separate pieces. But not only is the eye to be delighted by every allurement of artistic grace and harmony of colour—in a number of scenes dramatic dialogue will aid to deepen the impression. This part of the work has been done by such distinguished writers as Mr. Stanley Weyman, Professors Raleigh and Oman, Mr. Laurence Housman, and Mr. A. D. Godley; the instrumental and vocal music which is to accompany some of the scenes will be supervised by Sir Hubert Parry, the professor of music; while Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. H. B. Irving and other well-known theatrical people are giving the undertaking the benefit of their knowledge of stagecraft. Under the immediate eye of Mr. Frank Lascelles, the Master of the Pageant, diligent rehearsals on the ground have been in progress ever since the second week in April.

No better spot could have been chosen for the scene of the pageant than the stretch of velvety greensward at the confluence of the peaceful Cherwell with the Isis—the poignantly beautiful tower of Magdalen rising majestic in the background of the whole scene. The grand stand, entirely covered, holding five thousand spectators, will be erected with its back to Magdalen Bridge, so that nothing out of character will obtrude itself upon the vision. The royal box in the centre will be occupied not only, it is rumoured, by the King, but also by the Emperor of Germany. The Encænia, the nearest Oxford analogy to an American Commencement, will take place on June 26th, and three hours on each afternoon of the next

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six week-days will be filled by the shifting glories of the pageant. The seats are divided into three tiers, at prices ranging from five shillings to a guinea. In spite of the great expense of the production, there should be a handsome sum to divide among the local charities, which will be the direct beneficiaries—although the influx of visitors from all quarters (a month ago not less than a thousand Americans were said to have announced their purpose to be present) will put still larger sums into the pockets of the townspeople, and the rumour runs that an enterprising firm of tourist agents has already pre-empted all the rooms which are usually at the disposal of sightseers.

Those who are lucky enough to go at this time from America will see a very different place from the still, lifeless shell, which is all that most of our travelling countrymen, visiting it as they do in August, in the depths of the "Long," when the living spirit has absolutely gone out of it, see of Oxford. They will find the Rhodes scholars—who, by the way, it is pleasant to be able to say, have made a distinctly favourable impression upon the mind of the University—ready to lionise them to their heart's content; and they will see the bearers of many famous names in the present, besides the counterfeit presentments of the great men of the past.

Those who think of going, as well as the larger number who must be content to "let the Fancy roam," will be glad to have some description in detail of the nature of the spectacle to be offered. The first two scenes, then, emerge from the dim antiquity which lies (unless we are sufficiently uncritical to accept the hoary legend that makes King Alfred the earliest of college founders) beyond the beginnings of the University. They are the arrival in 727 of Saint Frideswide, about whose convent clustered the first houses of a settlement on the banks of the Isis, and the coronation of the Danish Harold I., son of Canute, by Archbishop Ethelnoth of Canterbury, in 1037. Next we shall stand by the cradle of the infant University, which was to grow into so fair and stately a mother of famous sons, and witness the coming (1110) of the first recorded teacher, Thibaut d'Estampes, a priest of Caen. Fifty years later Henry II., who spent much time in his palace of Beaumont, near the present Worcester College, is shown in two scenes—walking by the river with his wife Eleanor and the unhappy *tertium quid,* who is consoled for her misfortunes by wearing to all time the proud title of Fair Rosamond, and making a state entry amid the acclamations of the citizens, to whom he grants a charter still extant among the cherished possessions of the town. From the thirteenth century, the marvellous age when (although Compayré in his *History of Education* dismisses it with a single scornful and inaccurate paragraph) Oxford and Cambridge had more students in proportion to the population of England than the larger numbers of New York City send to our colleges, the only tableau is one showing a demonstration of scientific wonders by Roger Bacon. The famous struggle between "town and gown" on St. Scholastica's day, 1354, offers an animated scene, during which a scholar, being a child of the Muses, not of Medea, is killed *coram populo;* and later the Chancellor summons the leading townsmen to hear the King's sentence on their contumacy.

There are certain "old, unhappy, far-off things" which still hold too much inflammable material for representation. The fire to whose cleansing Cranmer stretched out his offending right hand, though its flames light up one of the most dramatic incidents in Oxford history, may not be rekindled; and though the repression of the Lollards (1411) might seem scarcely a burning question, it has been decided to omit the scene in which Archbishop Arundel was originally intended to be checked in his pursuit of heretics by the proctor's assertion of the liberties of the University, as in a dramatic nineteenth-century episode two other valiant proctors interposed their veto to stop the partisan persecution of William George Ward. A masque of the mediæval curriculum, closing the first part, presents the seven liberal arts and the three philosophies; two students have the choice of Hercules put before them, and while one elects theology, the other turns aside to

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follow the meretricious allurements of the joy of life.

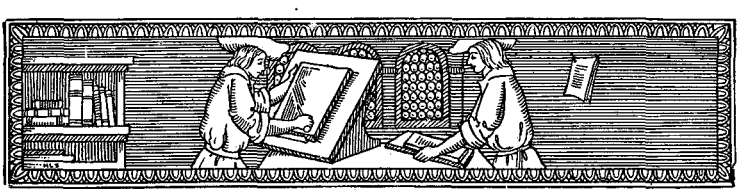
The second part opens with a stately procession, in which Wolsey,

> that once trod the ways of glory,
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

moves to receive his brilliant young sovereign, with Catherine of Aragon by his side (1518), to discuss the project of founding Cardinal College—of which the red hat in the armorial bearings of Christ Church is almost the only reminder. Two contrasting scenes from the reign of Elizabeth are unified by the presence in both of the aspiring Dudley. In one, tragedy comes sweeping by, as the mournful funeral procession (1560) conveys the body of his unfortunate young wife, Amy Robsart, from Cumnor Place, three miles away, to its sepulture in St. Mary's—not without dark whisperings in the crowd of his suspected connivance at her death. In the other (1566), basking in the full sunshine of "greatest Gloriana's" favour, as chancellor of the University, Leicester receives the Queen on her state entry, carried shoulder high by six of her gentlemen in a litter hung with cloth of gold. Again the scene changes; Elizabeth is dead, and her "cousin of Scotland" is now (1605) upon the throne. But to the twentieth-century spectators James is not the central figure. As the royal party, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, passes along the broad street opposite St. John's, a stage has been erected on which the three witches of *Macbeth* are playing their parts, under the superintendence of one William Shakespeare, come for the purpose from London. There are three scenes from the reign of Charles I.—the happy days (1636), with the King and Queen landing from the state barge to be received at the waterside by Archbishop Laud as chancellor, while a stately pavane is danced on the bank in their honour; the early time of the civil war (1643), and Charles riding out of Oxford with an escort of troopers to meet his queen, who arrives from the north in a gilded coach; and the surrender of the city to the Parliamentary army (1646), in which the royalist forces march out with all the honours of war, amid the scarcely concealed sorrow of those whom they leave behind them in the "home of lost causes."

Only two more scenes remain, of which the more historic depicts the expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen by James II. (1687) for their refusal to install the Catholic candidate for the presidency favoured by him. Here, as in every episode, a wealth of detail at once picturesque and historically accurate has been carefully grouped around the central incident. Maidens clad in white strew flowers before the King; the constables of each parish advance with their staves of office, followed by the guilds of the glovers, cordwainers, tailors, and mercers with their ensigns; and poor people are brought into the royal presence to be touched for the King's Evil. The final scene is a century later, when, in 1785, the state barge of George III. is rowed slowly up the river to the strains of Händel's *Water Music*. The coaches of the country gentry and the sedan chairs of the townsfolk have come to the water's edge, and the gallants and toasts of the period are there in all their bravery to lend brilliancy to the scene; while in the background are still the grey, unchanging towers that have looked down upon so much of the story of England's past.

A. I. du P. Coleman.



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THE GATES OF CHILDHOOD

BY AGNES LEE

(*From the French of Fernand Gregh*)

I

Come hither, fluttering figures that have shone
Across the years' white threshold! Sweetly stir,
O visions of the children that we were!
Wave from afar your rosy gonfalon;
Tell me not all the April flowers are gone;
Deck woods for me, a happy wanderer;
Show me the house that speaks so soft of her,
And let me through a mist of tears dream on.

Now let the pale marmoreal gods advance.
Bring forth from out the shadowy boughs the faun,
Fingering a phantom flute in solitude.
And let him, nimble, drunken with the dance,
Blow melodies to wake awide the dawn,
And woo the echoes to the golden wood.

II

Once, long ago, before my venturous days,
I dwelt within a house of revery.
The windows looked upon the infinite sky.
And round it lay a garden vast, a maze
Of myriad flowers and secret, ferny ways.
Vine-bowers stood radiant; grasses billowed high.
Statues and slumbering fountains seemed to sigh.
And vistas green allured in cool relays.

And, like the garden, all my heart was keen
With life and flowers and mysteries of the air,
As through the power of the day I stole,
I, and another in the sun serene:—
Only a child she was,—yet woman-fair.
And, seeing her, I loved her as my soul.

III

One day to her sweet mouth my kisses leapt.
The air swooned with the breeze's ravishings.
Silence was vibrate with a thousand wings,
As in the wonder-wood love's way we kept.
Deep seas we sounded, turbulently swept
(And we alone amid a world of things!)
But ah! we felt the whiteness of the Springs
Vanish from out our souls, and, waking, wept.

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Far-off is her farewell. With broken sighs
And pallid face, long since, she turned away.
And now my steps through lonely shades are cast.
I may not see again her lovely eyes,
Nor may I ever in the garden stray.
The gates of childhood are forever fast.

IV

Yet was it ever given me to know
The dear old house? Ah, I remember not!
Often across the gloom of days forgot
I see its luminous gables laugh and glow.
'Tis dawn: the mist's ethereal sea below
Fills with its azure ebb each garden spot,
And sunbeams, with a fairy splendour shot,
Swing gently their soft gold of long ago.

About the crumbling stair the moss creeps high.
A rose is flinging petals to the stream.
Birds in their flight graze me with lucent wings.
Then comes the sudden dark where visions die.
I seem to waken from a subtle dream,
Wherein I dreamed her presence in all things.

V

White mansion of white dreams! The garden wide,
Whose verdure flecked our window, calmly massed
Calm hues. The fountains slumbered long and fast,
Their dry-mouthed gargoyles leaning lazy-eyed.
June's rainfall, Autumn's pitiless betide,
And Winter's hail (most sure iconoclast)
Against the gods had wrought their will at last,
And laid their beauty low, and crushed their pride.

And everywhere the tottering marbles grey
Lingered. We came upon them unaware,
And saw them standing in the sunlight's flood,
Propped by the branches, peering down the way.
'Twas like some battle-field, time-lost, and where
Statues had fought, but never flesh and blood.

VI

The house of childhood that must all surpass
Now smiles to me through leafage luminous.
I see the garden path so dear to us,
Where once we dreaming strayed too long, alas!
The bank where April irises would mass
To see their faces in the brook. . . . Ah! thus
Old dreams look down my soul delirious,
But vainly seek their colours in its glass.

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I see again the deities forgot:—
Some headless hero that the flowers entreat;
Some lone Diana aiming o'er the lawn;
Some little woodland nymph that bends to knot
The sandals time has taken from her feet . . .
And the old faun, the old forsaken faun.

VII

The garden where awoke our youth intent
Like our young spirits secret lay and vast,
In a strange gloom of many shadows cast,
Wherein we fancied ever, as we went,
Vague presences invisible and pent.
But visible, to charm us to the last,
There danced a faun, whose mocking fingers passed
Upon a time-evanished instrument.

The silence seemed to listen, to divine
A song blown softly from the marble lips;
While, winning high above the flowering thyrse,
Fresh and in vigorous beauty, clung a vine,
Familiar and lascivious, at his hips.
He laughed a long laugh, tender and perverse.

VIII

Yet, faun, despite the futile breaths that round
Thy marble cheeks, thy fingers' agile play
Upon a phantom flute the livelong day,
Despite the vine upspringing from the ground,
Eager and amorous about thee wound
With all the witchery of a siren gay
Whose lovely arms thou wilt not put away,
Despite the golden Springtime pleasure-crowned,

I see thee sad within my memory,
In whose sweet darkness glows thy radiance white.
I see thee mournful-eyed, and overmuch
Weary and lone and dull of phantasy,
And wistful of the days of lost delight,
When thy flute sang beneath thy sovereign touch.

IX

Oh this regret that finds no banishment!
Once I was glad, nor knew life's uttermost ache.
Once I was pure,—before the voices spake.
"Go forth," they whispered: "noon lies ambient.
The flowers are sweet. For thee their bloom is blent.
Then gather, gather, gather them! Outshake
Their perfume in thy soul—go forth, and take!"
And oh! I heard the voices, and I went.

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Out in the world's red wonder, clustering rife,
Bloomed Pleasure's flowers whichever way I sought.
Now dawn is twilight. All the trees sob wild.
Dark thorns have pierced me. Weak and ill of life,
I see the wonder fade. Ah! had ye thought
They could have so deceived a credulous child?

X

My childhood! And am I, at bay so long
With my dark soul and pilgrim staff of rue,
Worthy thy calm, sweet moments to review,
Wherein a thousand crystal thoughts could throng?
To whisper of the sun that sank among
The cradling clouds below the beech and yew,
Or of the lake that, holding heaven's own blue,
Dreamed in a pure white swan's mysterious song?

Night falls. The distant skies no longer wake.
But the persistent sun a ray of light
Sends signalling to me through branches bare.
The song is silenced. Dusk is on the lake,
Where, mirrored clear, lay once the infinite.
And yet . . . a white plume still is floating there.

XI

Two children pure, we let our souls expand,
Joyous upon our planet to exist.
Innocent, ignorant, our eucharist
Of song we raised, nor cared to understand.
Our virgin eyes beheld a flowering land
Of sunshine widening through the early mist,
And we, beguiled in gold and amethyst,
Walked in eternal morning hand in hand.

A cloud, a tree, give ecstasy past words.
Our souls, intoxicated with unrest,
Dreamed life's great mystery of life unsinned.
Or we were but two little chattering birds,
Perched on the tip-edge of the same brown nest,
Rocked at the will of the rose-breathing wind.

XII

Always alone, we frolicked through the hours,
Around the mansion in the merry Spring,
Or through the garden's beauty, hovering
About the feet of statues, their avowers,
Or eyed the doming branches, gathered flowers,
Laughing, at this, or that, or anything,—
A leaf at pirouette, a bird on wing,
Or amber sun assailed by April showers.

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So wandered we, from dawn till twilight's trend,
Seeking the buttercup, the primrose fair,
The iris blue that bordered all the weirs.
And each upon a pillow, at day's end,
Would drop, play-spent, weary of open air,
And, sudden, in the night, burst into tears.

XIII

O April mornings! Skies triumphal, still!
In the half-shadow, when the earliest swarm
Of sunrays beat upon the gables warm,
Each bounded barefoot to a window-sill,
Pushed wide old creaking shutters with a will,
To let in all the blue; while some gay form
Of wilding creeper, loosed by yesterstorm,
Danced in unbidden with the breeze's thrill.

In wonderment, and quickened by our rest,
We heard the hum of dawn arise, unfurled
From distant vague vermilion mist:—a car
Of roadsters, shock of hammer, song of nest,—
Sweet, solemn sounds of an awakening world.
And a great hope before us led afar.

XIV

And sometimes when the sun was in the oak,
We loved to watch the quiet azure pale
Grow paler, while the bells far down the dale
Took flight from neighbouring churches, and there broke
Upon the air a lash's distant stroke,
Or now and then an axle's piercing wail,
When jostling teams came down the dusty trail,
And homeward brought the weary labour-folk.

Then, conscious captives, lonely in the house,
While from the dim horizon was upcast
Cadence of bells and traffic and portent,
We wept, lost in the shade luxurious,
Upon our hands our teardrops raining fast,
And our wet fingers in communion blent.

XV

My hair once grazed her rose-cheek, I recall,
And our hands quested each for each, and found,
Half shy. Our souls in ecstasy were bound,
Wherein a tear perhaps might lurk or fall.
Our laughter long a silence would forestall,
With nothing heard, save, in the trees around,
The bees' vague droning,—little golden sound
Amid the green warm somnolence of all.

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Ah, how each tried to speak the wonder-word
That seemed to linger in the soft wind's lay,
Sung with closed lips beneath the branches wild!
How, rising in us like an echo heard,
Came myriad things that we had longed to say!
But nothing could we say,—and only smiled.

XVI

Whiles in the western depths the sun grew old,
In glory of September's latter gleam,
We builded on celestial shore, in dream,
A white mirage of cities roofed with gold.
Leaning against the stone wall, shadow-stoled,
Yet warm at evening from the noonday's beam,
Lost in the shiver of a breath supreme
That fanned the hour's fatigue with luscious cold,

We dreamed. Our fingers twined in soft caress,
Our eyes beheld the future, and a rare
And languorous sweetness on our two hearts lay.
We dreamed, grown tired of childhood's endlessness,
Of things out yonder, luminous and fair.
Eyes, open, now! . . . O look and weep! . . . 'tis they!

XVII

At winter's hearth delaying, awed and still,
We sat alone together, and we heard
The moaning trees, nor whispered any word,
While round the house the wind declaimed its ill.
Or down the paven corridor at will
We wandered, and in voiceless thought conferred,
Our steps the only living sounds that stirred
The silence of the brooding domicile.

The snow went whirling in a hurricane.
We pressed each other's fingers, shivering.
The wind bore off the days, nor paused to pluck
The flowers of frost that whitened on the pane.
Time halted. Weary of life was everything.
And startled hours from out the shadow struck.

XVIII

Alas! what have we done, sad child, pale friend?
What was that wildness where our souls took flight
In kisses, sobs, and little flames of light,
To fall half-lifeless, hopeless to amend?
What was the force we came to apprehend,
Sweet, fiery ritual, first and neophyte,
Deep silence of a summit not of sight,
Great vertigo of joy that dreams no end? . . .

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What have we done? Still underneath the bough
The sun plays on. The woods are blossom-stored.
No thing is changed. The hour is soft and hushed.
Yet in thine eyes the tears are standing, now,
And I avoid the look that I adored,
And something in us lies forever crushed.

XIX

The ruined stairway sank into the ground,
With tendrils overrun, and tangled grass,
And vagrant roses from the pergolas,
In the dark ambush of the ivy bound.
Our hands the time-swept wooden railing found
Smooth to their touch, like olden things that pass.
Then the whole stairway shook a petalled mass,
And our feet faltered o'er each step unsound.

Thus singing, dreaming, as the mood would start,
We never ventured the dear threshold o'er
But that we stumbled upon ruins dread.
And the old house seemed like some broken heart,
Across whose weather-beaten, weed-grown floor
Pleasure and Love may only faltering tread.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

A DOZEN or a score years ago Mr. Barrie wrote an amusing paper on "The Lost Words of George Meredith," meaning thereby the essay on "Comedy," and a pair of brief stories, all contributed to a dead and gone *New Quarterly Magazine.* Mr. Meredith's two tales, as it happens, were not altogether lost to sight even though to Mr. Barrie's memory dear, since they were then both of them in print and for sale in American editions,—a fact of which the Scotch writer seems to have been unaware. But Mr. Barrie was right in crying aloud for the republication in accessible form of writings which the author has seemed to be willing enough to forget, but which certain readers gladly remembered. The author of *Pike County Ballads,* for example, refused to authorise the republication of a tale of his, "The Blood Seedling," and perhaps his reason for this refusal was a fear that any such republication might make it easier to guess at the authorship of *The Breadwinners.*

Macaulay tried to suppress the most of his earlier essays, which had been reprinted in America from the British quarterlies; but the pressure from the admirers of these vivacious articles was too strong for the author; and at last he authorised the republication of these last writings, perhaps prompted to this decision partly by a knowledge of the ease with which the unauthorised American

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reprints were introduced into Great Britain. So certain of Thackeray's earlier efforts were extracted from various British periodicals and reprinted in separate volumes here in the United States long before they were presented again to the author's own countrymen. Thackeray himself had been so much discouraged by the apparent failure of *Barry Lyndon,* when it was published serially in *Fraser's Magazine,* that he had not been tempted to make for a new trial by bringing out the autobiography of the brilliant blackguard as a book by itself. So it came about that *Barry Lyndon* appeared as a volume for readers here in New York long before it was in the hands of readers in London.

It is easy to heap scorn on the literary resurrection-man; and yet in these cases there is no denying that he was of service not only to the community at large, but also to the authors themselves. Macaulay's fame is the brighter for the *Essays,* and Thackeray's would be distinctly diminished if *Barry Lyndon* was to be taken from him. Macaulay and Thackeray are the richer for these forgotten treasures of theirs replevined from the wallet of oblivion. And the reputation of George du Maurier will not suffer, but will be enhanced by the reprinting here of a satirical ballad which he wrote a score of years ago, when he was known only as an artist with his pencil in the pages of *Punch,* and before he had also made himself famous as an artist with his pen in *Trilby* and its two companion tales.

The poem, which we reprint below, is more closely connected with Du Maurier's pictures of society and with his portraits of intense females in passionate Brompton than it is with his later fiction. It was written as a contribution to one of the dinners of the Rabelais Club, of which the author had long been a member. The Rabelais Club was founded in London, about a quarter of a century ago, by Lord Houghton, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Walter Besant, "Hans Breitmann" Leland and a few other admirers of the great French humourist. It was a dining-club, meeting at irregular intervals at various restaurants, and one or another of the members generally prepared something in prose or verse to be printed as a broadside for all those who attended that particular dinner and to be preserved as a memento of the occasion. Only a very few copies of these broadsides were ever printed, and they are now extraordinarily rare. They are so rare, indeed, that no one of Du Maurier's biographers seems to have been aware of the existence of this playful copy of verses:

A LOST ILLUSION

There was a young woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but paper and ink!
For ink and for paper she only did care,
Though they wrinkle the forehead and rumple the hair.

And she bought a gold pen, and she plied it so fast
That she brought forth her three-volume novel at last
And she called it *The Ghoul of Mayfair,* by "Sirène;"
And I read it, reread it, and read it again.

'Twas about a young girl, whom the gods, in their grace,
Had endowed with a balefully beautiful face;
While her lithe, supple body and limbs were as those
Of a pantheress (*minus* the spots, I suppose).

And oh! reader, her eyes! and oh! reader, her hair!
They were red, green, blue, lustreless, lava-like. . . . There!
I can't screw my Muse to the exquisite pitch
For adjusting exactly the whichness of which!

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I may mention at once that she'd dabbled in vice
From her cradle—and found it exceedingly nice:
That she doted on sin—that her only delight
Was in breaking commandments from morning till night.

And moreover, to deepen her wonderful spell,
She was not only vicious, but artful as well;
For she managed three husbands at once—to begin—
(Just by way of a trifle to keep her hand in).

The first, a blue indigo-broker was he;
Not young, but as wealthy as wealthy could be—
The next a fond burglar—and last, but not least,
The third was a strapping young Catholic priest!

Now, three doting husbands to start with in life
Seems a decent allowance for *any* young wife;
But legitimate trigamy very soon palled
Upon Barbara Blackshepe (for so she was called).

And it took but a very few pages to tell
How by means of a rope, and a knife, and a well,
And some charcoal, and poison, and powder and shot,
She effectually widowed herself of the lot.

Then she suddenly found that she couldn't control
The yearning for love of her ardent young soul,
So—(this is the cream of the story—prepare)
She took a large house in the midst of Mayfair;

Where she started a kind of a sort of a—eh?
Well, a sort of a kind of a—what shall I say!
Like Turkey, you know—only just the reverse;
Which, if possible, makes it a little bit worse!

There were tenors, priests, poets, and parsons—a host!
And Horseguards, and Coldstreams regardless of cost;
While a Leicester Square agent provided a tale
Of select refugees on a liberal scale.

The nobility, gentry, and public all round
Her immediate vicinity threatened and frowned;
Some went even so far as to call and complain,
But they never went back to their spouses again!

Nay, the very policemen that knocked at the door
To remonstrate were collared, and never seen more;
And 'tis rumoured that bishops deserted their lambs
To enroll among "Barbara's Rollicking Rams."

And their dowdy, respectable, commonplace wives
And ridiculous daughters all fled for their lives,
And all died with disgusting decorum elsewhere,
To the scorn of "Sirène" and her *Ghoul of Mayfair!*

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(This light—I might even add *frivolous*—tone
Isn't that of the author, 'tis fair I should own;
Passion hallows each page—guilt ennobles each line;
All this flippant facetiousness, reader, is mine).

To our muttons. Who dances, the piper must pay,
And we can't eat our cake and yet have it, they say;
So we learn with regret that this duck of a pet
Of a dear little widow, she ran into debt.

And the Hebrew came down like the wolf on the fold
(With his waistcoat all gleaming in purple and gold),
And the auctioneer's hammer rang loud in the hall,
And they sold her up—harem and scar'em and all!

Then, says she: "There are no more commandments to break;
I have lived—I have loved—I have eaten my cake!"
(Which she had, with a vengeance); so what does she do?
Why, she takes a revolver, and stabs herself through!

* * * * *

Now, this naughty but nice little Barbara B.
Had, I own, amongst others, demoralised me—
And the tale of her loves had excited me so
That I longed its fair, passionate author to know.

For, oh! what's more seductive than vice, when you find
It with youth, beauty, genius and culture combined!
Sweet "Sirène!" How I yearned—how I burned for her! nay,
I went secretly, silently wasting away!

Well, at last I beheld her—it did thus befall:
I was wasting away at the Tomkins's ball,
Half inclined to be sick, in my loathing profound
For the mild goody-goody flirtations all round—

When my hostess said suddenly: "*So* glad you came,
Tho' you *may* find us somewhat insipid and tame!
I've a great treat in store for you—turn, and look there!
That's 'Sirène,' who indited *The Ghoul of Mayfair*."

Oh! the wild thrill that shot thro' this passionate heart!
There—before me—alone in her glory—apart
From that milksoppy, maudlin, contemptible throng,
Sat the being I'd yearned for and burned for so long!

I respectfully gazed one brief moment—but stop!
For particulars, *vide* design at the top:
She's that sweet, scornful pet in black velvet you see
Near the nice little man in blue goggles,—That's me.

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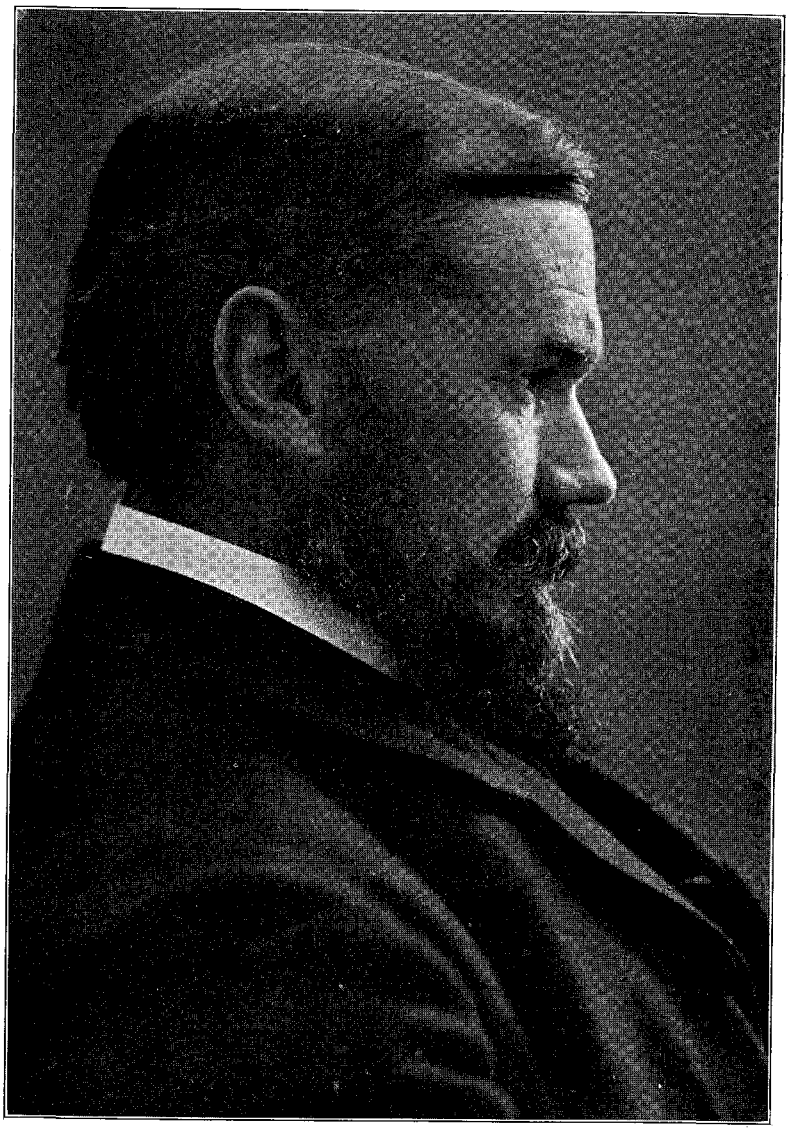

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN—THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUEST"

DR. FREDERIK VAN EEDEN, whose novel, *The Quest,* was reviewed in our last issue, was born in Haarlem, Holland, in 1860. He studied medicine, and at the age of twenty-six took his physician's degree in Amsterdam. At Nancy and Paris he pursued his researches in the fields of hypnotism and psycho-therapeutics, and had a clinique for nervous diseases at Amsterdam for seven years. In 1899 he started a communistic settlement at Bussum, named "Walden," after Thoreau's book. His first writing was for the theatre, and between 1880 and 1890 he produced several successful comedies. In 1886, with some other young writers, he founded *The New Guide,* which still exists under the editorship of William Kloos. Last year Dr. Van Eeden started a weekly paper on the social question, called *The Pioneer.*

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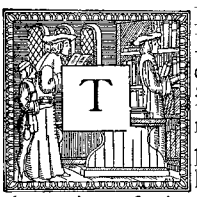
THE EXPATRIATES

II.—THE AMERICAN COLONY IN BERLIN

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



HE American colony in Berlin is changing in character so rapidly that in writing about it one must treat it from a point of view of what it has been, as well as from the point of view of what it may become. Its past and its future are of interest, the present is so much of a transitory stage that it may be treated as a negligible quantity. Of course, all foreign colonies in European cities change constantly in their component parts, but their general colour and composition will sometimes remain unaltered for many generations. So it was in Berlin until comparatively recently.

The present change is due in large measure to the initiative energy of Emperor William. Beneath the spectacular outer seeming of a mediæval War-Lord . . . retained doubtless to serve as inspiration for Major Joseph Lauffs and other Court purveyors of patriotic drama . . . this sovereign possesses the enterprise of a very up-to-date business man. Evidently it is clear to him . . . in spite of his own impressive utterances on the subject of the Divine Right of Kings, . . . that a monarch of to-day will find business acumen more valuable as an asset for real power than this same Divine Right. The monarch who would really be of importance to-day must be the smartest business man of his country. And Emperor William greatly desires to be of importance. He appreciates to the full American enterprise, American energy, and . . . American dollars. He understands that the clean-swept, attractive, and very modern city which has been given him for a residence by the happy accident of birth is a valuable asset from the modern commercial point of view, and he has awakened to the advantages to be gained by making this city attractive as a place of longer or shorter sojourn to Americans of wealth. Hence many later developments in the American colony. The enterprising monarch's highest ambitions in this respect appear to have been realised. Some Americans figuring regularly in the columns of society journals have been presented at Court, and one of them has, as usual, made himself talked about. Berlin has been discovered, and news from there will henceforth be a feature of these same society journals.

This is the new aspect of the American colony in Berlin, and it is fraught with potential possibilities for the future. What the American colony has been has had very little to do with the columns of society journals. More than most foreign colonies, it is an aggregation of units without homogeneity. It is made up of component parts that coalesce as little as would the same sort of people at home. There is no social centre, nothing that could be called social life, in fact, such as one can find among the Americans in Paris and London. On Thanksgiving Day and on the Fourth of July a number of Americans meet together at some sort of an official gathering. The hall is decorated with American flags, there is speech-making, and the German papers report the occasion as one of much patriotic jollity. In reality it is usually very stiff and the air is full of distrust, as every woman present is unable to decide to her own satisfaction exactly what social position the other women may enjoy at home. But there are many different sorts of Americans living in Berlin for a shorter or a longer period. They form many little cliques and sets among themselves, and, owing to the purposeful politeness of Germans in general, who are always ready to learn a new language, these Americans can live very comfortably for years without speaking a word of

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anything but English. And also without gathering more than the most superficial knowledge of the life of the city in which they pass so many years. But before we can describe any of these varying sets and the types they present, it is necessary to enter a little into the points that differentiate Berlin from Paris and London. For it is just this differentiation that makes itself felt in the composition of the American colony.

II

Berlin occupies an unique position among the great cities of Europe. It is the youngest of Old World capitals, a thoroughly modern city, and a modern city only. Its past has been very much like the past of a good woman, little discussed by the rest of the world. Nothing much of world-importance happened during the comparatively short period of the city's first and second stages of slow but steady growth. Things happened, of course, but the outer world did not much concern itself with them. During the stormy days of March, 1848, the Spirit of Freedom sweeping over Europe touched the little Northern city with the tips of her blood-dripping wings. But a few neglected graves in the corner of a quiet cemetery are all the traces left of those happenings, and there is no Spirit of the Guillotine to give the stranger pleasing shivers as when he drives through the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Berlin had been living a quiet, healthy sort of youth while Paris and London were in the thick of events, and since it has had monarchs, these monarchs were a new dynasty too busy putting their house in order to go out for conquest. But the preparation had been planful, and when in 1871 the city became an Imperial capital, and the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany, Berlin leaped forward in growth of population and material progress in a manner to rival even the cities of the New World. There was so little of past memories that they could be easily absorbed and digested by the new. A few streets in the centre of the city remind one of the "cow paths" of early days, but it was easy to grow and develop on the modern lines planned by those far-sighted nurses of the lusty infants' childhood, Bismarck, Stein and the others. Berlin does not offer Old World memories and rich stores of recollections of great historical events. It is the best and largest example of a purely modern city that Europe affords, a city built up with almost American swiftness, but with German thoroughness, and with an Old World eye for durable effect and satisfactory outline. It is a showy city, with its wide streets, its many open squares, and its handsome public buildings. There is a sense of space everywhere, and there is a solidity sufficient to inspire confidence, but not sufficient to oppress.

But the city has had to make its own place among the great cities of the world. It was new, and newness in Europe did not particularly attract Americans. It could not offer the historic memories of Paris, nor had it that assured social position which enabled the French capital to overleap the barrier of an alien tongue and win the love . . . and the money . . . of Americans. There was the alien tongue in Berlin, there was no past, and no one of sufficient social position among expatriate Americans had discovered it until a very few years ago. Therefore, the American colony in Berlin was a very different sort of thing from the American colony in Paris and London.

If Americans go to Paris mainly to spend money, they go to Berlin mainly to study. At any rate, the great majority go there for that reason. They go there to study, usually either music or medicine, with a smattering of other branches of learning or of other arts. Those who do not go there for study are there usually because it is possible to live in Berlin comfortably and respectably and cheaply. These facts give the keynote of American gatherings in Berlin. The people you meet, young or old, are interested in some form of study; . . . or else they will tell you that they live there because they like the life and the climate. Now, as a matter of fact, the climate of Berlin is the one thing that even the city's most ardent admirers cannot like. This talk about the climate, however, means that the people who employ it are there for the health of their pocketbooks. It always was a failing

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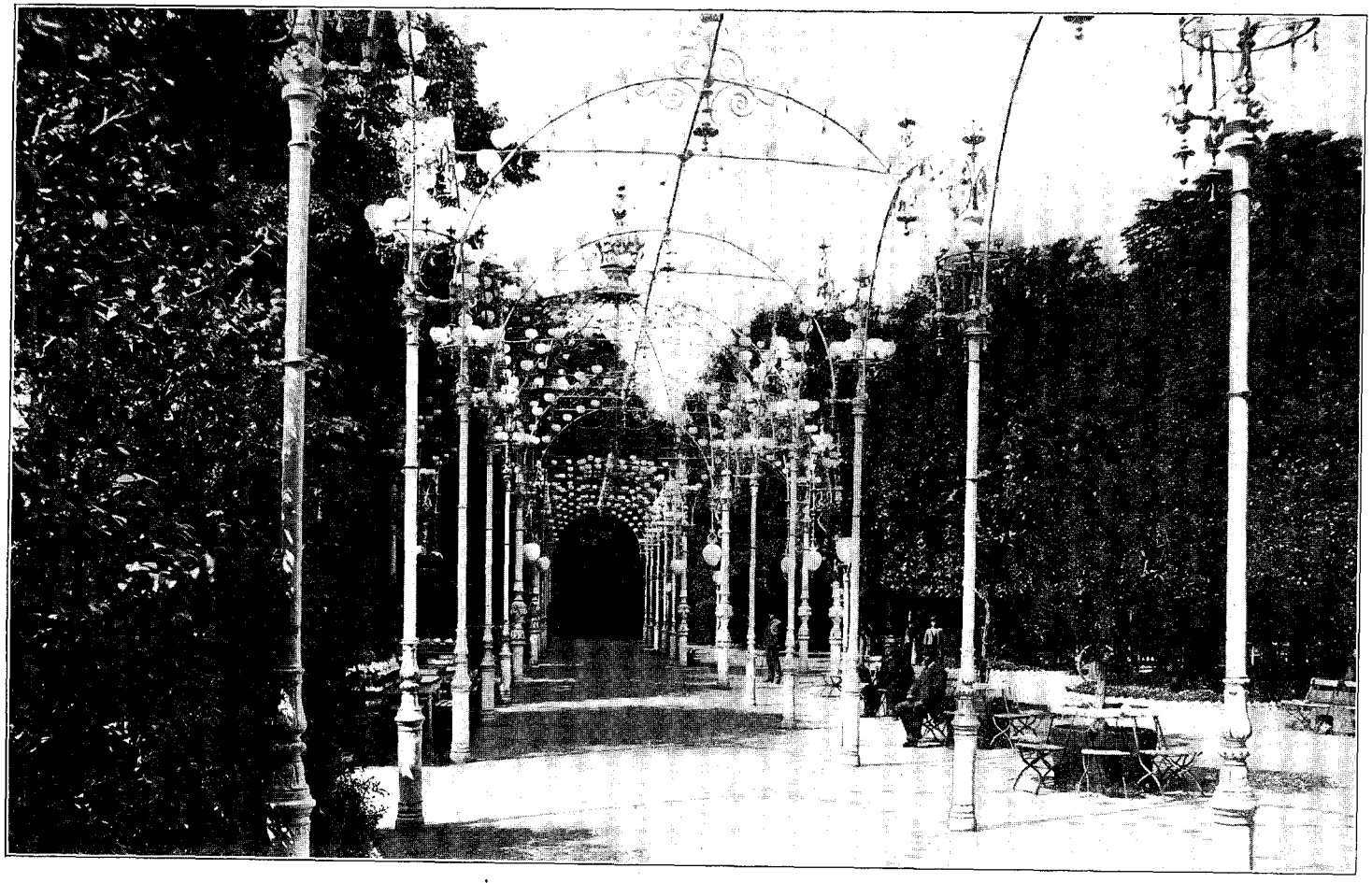

KROLL'S GARDEN—A FAVOURITE RESORT OF AMERICANS

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ANNESTRASSE

Type of aristocratic residence street in the quarter most frequented by the wealthier Americans, showing the residence of Dr. Sylvester, the Emperor's American dentist, who was long prominent in the colony

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THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY. THE CENTRE OF AMERICAN STUDENT LIFE IN BERLIN

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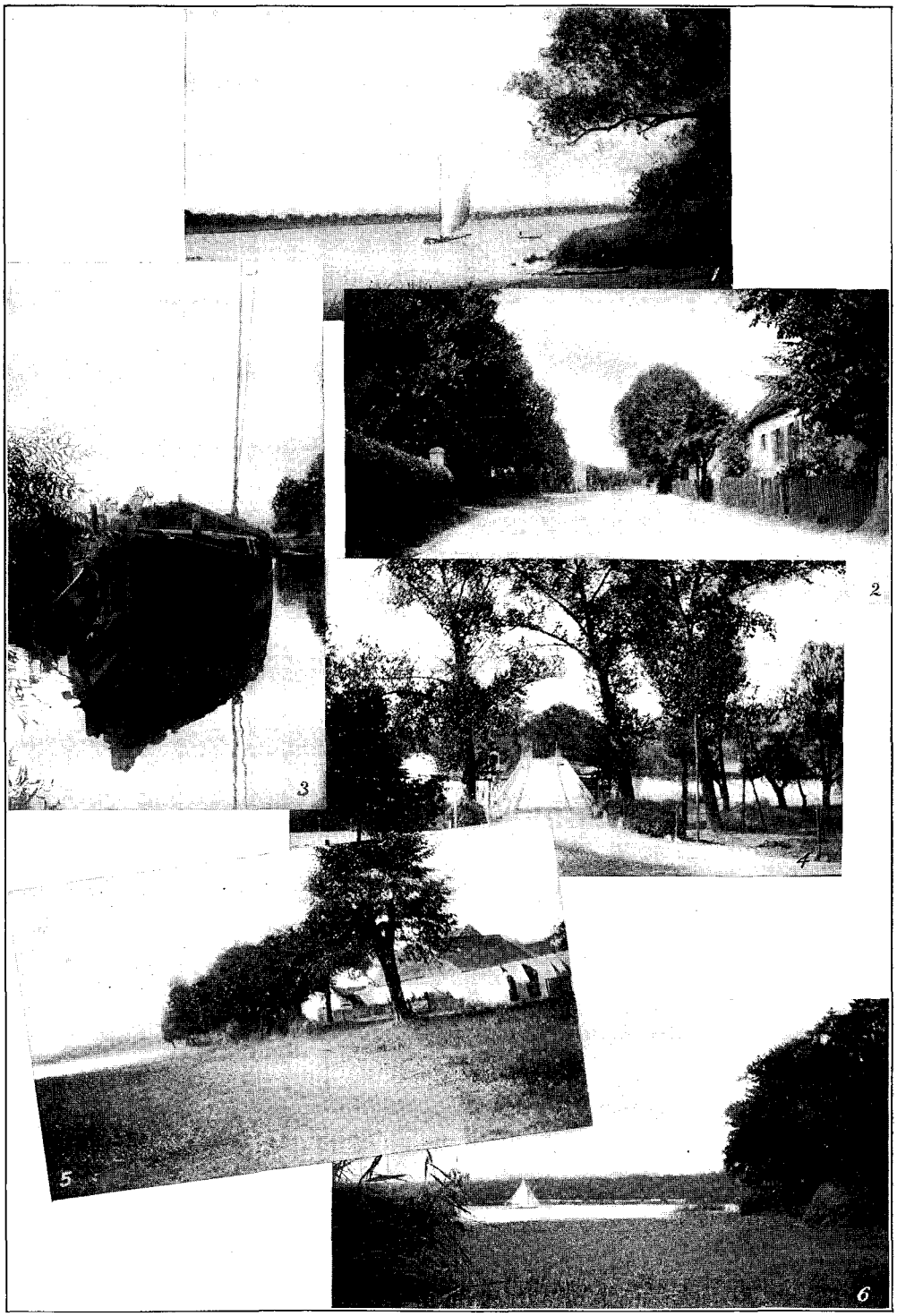

BERLIN ENVIRONS

1. THE HAVEL LAKES
2. THE GREAT MOTOR ROAD
3. OLD CANAL BOAT
4. BRIDGE NEAR POTSDAM
5. FISHING VILLAGE
6. LAKE TEZEL

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of Americans to dislike to acknowledge straitened means. It is a queer thing that while American public life rings of money, money, money, the "truly refined" American woman speaks of that vulgar commodity only with bated breath and never within hearing of her servants. Germans, who are frankly delighted when they can buy a thing cheaply, have noticed this trait in American women, and not understanding it, have won the idea that all Americans are made of money. This is a digression. But there is no place where there is so interesting a chance to study home traits as in the American colony in a foreign city.

III

What one may call the American colony in Berlin numbers, roughly speaking, anywhere between five and six thousand members. Of these the very great majority are students of some sort. To be a student in Berlin does not necessarily imply youth. These student residents of Berlin, men or women, may be of any age from twenty to fifty-five. And their term of residence there may be for six months or for twenty years. The students are so great a majority of the American colony in point of numbers as well as in point of aggressive patriotism, that they really are "The Colony" and must be treated as such.

The great bulk of the women students are there for music, the majority of the men come to study medicine. The women fill the Pensions in the Western residence district, a few more adventurous live in furnished rooms, or if there is a family together they will take furnished apartments. They amalgamate very little with the life of the city about them, and as they go out for their social amusements mostly with their own country-people, they are very important members of the American colony. The American musical student is so greatly in the majority among American women in Berlin that she passes for the standard type of American womanhood for German ideas. Sometimes the result of this is favourable, sometimes it is not. The type evolved as a composite from many individuals is that of a hard-working, very intent and serious-minded young person, independently purposeful, and without much sense of humour. She is given to practical garb, unless she branches out on Sunday in very large hats. After working hard all the week, she goes to church on Sunday, always once, sometimes twice. She disapproves of much drinking, and she disapproves of even the most harmless Sunday entertainments. It is these last traits that are most difficult for the Berlinese to understand. It makes of her, in their eyes, a person one respects but does not love. Occasionally some breezy young female will upset these ideas; but as a rule the Berlinese who does not travel finds it difficult to reconcile American women, as he knows them in his own city, with what he hears about them in books or newspapers.

Hermann Sudermann, the keenest and most disillusionised observer among modern German writers, said to one American woman: "I have seen some of your rich and fashionable countrywomen in Paris and at Ostende. They are certainly very beautiful creatures, exquisitely dressed. It is true they seem to me to exist mainly for the sake of their clothes; they appear like radiant butterflies, too delicate for human needs. I cannot imagine a man expecting love from a beautiful creature like that. But they must be interesting types to study, and I regret that we do not see them here in Berlin. I suppose we have nothing here to offer them. Here we have . . . the American musical student."

Musical study in Berlin is strenuous, particularly if it be study of the piano. Long hours of practice, lessons, and visits to the more important of the eight or nine hundred concerts that Berlin offers during the winter months, are quite sufficient to take up the time of one person. But some of these studious women still find leisure to go for afternoon tea to the house of some prominent American resident, or to go to the handsome new church which forms a centre for American social life. That is, social life of the good old-fashioned sort it was before the advent of Town Topic celebrities. Another centre for girl students is

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the American Girls' Club. This club has bright and cheery rooms in the Kleist Strasse, which are fitted up with a pleasing touch of homeliness. Under the watchful care of its late manager, Miss Morgan, a woman of most admirable character, the club had come to mean something more important than merely a place of rest or recreation to many a young woman alone in Berlin. The women of the Embassy and other prominent American residents have always taken an interest in this club and have made of it a helpful and unique institution.

The late Mrs. Willard, mother of "Josiah Flynt," the young American writer, who did not long survive her, was a well-known figure of the American colony for many years, particularly of the student portion of it. Mrs. Willard's school in the Courbière Strasse was a charming social centre after school hours, and she mothered many a lonely American girl in her gentle, helpful fashion. Mrs. Willard knew Berlin life very well, and was as great a favourite with Germans as with Americans. Her death, and that of Miss Morgan, of the Girls' Club, both occurring recently, have been a distinct loss to the American colony.

The best place to see this oppressively serious-minded student portion of the American colony is at the Philharmonic popular concerts, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. These concerts are a distinctly German institution. The audience sits at small tables eating and drinking, the entrance fee is only fifty pfennigs (12½ cents), the very best music is rendered in masterly fashion, . . . and English appears to be the language of the evening, if one can trust one's ears. And mostly English as she is spoke in the United States. It is astonishing how, in a gathering of mingled English and American people, it is the American voice and the American accent that strike the ear first and furthest. In the Philharmonic the air is ringing with the accent of the States. The West is largely represented, as is patent to the ear. The South sends a contingent, and New England and New York are not wholly absent. One wonders whatever becomes of so many of these hopeful young people. So few realise the ambitions that brought them there! Of course, there are numbers of men among the students of music, but the women predominate.

Where the men predominate, among students of medicine or of other University courses, there is much more knowledge of and participation in the life of the city. There is not much of what Berlin has to offer in the way of amusement that escapes the notice of the average American doctor. They enjoy it so that some of them stay on and on, and become settled features of the colony. They become what the German student calls "ein bemoostes Haupt," a sort of eternal student. And they are tacitly acknowledged to be the ones to initiate the newcomers into University ways, into the peculiarities of the great professors, . . . and into the joys of life generally. Many an American who was in Berlin during a certain five or six years not so long ago remembers the kindly offices, in this respect, of the man known usually as "Austin, of Boston." As Austin in Berlin, so was "Pop" Mears in Vienna. They became celebrities in their way, and the colony was sorry to see them go. But for the good offices of such men as these it would cost a young physician much valuable time to find out that the Hopfenblüthe in the Friedrich Strasse was the place to eat, if one wanted to meet the bunch. And, of course, if he didn't know that, he wouldn't know that the pretty waitresses at the Hopfenblüthe could teach one German very much faster than a prosy teacher with a book, and besides, these same pretty waitresses were excellent guides to show one the sights of the city during their free hours. And the physician or academic student who has never been to the Sturdy Dog beer-cellar has missed half his life in Berlin. To eat pea-soup and bacon in the Sturdy Dog, and to fall asleep there and wake up to find one's forehead branded with the Sign of the Dog, is an experience no healthy, happy young student . . . or no older one, either . . . ought to miss. But the medical students, old and young, don't miss much. They know a great deal more about Berlin than do their fellow-workers of the Arts, that is, than the American portion of them. Possibly be-

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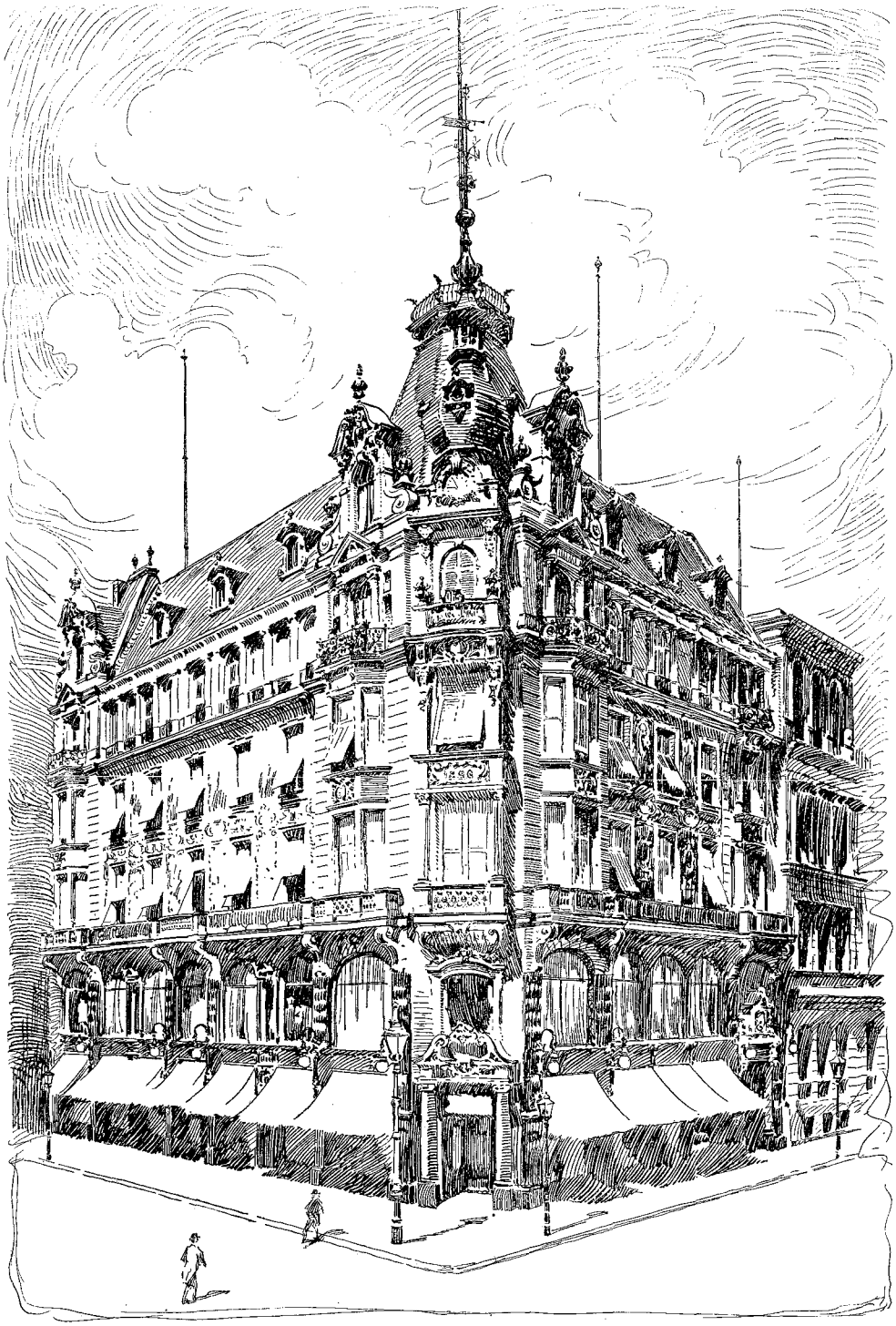

TYPE OF MODERN BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING

The New York Life Building at the corner of the Frederickstrasse and the Leipzigerstrasse. Here are the offices of the American Consulate

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cause doctors, as a rule, are a jolly lot. Possibly, also, because they have to know something of the language for their work, and a large percentage of them generally know it pretty well. You can find many of them in the Pensions, but that fact does not interfere with their having a very good time of it.

IV

The purely social side of the life of the American colony in Berlin is a rather colourless thing. It is an exotic growth barely kept alive by a few energetic souls, and always in danger of disintegrating into units that drop off by themselves. Of itself this social life of the colony cannot seem to become a healthy, natural part of Berlin life. It will not amalgamate in the right way, somehow. It fluctuates naturally, with the varying character of the occupant of the Embassy. If the Ambassador be a man of wealth, and his wife inclined toward social gaiety, without knowing the language of the company, the American colony will flourish and new blood be introduced. But if the Ambassador be studiously inclined, or if he and his secretaries, and their ladies, understand German thoroughly, they will find Berlin's usual social life more interesting than the colourless gatherings of the American colony, and they will neglect the poor little shivering exotic and leave it to its own devices. The popularity of Mr. F. H. Mason, the Consul-General, and of his cousin, D. B. Mason, Vice Consul-General, has proven how important these positions can become in the social life of the American colony. Mrs. F. Mason has understood how to gather the most conflicting elements into her attractive rooms, and to let them meet and mingle into what seems, for the time at least, to be a pleasingly homogeneous whole. The Masons have raised the social importance of the General-Consulate to heights unknown before, and are deservedly popular with all Americans in Berlin.

It is the same in Berlin as elsewhere. The American colony, having no natural growth of its own, is a thing dependent absolutely upon personality. Its social life depends entirely upon the temporary virility some leading spirit can infuse into it. For instance, the gatherings at Dr. Honan's house during the past ten years really seemed like afternoon teas at home, if one cared for that sort of thing. Many an expatriate's secretly homesick heart filled with gratitude for the genial welcome and the general feeling of home that she experienced when she called at the apartment of this genial physician and his charmingly cordial wife.

It sounds well for the eminent respectability of the American colony in Berlin when we have to say that its church and the home of its clergymen are also chief centres of its social gatherings. The handsome new church near the Nollendorf Platz has finally gathered in all the scattered communities and is a worthy home for the large congregation it attracts. The personality of the American clergyman has very much to do with his position as a social leader. The colony is fortunate in having had men there for the last two decades who were eminently suited in every way for such a responsible position.

But there are other types of Americans in Berlin, and some of them have been as well known in German society as among their own people. The death, less than a year ago, of Dr. John Sylvester, robbed Berlin of one of its most conspicuous figures at all public gatherings, while the American colony lost one of its most famous members. No frequenter of those places where "All Berlin" gathers, the important first nights at the theatres, the big public balls of the better class, the race track and yachting-set gatherings, could avoid noticing the tall, straight-shouldered form and the striking port of this American of Scotch descent, who for years was dentist to the Imperial household. Falling heir to the practice and the good reputation established by Drs. Abbot and Miller, Dr. Sylvester amassed a fortune and spent it generously and jovially. He was the good friend of the leading actresses in town, he was a familiar figure at Hoppegarten and Carlshorst when the races were on, his yacht on the Wannsee, or during the "Kiel week," was a centre of gaiety. But with all this he had the best dental practice in

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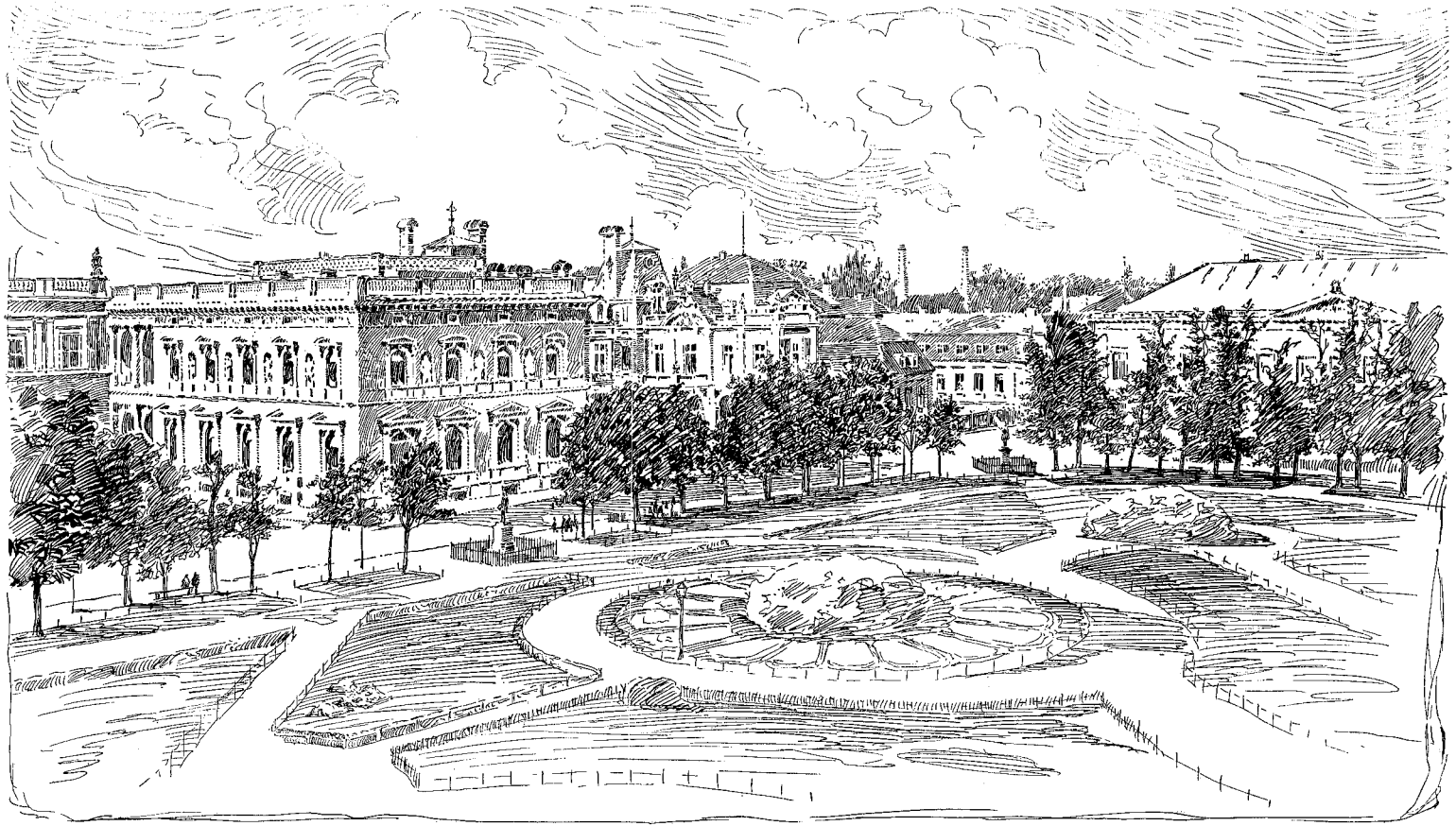

THE WILHELMS-PLATZ, BORDERED BY THE WILHELMSSTRASSE WITH ITS PALACES AND OFFICIALS' BUILDINGS

Mr. Charlemagne Tower has rented one of the palaces in the Wilhelmsstrasse for his official residence

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Berlin, keeping three assistants busy all the time. And in spite of all the time given to his German friends and to the joys that metropolitan life offers for a man whose money keeps pace with his strength, he never failed to be helpfully interested in all Americans who came to him as countrymen. In fact, he demanded that they should come to him, and he felt hurt when he heard of any American going about much in Berlin society and not coming to call on him. His weekly receptions and his dinners at his beautiful home in the Lenné Strasse, where the last years of his life were spent, were jovial gatherings. Gossip was rife as to the character of many of the guests at these gatherings. But gossip or not, invitations were always eagerly accepted.

Gossip was always busy with Sylvester's personality during his long life in Berlin. His matrimonial troubles, his striking appearance, his notable professional success, and his general keen enjoyment of life naturally made him a marked man. He knew that he was talked about, but he rather seemed to like it. And the charm of his personality readily overcame the distrust of those who had heard about him before they met him. Dr. Sylvester lived in Berlin for over twenty years, but he never quite mastered the German language. He knew enough for all practical and professional purposes, he knew enough to become a social favourite, therefore it was not quite easy to say definitely whether the inadequacy was a natural lack of adaptability of the tongue . . . or a certain business shrewdness. It was rather attractive to hear this imposing-looking, white-haired man make his quaint and funny mistakes. The women liked it particularly, even when his lack of complete knowledge of the language would cause a slip, and the use of words or expressions they would not have endured from any one else. One particular thing that Sylvester never mastered was the use of *you* and *thou* in addressing people. Of course, this allowed him to address any pretty woman with the familiar *thou* if he happened to forget the other term. And the story goes that he would occasionally make the same mistake when talking with the Emperor. But the Emperor liked Dr. Sylvester, and the apparent rugged straightforwardness, which was the most conspicuous quality in the manner of this American, made the monarch trust him more than he usually trusts people. It is said that he would laugh good humouredly when Sylvester addressed him with the familiar *thou,* and would answer in the same way.

No consideration could induce Sylvester to treat any patient himself outside of his own house for the last ten years or more of his professional career. He would send an assistant, if necessary, but those who wanted to be treated by him must come to him. The Emperor alone was the only exception. To any one who spent some time in Berlin while Sylvester was alive, there will be a perceptible difference, now that he has gone. This remarkable man was one of the most discussed personalities of Berlin for many years, and he was so very different from the average American who lives there that his German friends couldn't seem to place him somehow. He seemed an isolated example, a man without a country, sufficient unto himself.

V

There are no American men resident in Berlin except for the purpose of business or study. This newest of Old World cities has not the power to attract the poet or the artist as do Paris, London, and the Italian towns. But there are a number of women, Americans of good social position at home, although usually lacking the means to keep it up, who make the Imperial capital their more or less permanent residence. Some of these women, because of an inability to quite master the German language, retain their allegiance to their home country, and try to make of their *salons* gathering places for some few of their country people of whom they approve. But of the others, many enter into German social life, having usually some affiliations through American women who have married Germans of title or of prominence. These women are not, as a rule, very anxious to

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meet the usual American one can find in Berlin. They enjoy the open-hearted welcome that is ready for any foreigner in German society, at least in that part of it which is smart and up-to-date. Some of these American women become great social favourites with the Germans, although a few of them are characterised by a foolish devotion to anything that has any sort of a title of nobility. They seem to take a keen enjoyment merely in the pronouncing of the words, "my friend, Countess So and So," or "The dear Baroness So and So told me." This, however, is a quality not altogether confined to the Americans in Berlin. Americans elsewhere have been known to show it also.

Another sort of Americans in Berlin, the American wives of German husbands, find that it is not very easy for them to take as much interest in the American colony as they might like to. If the husband be of any prominence in the world of science or politics, or even if he be an army officer, the American wife finds that it is not left to her to make her own social position, or to regulate whom she shall receive and where she shall go, as she can do at home. Her husband's calling brings with it definitely defined social duties, and definite regulations with regard to the set in which she shall move. This is a hard and fast rule that not even the energy of the American woman can overthrow. She must accept it as gracefully as possible and not attempt to fight against it. For this reason, therefore, these American wives are not as much a centre of the American colony in Berlin as they can be elsewhere.

One place where one can see a number of these American residents of Berlin together, . . . the sort that delights in the affiliation with titles, or is become part of the army set by marriage, is at the great spring and fall parades on the Tempelhofer Field. It is the one occasion where the army set can show itself in all its spectacular glory, and its American members take full advantage of it. Down through the lines of carriages drawn up to either side of the gay Imperial suite, one can distinguish many bright American girl faces, beaming with pleasure at the show of colour, the clash of bands, the glitter of gold and silver, and the general brightness and animation of this governmentally subsidised permanent circus. These American women generally form little centres of attraction for groups of gaily clad riders, as naively conscious of their showy plumage as is the male bird in springtime.

But otherwise this set, so beloved of expatriate American women, does not make much stir in the public life of Berlin, and its doings are not chronicled at any length in the public press. Therefore Berlin offers little to a certain sort of American women of wealth and position and a love of gaiety, as well as a natural pride in her own beauty and her pretty clothes. The set that makes the talk, that "sets the pace" in Berlin public life, and receives much attention from the quiet residue which likes to look on in public places or in the columns of the newspapers at the doings of others,—this is not what an American understands under the name of Society. It is, however, "All Berlin" in the Paris sense, the world of leading lights of the world of art in all its forms, the big names of literature, of science, of invention, the aristocracy of brains and all its innumerable army of satellites. High Finance, found often in attendance on the Court set, is found here also, proud to entertain the great painter, the star actor, the famous scholar. There is much gaiety all the time in these circles in Berlin, and there is a cordial, friendly interest in foreigners of all kinds, with what could easily be increased into a particular fondness for Americans. But beyond a few of the more adventurous or ambitious students, the American woman resident of Berlin doesn't seem quite to know whether she would care for that sort of people or not. So that there are very few Americans to be found in these jovial circles. But the few brave ones reap their reward in enjoying a most delightful time, and in discovering that life in Berlin has many charming features. Dr. Sylvester did much to make the name of American a favoured one in these circles. He was their pet for many years.

But if the average of the American colony in Berlin has thus far been of an uninteresting, stolidly respectable sort,

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there have been some advantages about this. The better class of Germans may not find the Americans they meet very interesting. But they have had no reason to find them objectionable, and they are therefore always ready to welcome them into their homes. For this city, at least, has been free from the invasion of a certain sort of American, particularly a certain sort of American woman of a more than shady past and present, who is noticeable in Paris and London and at the great Continental pleasure resorts. There has not been thus far much inducement for this sort of American to come to Berlin. There is a comparatively small number of very wealthy men there, and the home-bred article is quite sufficient to supply the demand. One or two brilliantly coloured creatures with rich husbands whom nobody knows, have turned up in Berlin during the last decade. But beyond giving receptions attended only by Americans who have been in Berlin but a short time, and appearing in gorgeous attire at charity concerts, they have been quite innocuous. Therefore, Berlin generally is well disposed toward Americans and is quite ready to follow its Emperor's lead in its cordiality toward the strangers from across the water. The opportunities for amusement and for spending money are growing rapidly. Berlin's restaurants, theatres and pleasure resorts are equal to any anywhere, and it has many genial features quite its own. The city is making a strong bid for the favour of the wealthier class of Americans, and more and more of them are going there every year.

VI

While certain features of the colony have remained the same for many years, its outer social life, or what might be called such, has taken on colour always from the character of the Ambassador. Scholars like Bayard Taylor and Andrew D. White have laid the emphasis upon the great opportunities for study and research offered by Berlin, they have attracted Americans of like affiliations, and have made friends with similarly minded Germans. One or two plain, businesslike Americans, or German-Americans, holding the position for a time, have failed to arouse interest, and Americans became a drug in the market. A Phelps was once Ambassador, but he did not like Berlin and he left no trace of his presence there, except that his daughter married a German nobleman. These things did not matter so much as long as First Secretary Coleman was on duty. And the colony remembers with gratitude Mr. Coleman's many years of service. And after Coleman came John Brinckerhoff Jackson, jovial, tactful, speaking German perfectly, with a wife who shared all these good qualities. The Jacksons were favourites with Americans and Germans alike, and did much to make Berlin pleasant for the more socially inclined Americans. Sousa and his band came to Berlin during the reign of the Jacksons, and the American colony became quite gay. It showed itself in all its nice clothes at the open-air concerts, even on Sunday, and Kroll's garden became a sort of gayer annex to the Philharmonic. Now, however, the Charlemagne Towers have brought Society with a large S with them, and the Emperor approves greatly. Mrs. John Drexel and Mrs. Harry Lehr have been presented at Court, and Mr. Harry Lehr's clothes have been talked about. Berlin has been discovered, the keepers of the large hotels are delighted, and the middle-class German, whose idea of Americans was gained hitherto from the American musical students in the Pensions, will stare amazed. But the few Americans who have really discovered Berlin itself, long ago, and have learned to love it, look askance at the possibilities of the change. They loved the very lack of all the money-spending and superficial gaiety that may come now, they dread to think of the time when their favourite pastime of "Bier-Reisen," the nightly journeys from café to café may become fashionable among visiting Americans. It was one of these Americans to whom the famous story happened which is always misquoted in America, the *lesé-majesté* tale of the "damn fool Emperor." The truth of the story runs thus: An American walking down the Linden with a German friend remarked, "Have you

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read the Emperor's latest speech? Pretty bundle of rot, wasn't it?" (This American handled Berlin slang as well as a native.) A passing guardian of the peace, the stoutness of whose form was equalled by the stoutness of his civic conscience, laid his hand on our compatriot's shoulder and announced that both men were arrested for *lesé-majesté*. The Berlinese, who grasped the situation at once, asked calmly, "Can't one talk even about the *Russian Emperor* here in Berlin?" Whereupon the portly arm of the law gazed open-eyed at his captives and remarked in tones of the most naively genuine astonishment: "Oh, you meant the Russian Emperor? *Does he talk rot, too?*" This is the true story. Only the delicious Berlin slang of it is untranslatable.

DECORATION DAY

Upon an unknown grave I lay my flowers,
For, far away 'neath sunny Southern skies,
My own wee nestling lies.

Perhaps some mother does the same for me,
And thinks to-day of this lone little grave
To which her heart she gave.

The Christ's dear mother watches o'er them both,—
This babe asleep beneath the whispering trees,
And mine by Southern seas.

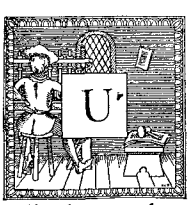
Ruth Sterry.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

FALLING LEAVES



UPON the fringe of Devon's central waste, beneath the woods, where they extend between a river valley and the moor above, two human mothers walked and talked together. Rachel Bolt was old and her grey hair and wrinkled forehead chimed with the season's fall and made her a figure emblematic of the hour. But Avisa Pomeroy's life halted awhile at middle age. She was rather a small woman, dark and full-bosomed, straight and sturdy of build, but inclined to stoutness. The expression of her face was very placid, yet the calm belonged rather to mind than body: it was of the intellect and not the physical habit. She was not strong and great physical evils haunted her, waited at hand and looked out from the darkness of her future.

Avisa showed neither joy nor sorrow while she listened; but the bent, autumnal creature spoke fast, and happiness made her thin voice musical. By their mouths these women might have been judged. The younger's was firm to hardness, yet full in the lip; the older mother had a small mouth, a little fallen in from lack of teeth behind. But more than the shadowed weakness of age marked her lips. They seemed a fit organ for the

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hopeful, gentle words that issued from them. Her speech also betrayed her, That an old woman could be so sanguine concerning the future served to indicate how many storms of experience had beat upon her head in vain.

"Draw your shawl closer, Rachel," said the younger. "Great news without a doubt of it. I'm glad I've met you."

Presently the mothers sat side by side while the elder talked. She was a widow and lived with one son at the moorland hamlet of Merivale. Her friend also dwelt close at hand. Avisa had just been to a neighbouring village and, returning homeward, fell in with Mrs. Bolt gathering sticks along the wood.

"She've took him, and who could doubt she would? A very good girl, Avisa, but a very unhappy home. To marry my son, Samuel, will be a better fate than many young women can look for. I could have wished she was a thought more of a scholar; but Sam's clever enough for them both, come to think of it."

"Jill Wickett's a pretty girl and I hope from my heart she'll make Samuel a good wife."

"She will—she must. That man—though he is my own son I say it—be the chosen of the Lord if ever man was, Avisa! He'll have his store of blessings. Heaven knows him, like it knowed his father afore him."

Mrs. Pomeroy nodded. Her eyes were large and grey, and they looked gentler than her lips. In maidenhood they had seemed the very haunt of wondering innocence; but a little twinkle at the corner of that strong mouth had always belied them and still did so.

"'Tis very large-minded in you to take it thus," continued Rachel Bolt, "because well I know your boy, Ives, was set in that quarter, too, and naturally you'd have liked such a bowerly wife as Jill for him. But there 'tis: both couldn't have her, and my Samuel was the chosen."

This news, however, by no means troubled the younger mother. The fact meant a painful task presently, but she was accustomed to difficulties. Now she put the future aside and showed sympathy with her friend.

"Both couldn't have her, as you say, and 'twas more vitty that Samuel should. He's older by five or six year than my son—wiser, too."

"A headstrong young youth, your Ives, my dear."

"He is. So was I at his age. 'Tis not a bad thing altogether to want your own way. I like a colt to fight a bit when we're breaking him in. But better my boy don't marry yet awhile."

"The best of it all is, Avisa, that I shan't be parted too far from Samuel. Couldn't suffer it—more could he. Why, the dear chap wanted for me to live along with 'em! But 'no, no,' I said. 'Too wise for that.' I'll take thicky cottage on t'other side of the road: that's what I'll do."

"Be wiser still and go a bit further off, my dear."

"Samuel won't let me. Besides, there's not another house in Merivale I can have. Very lucky to get one just over against 'em."

"Look you take care, Rachel."

"Don't fear it. My love's my guide. Love be very witty, Avisa. I shall watch, but I shan't interfere, no more than the guardian angels do. All the same, he wanted me to stop with 'em, God bless him!"

"A loving son don't understand these things wholly. There's some people very restive of being watched—especially young married women. When I was a girl, I'd have gone mad to think as a pair of patient, old eyes was overlooking my life and seeing all my mistakes and silliness, and saying nought. Why, in my green youth, I often hated to think that God Almighty's Self never had His eye off me! I'd have suffered no human to watch."

She smiled at her maiden thoughts.

"I shall watch, however," repeated Rachel; "but never a word shall I say, well knowing the value of silence."

"You'll drive the girl silly."

"That wouldn't be a long journey. However, there I shall be—for Samuel's sake. And I'm not saying a word against Jill neither. She'll soon learn from him. He'll think for her, same as I've thought for him—same as you do for your boy and girl."

"The strongest mind looks ahead

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the farthest," declared Avisa Pomeroy. "Childer can't see beyond their little tomorrows, so us must for 'em. And a many growed people can't neither. My son's not marriage-ripe, Rachel."

"And never will be, so long as he's that rash and reckless. Samuel tells me 'tis a pity the friends he makes."

"Samuel tells you the truth. We must wait and hope."

"Trust you for that."

"Ives be a slow learner. So was I. But come I gathered a bit of knowledge from life, it always stuck fast, Rachel."

"Sorrow's the best schoolmaster, I reckon."

"I don't say that. Happiness have taught me many things, too. My boy be stiff-necked and rebellious and passionate. But nobody as loves justice like him will go far wrong in the upshot. A curious bent of mind sometimes. When his little sister died—my third, you know—Ives, six year old he was then, missed her noise the night after, and axed my old mother where she was to. 'She've kissed God, dearie,' says the dear old soul in her fanciful way, and the boy sniffed. 'Poor Milly—she always hated kissing'—that was what he said about it."

"A good churchgoer, however. You must take consolation in that, Avisa."

"He goes to please me—an' look at the girls."

Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes pictured her boy at worship and twinkled with mingled love and amusement. But old Rachel Bolt was shocked.

"Samuel ban't like that. Never did he gaze at a female creature till Jill's bright hair and great red mouth burst upon him. 'Tis a fine thing for her family—her marrying a Bolt and such a man as Samuel. They be properly pleased about it, I hear."

"So they should be. Now I'll help you with your wood so far as my home. 'Tis something too big a bundle for your shoulders."

"Thank you kindly. You must know there ban't no call for me to gather sticks, and Sam often grumbles; but the habit is lifelong, and, just to be alone with my own thoughts, I often come out to do it."

They parted presently where Avisa dwelt, and the elder went slowly forward. She hardly heard the kindly wishes in her ears, for this great news filled her heart and made her selfish. Her son had been her life for many years. Now he was going to be the life of another. Therefore some fear shadowed the joy that she felt in seeing him joyful.

Avisa's mental attitude to the circumstance was exceedingly different. No regret marked it. She swept aside a passing feeling of surprise that Jill had chosen the simple and somewhat uninteresting Sam Bolt, when she might have had Ives Pomeroy; then she smiled at her own mother's heart because such a thought had risen; and then she ceased to smile and set her face firmly, almost grimly, to meet her boy.

It was his sister, however, who approached Avisa on her return home. At the door of Vixen Tor Farm, in Walla Valley, stood her daughter, and Lizzie Pomeroy's face swiftly showed that she, too, had heard the news. She was small and very neat, with an almost birdlike trimness of dress and person. Her face was bright and fair with round grey eyes like her mother's, though virginal and rather chill in their expression. But the coldness belonged to temperament and resulted from lack of imagination, not want of knowledge.

"Oh, mother, here's a pretty tantara!" she cried. "Ives be just back home from Merivale. That girl, Jill Wickett—she've taken Mrs. Bolt's son; and Ives be using language about it something shocking. And, though I've kept his dinner hot all the afternoon, not a bite will he take."

Her mother did not answer but entered the kitchen of Vixen Tor farmhouse, threw her bonnet on a settle and then approached her boy.

He sat with his hands in his pockets on one side of the fire; while upon the other, old Jane Pomeroy, his dead father's mother, faced him. The young man's face was dark with passion and an expression almost malignant reigned upon it. He turned his black eyes on his mother. His hair was rather long and wet with perspiration.

In the momentary silence old Mrs. Pomeroy sighed audibly and rattled her wooden knitting-needles. Ives wore his cap at the back of his head, and his

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mother's first act was to take it off and brush the hair from his forehead with her hand.

Then he turned on her.

"If I thought you'd had any part in this, mother, I'd never see your face again—God judge me if I would!".

"I've had no part in it, Ives—no part in it beyond hoping for the right thing to happen. I won't say I'm sorry for this, because I'm not. You're long ways short of wife-old yet. But I'm mortal sorry for your sorrow, my son. 'Tis that I'm thinking on. I'm wondering——"

"I don't want none of that soft stuff. If you didn't do this, who did? Is it likely such a sheep-faced, sandy-headed fool as Bolt would have won her away from me single-handed? Somebody helped him, and if 'twasn't you, who was it?"

"You ought to know better than talk to mother like that!" flamed out Lizzie. "Always on your side as she is, and then, just because you're crossed——"

"'Crossed!'" he thundered out. "'Crossed!' Is that what you call it, you little fool? 'Crossed!' When a man's life is suddenly knocked all abroad and ruined for evermore by a woman—when— And you, with all you want, to preach. There, get out of my sight, you ignorant wretch, or I'll fling a knife at you!"

Lizzie set her lips hard, but tears came into her eyes.

"Don't—don't talk that terrible harsh, Ives," said his grandmother. "What do a cheel like her know about it? List to your mother. 'Tis a pity you don't oftener."

"I'll list to nobody," he said. "Tell me who've done it—that's what I want to know."

Avisa sat beside him and took his hand between hers. He snatched it away; then she took it again and he let it remain.

"I'll have it out with the man, whoever 'twas," he said.

"So you shall, boy. I know his name very well—an' you do too."

"Speak it then. I won't sleep this night till——"

"What was it you told us at dinner back last week, Ives?"

He reflected, then remembered.

"That me and she had a bit of a flare up about Samuel Bolt."

"And you said——?"

"I said what any man would say. I told her that if she thought she's be happier with a poor, broken-winded fool like him, than with a chap like me, she's better go to him and be damned."

"With that you flung off from her."

"Yes, I did. I was sick of the subject. She was in a woman's mood and kept on praising the slack-twisted creature till 'twas all I could do to help boxing her ears. Wish I had now."

"When did you see her last?"

"'Pon Sunday after church. I went down so far as Ward Bridge along with her. And little enough she said. Then suddenly she axed, 'Be you going to say you'm sorry, Ives?' And I said, 'What for?' Then she said, 'Last week, I should think.' And I said, "Tis for you, not me, to say you'm sorry.' And she said, 'What a child you be still—doan't know no more about a woman than a cow. You only care for your silly, vain self, and that's the ugly truth about you.' 'Twasn't like I was going to stand that. So I had my say short and sharp, and then left her till she'd thought it over and comed to her senses. And no doubt she must need's ax somebody's advice; and who be that somebody? Tell me that."

Mrs. Pomeroy looked at him and still held his hand.

"You've answered your own question, my dear. She told you a lot of truth, Ives. 'Twas you and nobody else helped Samuel Bolt to get her."

"You say that!" he cried. "You—you can tell that silly nonsense!"

"Sober truth, Ives."

"If you ask me, I say you're well out of it—well out of it," declared Lizzie. Her emotion had passed and she had now grown angry. "A great, untidy, slammocking woman—below you every way. You ought to be thankful, instead of raving at your own mother and sister like a lunatic."

He glared at her, but did not answer.

Then his mother rose and opened the oven door and took out a dish that stood within.

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"Come—eat your meat. 'Tis no sense going hungry for it," she said.

He started up violently and used foul language.

"Curse the lot of you—narrow, hard-hearted, frozen up creatures that you be! You talk so wise, and me robbed of the only thing in the world I cared about. Precious comfort—the likes of you—to a miserable man. But I'll go my own way —to hell if I choose. And 'twill be your fault—yours, mother, as much as any—for you never liked her and never helped me to win her. And now—be damned to everybody! I don't care what becomes of any living soul on God's earth no more. And I'll be free, mark me, from this day—free to do what I please and think what I please. So now you know, mother!"

He took his cap, rose and went out of the house; while Mrs. Pomeroy bent and brushed up the dirt that his boots had left by the hearth.

"He'll be the death of us yet," said Lizzie mournfully; but her mother shook her head and smiled. She was looking after Ives.

"Don't think it," she answered. "'Tis the other way; we'll be the life of him."

"How can you take it so easy, mother! Why, he's been drinking—you know he has as well as I do."

"He has," admitted Mrs. Pomeroy. 'Poor, dear, silly boy. Drinking—yes. When I was a maid such things happened to me, Lizzie, that I'd have got drunk, too, sometimes—if I'd dared."

"Mother!"

Still Avisa's eyes were set on the open door. A strange look rested in them—whimsical, yet withal wistful, too.

"How like him I was once," she said.

"Never—never!" cried her daughter. "You so patient, so gentle—never vexed with man or mouse—always ready to make excuses for us. Like Ives!"

"There's a lot of difference betwixt four-and-twenty and fifty, my dear. If you'd known your mother when she was your age, Lizzie, you'd have said she wasn't a good companion for you."

"Mother!" the girl gasped again, and her eyes filled with amazement.

Even the aged woman by the fire protested.

"Jimmery, what'll you say next, Avisa?" she asked.

The face of Lizzie's mother twinkled and, to those who understood, might have helped to explain her words. For a moment every line of her countenance spoke of joy as she looked back; then a cloud fell upon it and she shook her head.

"A very headstrong, ownself maiden, I warn 'e. Hard to please—too selfish to please. Granny here forgets, but I remember; and 'tis well for you children that I do."

She went over to Mrs. Pomeroy, the elder.

"Ives be more mine than his father's—as yet," she said.

"Very unlike his father, thank God," answered the grandmother of Ives. "No more like my son than sense be like foolishness."

"A great soul he had," admitted the widow. "A calm and a thoughtful man."

"And ban't you calm and thoughtful, mother?" asked Lizzie.

"Perhaps—now. But 'twas life taught me. It comed from outside, not from inside. Life—life rubbed down my nature —like the skidded wheel rubs down the road."

"And father?"

"Your father *was* my life—patience made alive, Lizzie."

The old woman nodded in the corner.

"You never said a truer word, Avisa; and all that's best in these children comed from my boy."

"I know it. His unchanging patience with men—always the same."

"Always—from his youth up."

"And when he chose me, folks said 'twas the steadfast stone choosing the butterfly."

Lizzie stood up for her mother.

"You made him the happiest man in the world, anyway, for I've heard Mr. Toop and many another say so. And well you might, a lovely, darling dear like you!"

"The loss—the loss—to you and your brother," mourned Jane Pomeroy. "His salvation would his father have been to Ives; but the Lord had need of my son. 'Twas that thought kept me sane when he went."

"And his babies had need of me,"

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mused the younger mother. "Maybe 'twas that thought kept me sane. But we wasn't far off from mad women—you and me—till God A'mighty saw and pitied the pair of us."

CHAPTER II

THE HOUSEHOLD OF POMEROY

Like a child in its mother's arms the little homestead of the Pomeroys reposed on the southward slope of the Vixen and cuddled there beneath the immense rock-masses of that tor. No nobler pile of granite shall be found upon Dartmoor. It towers gradually to its crown by rampart and bastion; a happy relation of parts has chanced to weld the three main divisions into one perfect whole, and Vixen rises, the very impersonation of strength, solidity and settled purpose, to be a landmark for time, the haunt of nocturnal birds, an emblem of mystery and of power.

None now ever scrambled up its ascents or stood upon its summit but Ives Pomeroy. Lizzie in her short-skirted time had done the like with help from him; but her days of clambering in the heart of the Vixen were past, and she marvelled, looking back, to remember them. Ives had the tor to himself and still delighted in its secret places, still stole thither to think and smoke, still found some pleasure in his dead boyhood's dreams of great sieges and heroic deeds. Sometimes the tor had been a robbers' castle and he captained the desperate gang; led them upon neighbouring villages; raided the flocks of common men; defied the law and made his name a terror to the countryside, a secret joy to the maidens. Sometimes the Vixen had stood for a ship, and on such occasions a close observer might have seen a small black flag fluttering among the ivy aloft—a flag with some white emblem upon it intended to represent skull and cross-bones. Then the romance of sex was substituted for his boyhood's desire toward buccaneering on land and sea.

Now, striding passionately into gloaming of night, Ives turned by instinct to his giant playmate, crept inside a little penthouse from whose crevices and clefts lolled dying pennywort, and flung himself down to reflect on this sudden stroke of fate. He lighted his pipe presently, and the evening wind cooled his head and lifted the fumes of liquor that still hung heavy there.

Beneath him lay the farm and its immediate cultivated lands. A few small fields subtended the kitchen garden. Then plantations of larch and pine sank to the water. Walla ran near enough to be heard at all times, and her murmur came to Ives through the thinning gold of the larches. About the dwelling of the Pomeroys stood a fir or two, and, behind it, the moor stretched in a rugged coomb upward. At this season autumnal furzes still flamed and rich mosaic of weathered granite with warm tints of herbage dappled the waste. A stream ran through the midst, a whitethorn or two arose beside it; and above them stood the "Windystone"—a venerable cross believed to mark some vanished pack-saddle track, or the path followed from monastery to monastery by mediæval monks.

A feature of the Pomeroys' homestead was an oak coppice, that stood on the opposite bank of the river and covered five acres of the hillside. It represented a rich harvest, though the crop was reaped but four times in a century. Every five-and-twenty years the vigorous young forest growth fell at springtime and gave varied treasures of poles, bark, fagots and charcoal. From fifteen to twenty pounds an acre accrued from the cutting of the coppice; the rind went to the tanners; the best poles were appropriated for building fencing and hurdling, the brushwood commanded half-a-crown a fagot, and the charcoal, sold at the char-heaps, was worth two shillings a bushel. Next year would see the coppice felled; for among the last things that Avisa's husband had spoken to her on his deathbed was one concerning it. "Mind," said he, "that if you'm spared, you cut the copse-wood in the year Ives be turned five-an'-twenty; an' if all's well with him an' Lizzie, I'd wish for the money, up to one hundred pound, to be divided betwixt 'em as a gift from the father."

His wife promised, and now the time of performance had nearly come.

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An owl glided from somewhere above the head of Ives and departed silently about her business. Lights twinkled out of the farm windows beneath him, and he heard the rain begin to fall. But he was dry and warm in his holt. Long ago he had thrown down a load of fern there for his own comfort. Now he turned, pursued his thoughts, brooded revenge and lighted another pipe.

This man's father belonged to the yeoman class, but lacked education or ambition. Honourable, upright, obscure and without a grain of imagination, he lived his days and followed exactly in the footsteps of his ancestors. They had farmed at the Vixen for five generations and been content. None had made an effort to improve the place; none had ever aspired to acquire it as a family possession, though successive landlords often tempted them to do so. The Pomeroy race in this branch produced no enterprising spirit, no soul hungry to advance or to rise, not one who would take possible risk for probable gain.

Then came Ives Pomeroy and married Avisa; and their son, Ives the second, promised to break the tradition. He was not a man of middle courses, and he continued to keep very young for his age. It appeared unlikely that he would succeed largely, and most who knew him foretold actual failure; but for the present he went much untried, because his mother was content to hold the helm, as she had done since her husband's death. Ives knew his business and understood that the salvation of the moorland farmer is the moor. He grazed, therefore, but he cultivated little. He was lazy and avoided responsibility. People, including his grandmother, wondered where he had come from; only his mother found it written in the book of her own youth. Lizzie, on the contrary, was a true Pomeroy: methodical, trustworthy, diffident, lacking in self-reliance. The brother and sister had been close friends in childhood and were only separated by two years; but now Lizzie put away childish things and was as serious-minded as a maiden of two-and-twenty can sometimes be. She lacked humour and Ives alarmed her. He also angered her by his sweeping generalities, by his impatience, by his amorous attitude to other girls, by his openly expressed contempt of her caution and second-hand wisdom. For Lizzie copied her mother and strove to be like her; she also copied her sweetheart, a village schoolmaster; but the boy copied nobody. Yet he brought her own youth to his mother's mind every week of her life. In the light of her young days she read him; and since marriage with a sober-minded and stolid spirit had been the turning point in her own career, she looked forward to that great event for Ives and trusted Providence to save the situation.

Two hinds, an old man and a young one, completed the establishment at Vixen Tor Farm. Emmanuel Codd, the elder, was a soured and suspicious peasant who earned his money, but never allowed that any other labouring man at Dartmoor honestly did so. The younger, Rupert Johnson, happily for his peace of mind, possessed neither nerves nor pride. He pleased his mistress and contented Ives. More he did not seek to do. Emmanuel's ceaseless grumbling left his fellow-labourer indifferent and unconcerned. Indeed, the condition of Mr. Codd's mind was chronic and the disease of distraction had spread through it like a cancer. He distrusted human nature from every possible point of view; and humanity retorted by detesting him. This old bachelor had been head man of the farm since the father of Ives Pomeroy died. It was his custom to give notice about every six months, and Mrs. Pomeroy always fell in with the suggestion and expressed a conventional regret that he must be leaving them at last. There the matter ended. Of late, however, one or two sharp scenes had fallen out between Emmanuel and the son of the house. Mr. Codd once hinted at a poaching scandal, and openly deplored that the name of Pomeroy should be uttered along with that of certain notorious local celebrities. Ives, in language pointed by anger, had thereupon trounced the veteran cruelly, and Mr. Codd, by way of retort, instantly gave warning in his most impressive manner. His master's riotous laughter further insulted him. He did not go, but relations were strained at the present moment, and without actually naming dates, the head

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man declared on all possible occasions that, after the felling of the coppice during the coming year, he should retire. He also openly named the pension that he expected to receive as the reward of forty-five years' service.

Ives, to mark the height of his misery, stopped in his lair on the Vixen until nearly midnight. Then, guessing that the farm must be asleep and that he might descend to the details of eating a big supper without human eye to note the sordid, necessary deed, crept home again.

A lamp burned low in the kitchen and a scrap of paper lay beside it. How well he knew those little notes.

"Supper in the oven. Good-night, dear heart. Mother."

Then he twisted up the message and flung it into the dying fire, as he had a thousand like it.

Ives felt exceedingly sorry for himself, but hunger was at least as pressing as grief. He made a mighty meal, then went to bed and soon escaped his miseries in dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER III

"MOLESKIN" ON WOMAN

After Walla has fallen from her fountains near the cradle of her greater sister, Tavy, in midmost moor, she winds southwest and passes downward under Mis-Tor into the wooded glens beneath the Vixen. But before she leaves the waste, a bridge of grey stone spans her growing stream, and road and river meet at right angles. Down the great slope eastward this highway falls, then upward climbs again under the triple crown of the Staple Tors; and just beyond the bridge, extended straggling by the path, like a row of tired folk tramping home after a revel, shall be seen the few cottages of Merivale. Northward, separated from the village by moorland, and its own surrounding fields, the farm of "Stone Park" stands naked, treeless and solitary; southward, where Walla flows from the upland austerities into a gentler domain of forest and arable land, there extend regions of cultivation with their dwellings in the midst.

All round about upon this day, the stone monarchs of the land thrust sombre heads upward into a stormy sky. Beyond Great Mis-Tor something of the central desolation might be seen swept with fog-banks; and the river, in spate from heavy rain, cried aloud through the valley.

Low, grey and black, with white-washed faces and tar-pitched roofs, Merivale stood and faced the south. No special feature marked this uneven row of habitations threaded up the hill, save where, in the midst, from a square building of two storeys, a signboard hung and swung backwards and forwards at the thrust of the wind. Newly painted upon it appeared a red-faced trio of gentlemen in scarlet coats and shiny black hats. Above them shone a legend in gold: *The Jolly Huntsmen;* beneath them, in black letters, it was proclaimed that the brothers Toop were licensed to sell tobacco, snuff and spirits.

The inn bar, at this moment in mid-afternoon, presented no feature of interest, save a young woman who stood behind it rinsing glasses. Three tourists had just departed and for a few minutes Ruth Rendle remained alone. Very little of the professional barmaid appeared in her. Indeed, she was new to the work, and had lived with her cousins, the proprietors of the inn, no more than six months.

Chance suddenly threw Ruth penniless on the world; and chance ordained that the brothers Toop should lose their barmaid by marriage at the same moment. Therefore they offered their kinswoman a home in exchange for service. She accepted gladly, came from East Devon to the moor, did the new work as well as she could, and soon made more friends than she desired.

She was a slim, dark-faced girl of twenty-one, with black hair and rather heavy brows. The expression of her face was, however, lightened by her manner of drawing the hair from it abruptly. She wore no fringe, but curled her locks in one great coil at the back of her head. Her forehead was rather high, and critical maidens held that Ruth spoilt herself by this display of it; but she was not vain, albeit as Mr. Peter Toop always said, there was no need for her to show that she had brains by revealing her

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brow; because one need only to speak to her and the brains would appear. His brother, Joel Toop, agreed with him.

Ruth was not much of a talker, but she listened well, and by that accomplishment atoned for the lack of ready and sparkling repartee deemed desirable in her present occupation. Men liked to talk to her. A man came in and began talking to her now.

He was tall, thin and wiry. He wore riding-breeches and slapped his leg with a hunting crop while he addressed the listener. A hatchet-shaped and rather handsome face belonged to him, but his blue eyes shone cold, his straw-coloured beard and moustache were rough and ill-cared for. Matthew Northmore's voice was pleasant and his intonation clean, strong and little marked by any trace of the vernacular speech. He had not come to drink. Indeed, he was an abstainer from alcohol, and the brothers Toop occasionally considered the question and wondered whether a hint might be dropped upon the subject.

"A delicate-minded man would do something, if 'twas only lemonade," declared Joel, and Peter concurred.

The brothers were not, however, blind to Northmore's attention. Indeed, personal interest quickened their observation where Ruth was concerned, and they, as well as other people, including the girl herself, knew very well what drew an unsociable and lonely spirit so often to the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen.

Never until the arrival of Miss Rendle had the master of Stone Park thrust himself into company. He lived aloof, farmed his hungry acres, grazed his herds and found pleasure in fox-hunting. He was thirty-eight years old, reserved and shy. Now a thing common enough to the lonely soul not yet turned of forty, had befallen him. Women figured but little in his life, and he had never loved one until the voice and direct gaze and subtle quality of Ruth combined to waken his heart and save it from sexual atrophy. He was in love, and the passion, feeding on virgin material, swelled swiftly to a fierce fire. A man extremely sensitive until now, the new emotion made him face his fellows with a blunt indifference that amazed himself. He knew that they laughed and talked about him behind his back; and such a thought in any other relation would have made him shrink, shudder, call on the hills to cover him; but since Ruth Rendle was the matter, he scoffed at secret criticism, pushed to her side fearlessly before all eyes, and despite many an open wink and whisper, fought with all his immense vigour, and despite his immense inexperience, to win her.

"'Tis very good of you, I'm sure," declared Ruth. As she spoke, she stroked the breasts of two snipe that Matthew had brought her.

"Don't you let those old men eat them," he said. "I know how greedy fond they are of game. But these are for you."

She nodded.

"I'll remember."

"Hounds meet at the Windystone on Friday fortnight. Is there a chance of you running out for an hour?"

"Not a chance. We shall be very busy before the meet, and maybe again after. You be going hunting?"

"Yes, I suppose so. 'Tis my only pleasure. At least it was—till——"

She kept silence and caressed the dead birds. Then she spoke, since he added nothing to his broken sentence, but only looked down at her hand.

"Do you ever read books of an evening?"

"Now and again. But not often—not much of a scholar, I'm afraid."

"More am I; yet I'm very fond of books."

He scented a possibility.

"What sort of books?"

"You'll laugh. I like rhymes."

"Do you now! Whoever would have thought it? I believe I've gotten a fat old volume of verses somewhere. 'Twas my sister's. She left it behind her when she went to be married; and seeing that now she've got a house full of little sticky children and a husband with a cruel, bad temper, 'tis odds she won't want it again."

"You might lend it to me, Mr. Northmore."

"I will, Miss Rendle, and glad to. I'll bring it up to-night."

"Next time you're coming be quite soon enough."

"Next time I'm coming will be to-

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night," he said. Then he paused, then he tried clumsily to get conversation on to more personal topics.

"I—I do wish, if I may make so bold——" he began, and stopped.

"Yes?"

"I wish—I——"

His desire was never uttered, for two men entered the bar and Ruth turned to them.

One had passed middle age, but his eyes were still young and bright. Laughter made a home therein, yet heavy brows overhung them and the left eyelid half hid the iris. William Cawker had used his sight through the hours of darkness for so many years that an eternal frown wrinkled the brows, and this physical accident belied a geniality that beamed from the rest of his face. He was an unprincipled, kind-hearted man. He declared openly that he had walked the broad road for so many years that the narrow one had ceased to be possible for him. His master-passion was sport, and it took the form of poaching. Indeed, he considered this the highest branch of sport, since it held a salt lacking from any form of legitimate slaughter. He belonged to the old order of predatory rascals and had learned his business from a father whose leg had been broken in a man-trap. Nobody ever called this grey-whiskered and humorous person Cawker. He was known as "Moleskin" within his radius, and a mangy waistcoat of that material, which seemed part of him, accounted for the nickname. For the rest he went habitually in the colours of earth, and his great pockets were stained with blood of bird, beast and fish. None could remember him in a black coat. It was known that Moleskin had been to prison in his earlier days, and all men believed that he had earned similar chastisement on many a subsequent occasion; but with age he had perfected his craft, and gamekeepers and water-bailiffs cursed in vain. He enjoyed his life—a condition not shared by the bedridden wife and careworn daughter who completed his household. They lived two miles from Merivale, in a cottage of four rooms; and the women found themselves anxious and miserable above the common lot, for their man's days and nights were one long battle with order, honesty and law. So far he had conquered; but he grew older, and Mrs. Cawker, with a large experience in poachers and their inevitable end, wished that the climax would come and her suspense terminate.

Moleskin went his way with unfailing cheerfulness of spirit. He made a good deal of money, but was always in debt to those who would trust him. Here and there certain people permitted him to pay in kind, and the brothers Toop, albeit they mourned his unrighteous ways, would usually let a brace of snipe or an occasional salmon rub off a part of his formidable score in the taproom. Others did the like. Everybody deplored the presence of this malefactor, yet everybody felt that, for once, he probably told the truth when he declared himself beyond hope of regeneration. Meantime most people enjoyed Moleskin's company and found themselves the merrier if not the better for it.

With the poacher came Ives Pomeroy, and Ruth, without asking either, poured out the liquor each desired. Rum was Moleskin's invariable stimulant. As for the youth, he drank beer.

"Put your coin back," said Mr. Cawker. "I'm standing to-day and the money's got feathers on it."

He set down a double-barrelled breech-loader, thrust his hand into a roomy pocket and produced a brace of golden plover. The blood was still bright upon them.

Matthew Northmore was interested.

"You got some, then?" he asked. "I saw a flight after dawn this morning, wheeling aloft. Then they faded away, flying high, and I judged they was bound for the north."

"You judged wrong," said Moleskin. "I seed 'em, too, and guessed they meant to stop in the bogs down under White Tor. And I guessed right—according to my custom in the matter of such things. I'll take a wing feather or two for peel flies, miss. And mind you, tell Peter Toop that the birds be worth two shilling apiece—not a halfpenny less."

"You old liar!" said Northmore. "Two shilling a pair to Plymouth market any day."

"No, no, farmer. A liar I may be in

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and out—as we all are—more shame to us—even you. But not over a solemn matter like my debt to the Jolly Huntsmen. Four shillings should be took off—or say three and six and allow for interest."

Ives talked to Ruth Rendle. He had still but one subject of conversation, though the matter of the engagement was now a fortnight old. He had wearied most ears with his wrongs, and been more egotistical than usual under his unutterable loss.

"As good as tokened, mind you. She'd promised, if anything short of words can promise. The thing was done—planned out to the very end."

"Then she flickered out in a green dress to church, I'm told," said Moleskin. "Ha—ha—ha! Not so green as you was, when you heard poor Sammy Bolt had gived it to her out of his savings. Well, well, there's as good fish in Walla as I've ever catched there. Ban't there, miss?"

"You may be well out of it," said Northmore. But his tone showed no friendship for Ives. Indeed, he held the young man in some scorn. To bleat thus about a jilting made him contemptuous.

"Very likely—though I didn't know as you pretended to understand the women," retorted Ives. "Perhaps Miss Ruth here be putting you up to a thing or two?"

Matthew shrugged his shoulders, avoided the girl's face and himself asked a question.

"Who are you to call her 'Miss Ruth'? More civil if you said 'Miss Rendle,' I should think."

Ives laughed.

"I'll call her the Queen of England if she likes. She understands me very well. Don't you teach me how to treat the girls. I know a damned sight more about 'em than an old bachelor like you do, anyway."

The farmer restrained an inclination to answer with his horsewhip. He turned his back on Pomeroy and spoke to Ruth.

"I'll bring you the book this evening," he said. Then he left the bar.

Moleskin winked over his tumbler at Ives.

"Had him there, my bold boy. Couldn't answer that, because he knowed 'twas true. Rather a tough bird to begin love-making, eh? Lord, I feel myself a young man when I look at his long-jawed, solemn features. Don't you lose your heart too quick, miss—else you may be sorry when 'tis too late."

At this moment Peter Toop appeared.

"Stop, will 'e?" said Peter. "I see the first golden plover be come in. Us'll wet the day, unless you've had enough."

"And thank you, Peter, I'm sure," answered the poacher. "Good birds and fairly plump for after flight. And, as to having enough, that's a state I never allow myself to reach, as you know."

Mr. Toop was bald, but he atoned for this lack by a flowing and handsome beard. The colour of it was grizzled, and his moustache had been stained to a brilliant yellow under his nose by a habit of taking snuff in large quantities. He was rather short, strong and sturdy. His eyes were bright, his nose was made coarse with snuff and veined with purple. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles and spoke with great deliberation.

"I be comforting this poor blighted lover here," explained Moleskin, and Mr. Toop showed interest.

"Ah—I've heard about it. 'Tis a very trying thing to be crossed in love, Pomeroy. I'm sorry for you with all my heart. If it happened to me, I should—I don't know. I should certainly never get over it."

Peter turned his gold-rimmed glasses towards Ruth in a very significant manner, which she failed to observe.

"You be like the caterpillar—haven't got no use for courting," said Mr. Cawker; but Peter Toop would not allow this.

"Plenty of time—plenty of time," he answered. "Wise men don't rush into it nowadays. They wait for the right partner to come along. You'll see me married yet—if only for my brother's sake."

Moleskin winked at Ives.

"All the same, you mustn't let it go too long. I wouldn't be so rude as to hint at your age, Peter, but we'm none of us growing younger, and the juice dries up terrible quick in some men's bones after they pass fifty."

"A bald head's often a deception," declared Mr. Toop. "You'll frequently find it along with a young disposition."

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He looked at Ruth impressively.

"Now my brother, Joel," continued the innkeeper, "though he may look a bit younger than me, is really years and years older—both in mind and body. I'm a regular right down boy compared to him. But my wife, when I take her, will find me straight as a line and faithful and high-minded—all that I can promise any woman."

"You'm a treasure for somebody—such a lion of virtue as you be!"

"Virtue I have got," admitted Peter. "And a very tender way with the female sex. Always felt a remarkable modesty come over me afore them. Couldn't look at 'em without my eyes watering till I was getting on past twenty year old."

"'Twas my mouth watered, not my eyes," said the bold Moleskin.

"My great habit of blushing up to the roots of my hair made the hair go—so a barber once told me," continued Peter. "But I feel a wonderful reverence for 'em. A man like you—so gay and free and deep as the dark in your knowledge of some sort of women, can't understand the high line I take."

Mr. Cawker laughed.

"You take a devilish high line, you do! Such a high line that you've been able to get on very comfortable without 'em ever since you had no more use for your mother's bosom. A bachelor's an insult to the whole female sex, in my opinion. Now me and Ives here be quite different. Gay or free or not, they'm our life's blood—at least they was. Of course now—the past is past with me; still I think like young un. But to hear you—Lord! a female prude's a dashing, dangerous customer compared to a man like you!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Toop. "I won't have that. A prude is the last thing I am—far from it."

The poacher smiled at his indignation.

"Listen to him now! If that ban't like all you good people—men and women," cried Mr. Cawker. "You ought to rejoice in the name of prude; yet when it comes to the point, no matter how highly proper you be, you all grow angered at it as if 'twas impertinent to call you so nice and good and vartuous."

"I know why, too," declared Ives. "Because, under their cant, they be men and women like everybody else. 'Tis only chaps who haven't got the pluck to dash at the girls, and only girls who don't get the chance to play a bit with the men, pretend all that silly drivel."

Moleskin roared with laughter.

"Never heard truth better put," he said. "This here vartue be a habit of mind, like church-going be a habit of body. But if you tell 'em they be so pure and high-minded, they take it for a left-hand compliment and would much rather you thought they knowed a bit, too, and had had their adventures with the best!"

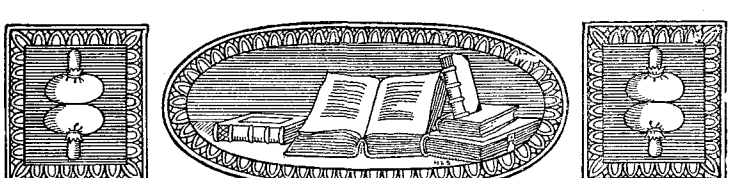
Mr. Toop shook his head.

"Your opinions was always outrageous and always will be," he said.

Then Moleskin departed, Peter disappeared, and Ives was left with Ruth Rendle. At last he talked himself tired and invited her to speak. She made a few timid and sympathetic remarks as to his disappointment; but they did not interest him and he went his way.

After he had gone Ruth stood quite still for a while, then came to herself and smiled at her own thought. She had heard little of his grievances, and while she looked into young Pomeroy's frowning face, had been wondering what was the colour of his eyes.

(*To be continued*)



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HEROINES IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

HEN Mr. Howells wrote those genial and suggestive essays which make up his *Heroines of Fiction,* he was not merely revealing with customary disarming frankness his personal tastes in the world of books, but he was instinctively applying the surest and most delicate criterion by which to judge the strength and quality of a novel. Explain it how you will, the simple, obvious fact remains that the great majority of novelists are valued in direct proportion to the convincing truth and the enduring charm of their portraits of women. Run over in your own mind the great names in English fiction and ask yourself candidly what they stand for, first of all, to you individually; what characters and incidents they instantly evoke,—and the answer will be, the characters of the heroines and the incidents that centre most directly in them. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen conjure up at once the image of Belinda Portman, of Emma Woodhouse and Elizabeth Bennet; but it takes a conscious mental effort to recall the names of Clarence Harvey, of Darcy, even of Mr. Knightly. Mention Thackeray in any assemblage of educated men and women; and in the conversation that follows it is quite possible that the names of Colonel Newcome or Major Pendennis will occur, but only after yielding precedence to Beatrix Esmond and Becky Sharp. And similarly, throughout the whole history of fiction, from the classic epics to the latest popular romance, it is the convincing charm of some woman that keeps the chord of memory vibrating.

But while one may point out that every *Iliad,* every *Odyssey,* every *Divine Comedy* is permeated with the beauty of a Helen, the virtue of a Penelope, the radiance of a Beatrice, yet it has remained for the modern realistic novel to make woman the keynote of the social life it depicts. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the novel as it is understood to-day became possible only after woman began to assume that position of widespread importance in the affairs of men which she occupies at present. Fiction in the modern sense was practically unknown in the literatures of Greece and Rome, chiefly because social life, in the modern sense, based upon an assumed equality of the sexes, was also unknown. And if you study the evolution of fiction during the past fifty years, you will see it keeping pace with the growing emancipation of woman. Within the last two decades she has pushed her way with astonishing rapidity into the various departments of business, financial and professional life. And correspondingly, within that same period, the business novel has come to take a leading place in popular favour. It is perfectly natural that the two tendencies should go hand in hand; because, disguise it as you will, the underlying interest of every transcript of human life is primarily the interest of sex, the interest of those endless changes which, as William Black once said, could be rung upon the three notes of two girls and a man, or two men and a girl. The novel, romance, conte or short story without a woman in it is not merely a tour de force; it savours of what is physically abnormal. "It is a thousand pities," says Mr. Howells, "that *Robinson Crusoe* has no heroine," and rightly so; for that is why that deathless classic of boyhood holds each of us for the one golden hour, remaining a delightful memory, but cannot be taken up again in after years, save at the cost of disillusion.

But it is not merely because a truthful transcript of life demands the presence of woman, that the heroine becomes the criterion by which to measure the genius of a writer. It is rather because, in literature as in other arts, the embodiment of the Eternal Feminine is the most elusive, most intangible, most tantalising of all an artist's ambitions. There are a dozen authors who can draw straightforward

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portraits of men to one who can sketch a living, breathing woman. And the reason is that it takes an altogether different order of experiences, a different degree of sensitiveness, a different understanding of human psychology, to picture truthfully a woman's moods and impulses,—and not merely different, but at the same time subtler, finer and far more rare. Indeed, one may paraphrase a trite old saying into a convenient working rule: "Show me the women that an author pictures, and I will tell you what he is." The ability to embody in the printed pages of a book even one woman, so real, so clearly differentiated, so compelling that she will henceforward hold a permanent place in the reader's thoughts as one of the actualities of life, one of the influences that have made the world an appreciably different place to live in, is an ability granted to just a few masters, marking, one is inclined to believe, the highest achievement in the domain of fiction. Mr. Howells has gathered together a charming portrait gallery of tender and gracious personalities, most of whom may claim the rights of old acquaintance to a place on our visiting list in the world of books. Yet every reader makes up his own intimate circle of friends from bookland; and there are some of us to whom life would never have meant quite the same without the privilege of having known the women who dwell in the pages of French as well as English writers,—of Balzac, of Maupassant, of Marcel Prévost. To a veteran reader of fiction there is no experience quite to be compared to the thrill which at rare intervals comes from the unexpected discovery of a new book that, quite without warning, flings before him a heroine with a personality of haunting charm. It is an achievement which stamps with the promise of genius certain books that otherwise would be passed over as mediocre. Among the books of last season, there was Filson Young's *Sands of Pleasure,* which in spite of a tedious and didactic first half, refused to be forgotten, because the peculiar cadence of a woman's voice, with its slight, piquant, foreign *timbre,* rang persistently in one's ear. Among the volumes of more recent date is George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life,* with its episode of "The Lovers of Orelay,"—the sole really wonderful chapter in an otherwise mediocre production. And its claim to recognition rests not only upon the sympathetic comprehension, the tender frankness, the rare sanity with which human frailty is treated. More particularly it is due to that inimitable touch of the artist which has made his Doris of the "mouth weak and beautiful as a flower; and the long hands curved like lilies;" Doris, the golden note of whose hair "was continued everywhere, in the eyebrows, in the pupils of the eyes, in the freckles along her little nose so firmly and beautifully modelled," one of those heroines of fiction that mutely persist in abiding with us. And such experiences as these in the past await us again, if not to-morrow, then the next day. And every fresh installment of books holds out the same delightful lure of unexpected treasure-trove, some unhoped-for triumph of changeful, opalescent feminine portraiture.

"The Shulamite"

It would be an unwarranted exaggeration to suggest that *The Shulamite,* by Alice and Claude Askew, forms an instance of that rarer type of heroine that refuses to be forgotten. And yet there can be no denying that the character of Deborah Krillet is drawn with quite uncommon strength and vividness, and that the spell of her primitive nature and strange beauty counts for much more in the book than all its bold, impressionistic pictures of the Transvaal. Deborah Krillet is a frail, delicate, tense young creature, whom some strange miracle of birth has brought forth in a Boer colony, "as unlike those coarse, fat 'tantes,' her kinswomen, as a windflower to a peony." Little more than a child in years, she is wedded to Simeon Krillet, a hard, narrow, stubborn old Boer, well on his way to three score and ten, who has already buried one wife and five children, and whose whole theory of marriage is summed up in one sentence, "God made woman for man's pleasure." But it is not until Robert Waring, Krillet's new overseer, arrives on the farm, bringing with him an atmosphere of higher culture, a revelation of the English attitude towards women, that

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Deborah consciously awakens to her own unhappiness, and puts into definite form the reason for her instinctive shrinking from Simeon, her mute rebellion against his authority. The story is undeniably told with an assured touch. We see exactly how naturally, how inevitably the tragedy comes about; how this young Englishman, who is the first to reveal to her the meaning of courtesy towards her sex, unconsciously awakens the girl's primitive, untutored passions; how, in her first joy in the knowledge of her own heart, she misconstrues Waring's indignation at her husband's brutal treatment of her into a return of her love; how the fanatical old Boer, learning beyond a doubt that his girl wife has given her heart elsewhere, and erroneously believing that he has been robbed of honour as well as love, ruthlessly decrees that she shall die; and how the Englishman, coming to the rescue at the crucial moment, finds no other way to save her than by sending a bullet through Simeon Krillet's heart. A hastily made grave in the midst of the African veldt, a guilty secret shared by a man and a woman, a brief inquiry and a few ingenious lies,—and the matter seemed disposed of for all time to come. But Robert Waring had been actuated by mere chivalry for a beautiful woman, not by love; his heart is already given to another girl, who is patiently awaiting his return to England. Deborah has taken it for granted that Robert will marry her, now that Simeon is dead; and when she learns what his true feelings towards her are, she decides that she will keep him in Africa, though to do so she must betray the secret that will send him to the gallows, rather than leave him free to go to another woman. Such is the framework upon which this rugged, strongly coloured, dramatic story is constructed; and while it has its obvious shortcomings, it is not a book to be lightly laid aside or quickly forgotten.

"Sir Elyot of the Woods"

Sir Elyot of the Woods, by Emma Brooke, leaves one in a frame of mind divided between approbation and annoyance. It lacks but little of achieving distinction of style; it just misses success in portraying one of those rare women characters that really count; but it makes the mistake of wrapping itself in mystery, of following the procedure of a detective story, and depending for its interest upon the final surprise, rather than upon analysis of character. Sir Elyot Ingall is heir to an impoverished estate, that is mortgaged to the limit of its resources, excepting for a valuable piece of woodlands. The sale of this timber would go far towards clearing him of debt; but Sir Elyot's one hobby is forestry; he raises his love of ancient woods to the dignity of a special culte; his one thought is to work, work, work, in order to raise money enough not only to save the trees, but to make them worthy rivals of the famous "Dower Woods," owned by his friend and neighbour, Colonel Letchmere. Nevertheless, Sir Elyot is sufficiently normal to have room in his heart, not only for a forest, but for a pretty young woman as well; and Isobel Everson made a timely choice of a day to stray out from London so far as Ingall Manor, and there to have her bicycle come to grief. Considering that Colonel Letchmere has years ago been the solitary romance in the prosaic life of Isobel's mother, it is really an odd coincidence that Isobel should have chosen that particular direction for her first long bicycle ride,—unless she was so dishonourable as to have forced open a drawer in her mother's desk and read a package of faded old letters. As a matter of fact, this is precisely what she has done; and her visit to Ingall Manor, her encounter with her mother's old admirer, and with young Sir Elyot, are all carefully calculated moves in a game which leads up to the old man's willing her the "Dower Woods," and the young man's asking her to be his wife. As already intimated, the author might have made Isobel Everson a most interesting study in concentrated selfishness, if we had only been permitted to see the workings of her mind; but it is not until the closing chapter that we are allowed to suspect her real nature, not until then that we are allowed to discover that she is the mysterious, unknown heir who has committed the vandalism of destroying the "Dower Woods," which to her betrothed lover represent the greatest glory in all rural England. In the end,

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the justice meted out is almost too even-handed to be convincing; for the woman loses both her lover and her inheritance, and the man finds another girl ready and waiting to mend his broken heart and help him plant the "Dower Woods" anew.

"Conflict"

Conflict, by Constance Smedley, is a good example of fiction, based upon the modern intrusion of woman into the business world. One would be tempted to call it distinctly clever, were it not that this particular phrase conveys a patronising tone, which in the present instance is undeserved. Primarily, it is the story of a young woman who, through the sudden death of the owner of the largest tube-works in Birmingham, finds herself without warning raised from the position of private secretary to that of mistress of the whole business. For weeks, during Mr. Berryfield's last illness, Mary van Heyten has been under an exhausting strain, directing the whole vast establishment single handed, struggling to keep the lead they had always had over their principal rival, Cuvier's, and yet knowing all the while that the foreman, Sanders, is not to be trusted,—suspecting, indeed, that he is really playing into Cuvier's hand. And now, at the crucial moment, when the property has become hers, and when along with it she feels that she has inherited a sacred obligation to keep the honour of the house untainted, the girl is suddenly stricken down with brain fever, and for months the foreman, Sanders, is free to carry on his unscrupulous plans for his own aggrandisement. Miss van Heyten, at last convalescent, goes for a time to London, to stay with her uncle's wife, Susan Ellestree, a discontented woman, "the chattel of a commonplace, indifferent husband." The uncle, Tom Ellestree, is in America for three months; and Cuvier, the head of Berryfield's one rival, is making serious love to Susan,—in fact, has come into her life "just when the loneliness was becoming unbearable." Neither of the pair knows that the quiet, unobtrusive girl is the present owner of Berryfield's; neither of them guesses that before many weeks have passed she will meet them in a two-fold conflict; that she will force the man to a grudging admiration of her business ability, force him to accept her code of honour, and save the woman from the final reckless step she has almost taken. The book gives a sense of the complexity of real life, with its intricate interweaving of clashing interests, yet the main story moves forward without confusion to a definite solution. Presumably the author was moved by a distinct desire to show the superiority of the modern business woman over the older domestic type, and also her greater chance of achieving happiness; the reader, however, is quite at liberty to disregard the underlying thesis, and to enjoy the book as a rather well-told story of a group of individual lives.

"The Golden Hawk"

Edith Rickert's new volume, *The Golden Hawk,* has a heroine who is not without charm. But the real interest of this Provençal story of fierce Southern sunshine and swift Southern passions lies in the personality of the Golden Hawk himself, the nonchalant, whimsical vagabond, Trillon, with his lordly airs and his empty purse; Trillon, who wanders into Castelar, and woos and wins little Madeloun Borel in the course of a single golden afternoon. It is not a book to be judged by ordinary standards; it must be read indulgently, sympathetically, softly laughed over for the sake of its fantastic humour, its unexpected mingling of sunshine and of shadow. It is one of those books of which a reviewer feels constrained to say simply, "read it for yourself," in the serene confidence that few who follow the advice will regret it, and that the story may speak for itself more fittingly than may be done for it in any brief and clumsy retelling of its elusive substance. How Trillon followed up his tempestuous wooing; how he braved the opposition of parents and of priest; how he volunteered to accomplish the impossible, even to converting a stone quarry into a profitable farm; how he finally snatched his bride from within the very walls of the convent where her people had immured her, and rode forth with her, "into the world that is a-making to-day,"—such is the substance of this optimistic little tale, the burden of which

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is "sunshine and love and hope; and what more do men need?"

"A Dangerville Inheritance"

A Dangerville Inheritance, by A. C. Fox-Davies, is such a preposterous tale that one feels no scruple in disregarding the accepted ethics in reviewing detective stories, and bluntly revealing the secret on which the whole plot hinges. Indeed, it is no very serious betrayal, because the perspicuous reader can hardly fail to guess the truth from the opening chapter. The heir presumptive to the Dangerville estates has for years been impatiently awaiting the decease of the old Earl of Dangerville, when news comes from Paris that the latter has taken a young wife, and that a son and heir has been born. The only inaccuracy about the news is in regard to the sex of the child, who happens to be a girl instead of a boy. But the secret is carefully guarded by the Earl, who takes a grim pleasure in keeping the relative he hates out of the inheritance. The supposed heir eventually comes into the title and the property, enters Parliament, wins renown for brilliant statesmanship, and crowns the fraud by finding another woman who is willing to go through the mockery of a ceremony and masquerade before the world as the Earl of Dangerville's wife. This other woman is already secretly married; and the fact that the real husband becomes implicated in a baffling murder case drags so many peculiar and questionable happenings into daylight, that the only way to check the growing scandal is to make a full confession. As already intimated, the whole story is too preposterous to be taken seriously.

"The Master of Stair"

Marjorie Bowen's first novel, *The Viper of Milan,* stamped her as a writer who was henceforth to be reckoned with. Her new volume, *The Master of Stair,* abundantly justifies the earlier favourable impression. She seems to be one of the few writers capable of bringing the historical novel into good repute once more. While quite distinctly not in the same class with Maurice Hewlett, she nevertheless shares with him the rather uncommon gift of infusing the thrill of life into vanished centuries, and making men and women, long since a handful of dust, seem to us for the time being living, breathing realities. *The Master of Stair* is a story of Scotland at the close of the seventeenth century, dealing in the main with a plot to overthrow William of Orange, but more specifically with the hereditary feud between the clans of Campbell and Glencoe, and the treachery by which the latter clan was finally exterminated. The men and the women both stand out boldly from the pages; they are drawn with an assured touch, a certain bigness of purpose and of execution. There is the Countess Peggy, whom Macdonald of Glencoe kissed by force, little guessing that she was a Campbell and his sworn enemy; you cannot forget if you try her thin, scarlet mouth, her red-blond hair, her narrow, brilliant eyes, full of hate and fear. Then there is Delia Featherstonehaugh, who cares so keenly for the Clan of Glencoe that when the time comes for her to choose which she would save, Glencoe or the Friends of the Cause, she almost betrays the latter; and afterward, when Glencoe has met its fate, she gives her life to exacting vengeance, and accomplishing the downfall of the man she believes responsible, the one man she loves and hates at the same time, the Master of Stair. And thirdly, there is Ulrica, the Master of Stair's wife, neglected, maligned, misunderstood; silently suffering under the shadow of his sinister presence, his evil repute, his strange, mad ways. It was the Master of Stair who audaciously planned to ruin Glencoe, to repress the fact that Glencoe had taken the oath of allegiance; to have troops ready and overrun the glen with fire and sword, sparing neither women nor children. And yet, when the time comes for action, it is not the Master of Stair who is responsible for any of the ghastly, unspeakable deeds wrought in the silence and the cold of a highland winter, although it is his fate to bear the odium. What one remembers longest about the book is that in the Master of Stair's darkest hour, when mob violence has driven him forth a fugitive from his burning house, the one human being who still has faith in him is his despised and neglected wife,

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Ulrica—Ulrica, with her pure, pale face and her steadfast, inscrutible eyes. These are the merest hints at some of the aspects, some of the personalities, of this many-sided book, a book that mirrors back with uncommon fidelity the poignant joys and sorrows of a stormy epoch.

Every reader of Mr. Howells must remember his genial and whimsical *Traveller from Altruria,* which first appeared in the early nineties. In the character of Aristides Homos, Emissary from the Altrurian Commonwealth, the author shed the light of an indulgent irony upon our existing social and moral code, suggesting that in his opinion we still have much to learn in chivalry toward women, equity toward men, true kindliness and brotherly love toward the world at large. *Through the Eye of the Needle* is nothing more nor less than the sequel, which it was inevitable that Mr. Howells should sooner or later write. He gives us here the obverse of the picture; imagines one of his Altrurians married to an American woman, and taking his bride home to the new and strange Utopian life of the Altrurian Commonwealth. The book belongs, of course, to that class of fiction best represented by Bellamy's *Looking Backward.* But it has this in its favour, that Mr. Howells takes neither himself nor his subject too seriously. He is writing, not a thesis on the future economics of the world at large, but a kindly satire, a sort of twentieth-century parable. And if it contains no heroines that stand out with special vividness, yet it is permeated with those same ideals of refined and gracious womanhood that the author has so frequently and so effectively embodied in earlier volumes. One gathers the impression that Mr. Howells's faith in the American woman is such that he believes she could easily and quickly adapt herself even to the high ethical standards of Altruria.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH WE ARE DEEP IN ANOTHER ROMANTIC AFFAIR

PARLIAMENT was prorogued at the end of the month, three weeks after Lady Burdett's supper-party to the new heroine of Democracy. Gentlemen of the House of Commons were dismissed to their counties; but it had not suited Lady Morfa to leave London so early, nor the Earl, her son, to repair to any of his counties. He was now at Brighton with the Prince and Lord Moira, and chose to keep Caryll House open for his occasional visits—to a cock-fight, or a dog-fight, to his tailor's, or to a certain villa in Brompton, where he was known as Captain Graham, and where there was also a Mrs. Graham, who lived chiefly in a pink silk wrapper. Later on in the summer, her ladyship intended for Bath and a round of visits before settling down for the autumn at Wrensham Park, in Leicestershire. Meantime, there remained a party or two, of a late blossoming sort, to be gathered—to which she went and took her grandchild; at one of which Tom Rodono slipped away from grace.

Meeting his mistress here, he fell to railing at the Piccadilly *fiasco,* for which he said somebody ought to have called Sandgate out. She was disposed to defend it, not finding it in her heart to scorn honesty even when it was compounded with shrieking vulgarity; but he was too sore to allow any justification. He re-

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membered that Sandgate professed to worship what he had trailed in the miry clay.

"The thing was execrable," he said, "or no! it would have been execrable if it had not been so ridiculous—as it was, it was merely squalid. . . . I don't fancy that you cared for my cutting in. Bless you, I know that it was flattery in its way, and meant to be flattering—but there was too much of it. You can't eat butter out of spoons. I spoke my little piece because I thought you would have felt bound to say something, and wanted to spare you the necessity of dropping to orator Hunt's level, or old Cobbett's. The way it came to me is due to the God."

"A jealous God," she said. He took that.

"Yes—that's truer than you think for. And I made you angry, I fancy—but I don't care. It would need more than your anger to keep me from defending you. You shall never be cheapened if I can help it. Orator Hunt—O Lord!"

She had not liked Mr. Hunt, so said nothing.

He reflected humorously, and chuckled at his thoughts. "I'll tell you what, though: you've made an enemy of William. You flicked him on a raw—for, of course, the fact is that Vernour refused his crown-piece. The old bull-frog would never have said a word of it if he hadn't meant to quench the Orator. That had to be done, and then you had him. Oh, I love you for it! The neatest turn of the wrist, and you spitted him like a master of fence."

She told him she had never meant so much. "He had been very kind to me—I was prepared to esteem him highly. But oh, he was dreadfully wrong—to offer money to—and then to talk about it. Horrible!"

"Bad enough for the Duke of York," said Rodono; and then he made his proposal—in the same candid, carefully moderate vein. "Your grandmamma won't hear of me—but if you will, I can bear that. I've enough for two. Don't ask me what I feel for you; you'd waste your time—you can see right through me, I know. And don't ask me what I have to boast of—what pretences to make: they're mighty few. I've done nothing so far. I threw up my commission for the sake of Parliament, to please the parent chiefly. There was our rotten borough, you know—rotting. We'd always been in the House, he told me; and I believe him. We are of the sort that, somehow, always *is* there. At the very outset, I sickened of it. *'Who will show us any good?'* You talk of Pitt and Dundas—but do you think Sam Whitbread's any better? Do you think little Creevy's a patriot? Did Wardle hamstring the Duke for the salvation of the country? However, I'm not talking politics; you can make a man of me if you choose. I'm in love with you, Miss Hermia, and I want to get you out of this quagmire. You've a face like a flower and a soul like a spirit of the fire. Give me my way, and you shall bloom for ever in a clean air; and your flame shall be fed with ambergris and frankincense. Scotch! What do you say?"

There was but one thing to be said, and she said it, though she disliked the giving of pain. She thought him a lively and agreeable companion, and entirely to be trusted; but she had a shrewd perception of the self-esteem underlying his light-hearted words, and the life he proposed to her was not promising. To make a man of him if she chose? How could she help recalling him who had assured her with such intensity of truth that she had restored manhood to him also? Ah, there had been no mock depreciation of himself in that short-spoken man! And what else did Tom Rodono propose? He was to be minister to an altar, on which she sat and burned. No, no—with Tom for ever extenuating his ministry, she could not burn; she would "go out." The ministering must be the other way if she were to live; and the mere thought of that made her heart leap—and in that leap poor Rodono was dropped.

She dismissed him with an assurance of friendship, which he was thankful to take, and an offered hand which he gallantly kissed. He met her on a later day as if nothing out of the common had occurred—which, as far as that goes, it had not; and she was grateful to him for that, because, to her, something singular *had* occurred. The Violet Intrigue had begun.

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On that very morning, indeed, she received the first of a series of gifts—remarkable for its nature, persistence and mystery of origin—or, as a fact, she received three of them together, for they had begun to arrive two days before. Let me be precise in so singular a matter. Tom Rodono offered her the altar-seat on June 24th. It was on June 22d that the Violet Intrigue began.

A bunch of white violets, a good-sized bunch fresh-and-fresh, was left at Caryll House on the morning of the 22d at half-past eight in the forenoon. It was left at the porter's lodge by an elderly woman in a plaid shawl and black bonnet, with the simple message that it was for Miss Chambre, and "particular." The violets, smelling of wet hedgerows, were tied together with gardener's bast, and as the gate-porter said, when he was interrogated, "took him back—ah, and back and back they took him, they did!" He assured Miss Hermia that he had taken them into the house immediately and given them to one of the maids with the message as delivered to him, that "they was for Miss Chambre, and particular." He would swear that upon the Book, "before the Judges of Assize and their marshals, and the Grand Jury of Middlesex." To which of the maids? Ah, that was a puzzler; for he was getting on in years and took little stock of the maids. Twenty years, fifteen years back, had Miss Hermia asked him! Now he came to think of it, he did believe it had been to the black-eyed girl whom, on that account, they called Susan—though her name was Hester. He thought so, because he knew her father, who was a market-gardener at Mortlake. Yes, yes, and she had been sweeping the passage at the time; and he had said—his very words—"My dear, give this here to Mrs. Moth with my compliments, and say it's for Miss Chambre, and *very* particular." "Very" had been his addition, because "you know what gels are, miss." That was all he knew, except that violets had been brought to the door at the same hour ever since that morning.

Susan, the black-eyed, owned to having received the violets from Mr. Jacobs. She swore that she had put them on the tray with Miss Chambre's tea, toast and letters, which Mrs. Moth was to take up. Three mornings, including this very morning, she had done the same thing. No; she owned that she had forgotten the message, that they were particular, or very particular. She was very sorry, indeed, and shed tears.

It was now definitely thrust upon Mrs. Moth, who evaded with practised ease. How could she have known—she put that to Miss Chambre—that the violets were particular? The first time she saw them she had thought they got there by accident, that one of the maids had dropped them out of her bosom, "or so," when preparing the tea-tray—"for they receive such things, Miss Chambre, from their friends, as you know! And they put them—well, where else can they put them, poor creatures?" Fine, scornful Mrs. Moth. On the second morning, she owned she had had her doubts, and had made inquiries. No—she had not inquired of Susan, but in the housekeeper's room, of Mr. Progers, the butler, and of Mr. Venning, the head footman, and of the first housemaid; she confessed that she did not "have dealings" with the lower servants. The third morning she had been positive that something was intended—"more, I should say, miss, than meets the eye, as they say;" and so she had brought all three bunches up together.

The thing was certainly odd, rather romantic in its way. Who was this old woman? Let Jacob Jacobs of the gates inquire. Meantime, the recipient met Lord Rodono after his repulse with a new tenderness, feeling pretty sure that the tribute was his. How extraordinary was man! Ashamed of himself for the very thing which could be his least reproach! Why, this sort of offering, so contemned by your Moths, was exactly aimed at her weakness. Simple, sincere, affectionate, humble things—white violets fresh gathered—left at the gate by an old woman—for Miss Chambre, and particular! She was honestly touched, and felt more kindness for Tom Rodono than she could have thought possible. She went out of her way to be kind to the violet-bringer. She wore the latest bunch at her breast, and looked down at it nestling there more than once or twice.

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Tom also looked, more than once or twice. She wore no other flowers or ornament, and he remarked upon it—and destroyed himself. *"Simplex munditiis,* eh? I approve," he said. She smiled upon him, very gently.

"I hoped that you would. They were a present to me this morning. An old lady's."

"Oho," said he, "you mustn't tell me that."

"Why, what else can I tell you? Honestly, an old lady brought them."

"Let's hope she's honest. I scent a broker."

She blushed. "Lord Rodono, you are not angry with me?"

"God forbid!"

"You should not be. I count you my friend—you and Grizel, of my best friends. I may prove you yet."

"Prove, prove. I ask nothing better."

"Well, find out who gives me violets every day."

"Every day! Is it so? Certainly, I'll do my best—but remember, I assassinate him if I find him." She went happily away with the thought that she had a romantic worshipper somewhere hidden, and that it was assuredly not Tom Rodono.

Jacobs, of the gate, could find out little or nothing from his old lady, who, frightened by his manner, or his gold-laced hat, or gold garter, took refuge in that sure harbour of old ladies, tears. Here she snuffled at ease. She said that she was a poor widow, by name Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Matthews of the Highgate Road, glad to earn her pittance a week by honest courses. The money was paid her in advance for what she had to do—which was to go to such and such a street corner, receive a bunch of white violets, and take it to Caryll House gate. She did not know the person who gave them to her, and must not say what she knew of—him? As the Lord would have mercy upon sinners, she had not said *him* or *her;* she had said *person,* and "person" it must for ever be if she was to earn her money—which was material—and bread at thirteenpence-halfpenny the quartern. God pity the poor! She told Mr. Jacobs that any further questioning might lose it her; and with that she went away.

Next morning, to her visible consternation, she had to hand over her violets to Miss Chambre herself.

That lady's custom was to ride every summer morning between half-past seven and nine; but to-day she had changed her mind, and returned punctually at the half hour. She then saw the plaid shawl at the gates, and Jacob Jacobs, stately and remote, pretending that he had no notion what it was doing there. He waved his hand, and was about to explain the phenomenon to Miss Hermia, who, in her fawn-coloured habit, open at the throat, in her great hat and grey veil, high on her shining horse, looked like a Queen of Amazons, able to ride under foot without ruth a whole phalanx of poor widows from the Highgate Road. The little peering face shrank into the black bonnet, the plaid shawl shivered; its poor tenant was making for the water—that sure harbour of tears. "Oh, miss—oh, my lady, I should say, whatever will become of poor me?"

"Nothing but good, I am sure," said Miss Chambre. "Are those my violets? Thank you very much." She took them, stooping from her saddle; carried them to her mouth, and snuffed long at them. "They are as fresh as the day. I never had such a present before. It is most kind of you. I am most grateful."

"Bless you, my lady! 'Tis not me that gives them to your ladyship."

"I suppose not. Why should you? But will you please to thank the giver for me? It is a very kind thought."

"Yes, miss, yes, my lady, I will. And proud enough—Lord have mercy! what was I saying?"

"Don't be afraid—don't say more than you wish to say. Good-bye." She struck through the gates, followed by the groom—then pulled up short. "Stay a moment," she called to the dazzled creature, and turned the horse. "Will you let me—give you something? Will you? For your trouble and kindness, I mean." Horror blenched the peering eyes.

"Oh, no, my lady, I dursn't! I'm forbidden—it 'ud be the end of me—of my pittance a week. Oh, pray, pray!"

Miss Chambre coloured. "I beg your pardon. I ought to have known better. Perhaps we shall meet again. I hope so."

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She turned again and rode to the door; she went upstairs, her violets to her mouth; wore them that night, and, in fact, got into the habit of using no other adornment whatsoever. It would be hard to say why the gift pleased her so much—whether it touched some secret spring of romance, or appealed to her passion for simplicity; but there is no doubt that she came to count upon white violets for her bosom or hair every evening. The unknown lover had chosen a powerful advocate; but he remained unknown.

In July, when the Earl of Morfa went to Ireland on private business of his Prince's, Lady Morfa was to travel in semi-state to Bath, Hermia and the brown-eyed Moon with her. The latter had hopes of the west, which she admitted to nobody, but Hermia, who concealed nothing, plainly said that she should miss her violets terribly—an admission which made Miss Moon look arch. She had seen trembling Mrs. Matthews but a few days before, and told her as much. "Good-bye, Mrs. Matthews; I'm going to Bath with my grandmother. I can't hope to see you there, I'm afraid."

"No, indeed, miss, you cannot. But let's hope for happy returns."

"Let us hope for all sorts of things. I haven't heard from Portugal, from my brother, for a month. He's a wicked boy not to spare me a letter. And that's what I hope for most in the world. Good-bye, Mrs. Matthews." And then the chariot bore her away. Among the farewells she did not make was one to Mrs. Vernour, of Brook Street. She had been afraid of meeting Vernour there.

Bath proved to be very full; the King's Parade crowded on the fine, cool mornings; the Pump Room like Almack's. One of the first people she met with when she walked abroad was Sir George Coigne, in snuff-brown coat, white breeches, and the neatest pair of boots you ever saw. Harriet Moon betrayed herself by a fierce pressure of the arm. "Oh, Hermy, look, look!"

"Where then, my dear? Oh, I see. It's George Coigne," and then she returned the pressure.

Sir George was all affability. Upon his honour, a singular thing! Quite a happy meeting—no place like Bath for happy meetings, was there, now? He hoped Miss Moon was very well; he was charmed to meet Miss Moon—and Cousin Hermy, looking positively radiant. He must positively pay his respects to Aunt Morfa that day. It was pleasant to listen to such enthusiastic babble; no place like Bath, indeed.

Miss Hermia was undoubtedly radiant—with her own small triumph to sun herself in. Moth had come to her that morning all of a twitter—bursting with confidences, noddings and bridlings. "Guess, if you please, miss, what I have brought you! Only to think of the devotion of some gentlemen!"

"My violets?" said sleepy Hermia. "Give them to me." And into her bed they went.

CHAPTER XX

WHICH DISPLAYS A MASTER-STROKE

From Bath to Bowood, from Bowood to Bramshaw Demesne, where my Lord Sandgate acted the respectful lover, and Sir George, whose part was double, had his work cut out for him; from Bramshaw to Wrensham—the Morfa place in Leicestershire—I do not propose to follow Miss Chambre so faithfully as did her daily bunch of violets. I believe that they missed her for some six days out of six weeks, and most of those were days spent on the road. One must suppose that somebody of the household was in the secret—the bridling Mrs. Moth, for instance; perhaps even a grateful Moon—if one is to account for the fact that an order for flowers, emanating from London, could be obeyed to within a few days in Somerset, in Wilts, and in the Midlands. How else but by private intelligence could the tribute-bringer understand that Lady Morfa would anticipate her visit to Bramshaw by three days and have cut Bowood short by three—just because she did not like the butter there? Nobody of Miss Chambre's exclusive acquaintance could have known of such a vagary; and yet Moth professed the blankest ignorance! Miss Moon, strangely enough, was not asked; and

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Miss Moon was very intelligent. Perhaps there was a fear that she might at once dispel so absorbing a mystery—I don't know. At any rate, the beleaguering lover, whoever he was, had hit upon siege tactics which the great Marlborough could not have bettered. But his master-stroke was delivered at Wrensham Park, where, in the heavy heats of August, there came sorrow upon the lady whom he served. On the 22d of that month the newsboy brought Sir Arthur Wellesley's despatch, which London had had on the 20th. We read in that how the allies had beaten Victor at Talavera and driven him over the Alberche: a signal triumph for our arms; but the death-roll was heavy in officers and men, and held the name of Ensign Richard Caryll Chambre, "a promising officer." A *parterre* of violets would recoil before such a blow as that.

The house was full of people at the time. The family was in force—Barwises, young and old, including Lord Barwise himself, on his yearly duty by his wife's side; Lord John Botetort, Lady Carinthia Gell-Gell and her flock of Gell-Gells, with those high noses of theirs, which made them so like geese on a common; Sir George Coigne and his brother Adolphus, a callow youth with a voice on probation; the Lukyns, on their way to Hawick, Mr. Mordaunt on his to Welbeck—Pownalls, Considines, Trembletts, and a half-score names more. It was passably gay, sketching parties, archery, dancing till the small hours and what-not. Of our intimates, Miss Chambre was certainly the happiest of the happy, for her fund of common sense gave her the power of being happy when she chose; and I think that Miss Moon was the most interested. Sir George had brought himself into such a state of love-twitters that his fine legs knocked together at the knees whensoever he found himself alone with the lady of his worship. Miss Moon, very much aware of it, made it her business to see that he twittered just enough to twitter anon—but no more. And he must never twitter so much that it should be perceptible to anybody else—save, perhaps, Hermia. She, her feelings obviously engaged, could be trusted; and besides, Miss Moon, I am sorry to say, having found out that she could trust her friend to the uttermost, had begun to despise her somewhat.

The blow fell first upon her ladyship, who certainly quailed before it. By custom, the postbag was put into her hands by the house-steward, opened in her presence by Harriet Moon, and its contents distributed by herself; and on that day fate had brought, side by side with its fatalest, a belated letter from the boy himself describing the passage of the Douro —"rare fun, my dear," he had written; "I swam it!" Lady Morfa, who had put that letter apart, to be handed over in due course to its owner, suddenly stopped Harriet as she was tiptoeing away to deliver it. "Stop," she had called out in a curious, dry voice; and Harriet, looking round, saw her shaking over *The Morning Post*. "Bring that back to me." Which Harriet did, quaking. Lady Morfa took it, but could not hold it still. "I'll give her that myself—presently," she said. "Get me my smelling-salts, my dear. I want 'em." She had never called Moon "her dear" before. Something had happened.

The salts revived her. "Thankye, I'm better," she said—and then, impatiently, "Put all those away—I can't see to 'em now. I've something to do. Where's Miss Chambre?"

"She is riding, my lady, with Miss Honoria and Mr. Mordaunt."

"Ah!" That was something like a sob in the harsh old voice. "Well, leave me alone for the present. When Miss Chambre returns, let her come to me. Stay, though—I'll go through those letters first." And so she did, like the stark old Norman that she was.

She took the best, the only possible line with the girl; nobody can deny it her. "Come to me, my child," she had said, having complete mastery now of her voice and nerve; and when Hermia came near and put her hand on her shoulder, she went on, "Sit down. I want to talk to you as reasonably as may be." Hermia sat on a stool by her knees, and Lady Morfa, not trusting her hands, folded her arms and addressed herself. . . .

She was heard to the end—without a catch of the breath or stir of a finger to stop her; and at the close, after a mo-

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ment of silence, Hermia said, "May I have my letter, please?" It was put into her hands, she broke the seal, she read it through. Such was her tension at the time that I believe she could have read it aloud. Watched by her grandmamma, she sat on looking at the bitter sheets, and then she said gently, "My dear love! How he loved it all!"

Then something snapped: "Oh, granny, granny, what shall I do now?"—and she gave way—her face in the old woman's knees. The rest is sacred—too sacred for me, at least. Lady Morfa, within a year after it, had cause to remember the child who could see her heart's joy shiver and yet hold up her head. . . .

They got the house emptied of all but the most intimate. Sir George, very much the gentleman, was one of the first to go. "No place for us, my boy," he said to his brother Adolphus; "we'll make ourselves scarce." He kissed the hand of his aunt, the fingers of his Harriet, and steered his coach for Wendover, Plashetts, and partridges. He took Lord John with him as far as Northampton, whence that nobleman made his way to Newmarket. Lady Carinthia repaired to town in order to speed Mr. Gell-Gell toward Baden-Baden; only Lady Barwise remained, she and her immovable Barwises; and Archdeacon Caryll—the Honourable the Venerable, as Lady Morfa (fine old Erastian!) always had him addressed—joined the party for consolatory purposes. He was famous for his extemporary prayers.

Tom Rodono, who was in town, had written her a short letter, dated the 20th, which arrived a day or two later than the news.

It came, I think, on or about the 24th, and on that day also the violets ceased to come. She had not noticed, naturally, that they had been continued for the first two days of her mourning—but she noticed their cessation after a time, and was touched by it. The giver of them, certainly, lost nothing in her regard. On the contrary, that was the first of his master-strokes.

Her recovery was slow, but need not detain me; nothing of moment to the tale occurred until she returned to town. Lady Morfa kept her at Wrensham through September, a true act of sacrifice on her own part, since she panted to be in London, in the thick of events. Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh must quarrel—did quarrel; must meet—did meet; Lord Castlereagh was shot in the thigh; both Ministers resigned: and she was not there to give and exchange nods and winks! I hope that this may be imputed to her for righteousness, for it was righteous.

In October, still in pursuit of rational distraction for her girl, she posted further north. Morfa Mawr, the great castle in Flintshire, was opened, and discreetly filled with "family" and close friends. The unavoidable Barwises came, of course; the Archdeacon carried his dyspepsia, his prayers, and his rhubarb lozenges on with him; the Charles Botetorts were added; and the head of their house, Lord Badlesmere—Marquis of Badlesmere, no less—stayed for a week. Lady Grizel was made welcome, and Lord Rodono, considered perfectly safe, was allowed to shoot pheasants. As for Harriet Moon, she was packed off to her mother at Wrexham for her holidays.

But in November Whig nature could no longer refrain itself, but wailed so loudly in Lady Morfa's breast that it could not be denied. The Duke of Portland was dead, and the Lord only knew what that might involve. The Prince of Wales had hurried to town; Lords Grey and Grenville sat in their houses of call, asking to be asked. Mr. Sheridan was exceedingly busy; all the Whig captains had flocked to their standards; the Radicals, with Lord Sandgate to deploy them, hovered on the outskirts of either camp. Plot and counterplot were thickening the air, and Lady Morfa failed to conceive how strategy could be unless she were there to nod and wink. She had heard, also, for certain, that another Duke—he of Devonshire—was infallibly to be married: a Whig—a duke—a Cavendish to be married, and no Caryll to be there? Forbid that, heaven! The great chariot took to the road; the weeping skies proclaimed its wisdom. Rural England, dissolving into grey mist, passed by them like a dream, and with the dream went sorrow, and on its heels hope was born again. The lamps, the bustle, the cobbles,

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and the cries of London proclaimed to our Miss Hermia that she could still live, that she could stand alone—ah, and look for happiness yet to come. Dick was in heaven, and she full young. Dick was in heaven, and she in thriving London and the press of this world's business. Her prayers had been said and her tears let fall. Dick was in heaven—hey, now, for London and Reform! She really did wonder whether the Whigs would come in.

Jacob Jacobs stood bowing at the gates; the canary-breeched giants lined the long vestibule. Brown-eyed Miss Harriet, very pretty, very smiling and deferential, came out to curtsey to her ladyship, to be enfolded and kissed by her champion. The dogs came wriggling and wagging about her skirts; great fires, brave lights, closed curtains, a tea-table—a pile of letters—hey, indeed, for London and Reform! The girl stood for a moment and absorbed all this cheer and substantial comfort. She filled her bosom with its warmth and opened her heart to its allure, what time from their huge gilt frames stately gentlemen and satin-gowned ladies—Vandykish, Lelyish, Knellerian, Reynoldsian—looked benignly down upon another Caryll beauty. Yes, yes, life was good—and Dick in heaven. Life forever—and love—and Reform!

After tea Harriet Moon took her upstairs, and when they were in the corridor, half way down it, stopped her unexpectedly, put her arm round her and kissed her close.

"You happy dear! You beautiful, happy dear," she said.

"Foolish child! You'll squeeze me to death."

Harriet kissed her again. "Darling, I must tell you something—prepare you for something. A secret! Your violets came again this morning."

Hermia felt that she betrayed herself in more ways than one. Harriet soon found out how her heart was beating. "Yes, indeed. They came this morning—by Mrs. Matthews. Oh, don't you wonder who it can possibly——?"

"I don't know," says Hermia. "I shall be glad to see them. They welcome me." Harriet renewed her kissings; and that night Hermia wore her violets in her black gown. It may be admitted that she had cried over them, and held them to her lips.

The master-stroke had been dealt.

CHAPTER XXI

WHICH CONTAINS A CURIOUS CONFESSION

When the Marquis of Edlogan married a perfectly insignificant and unconsidered Miss Augusta Poyning, of Huntingdonshire, with a fortune of no more than five thousand pounds; and when Lord Sandgate urgently renewed his suit for Miss Chambre's hand, Lady Morfa knew very well that she must bring Sir George Coigne to the point. It was the more pressing because her ground of definitely declining that noble person had been that George Coigne was already brought there. If such a sacrifice to the gods of battle could be predicated of her ladyship for one moment, it might almost appear that she had burned her boats—or her granddaughter's boats.

But she had not so considered the matter when, in her most urbane, constitutional, '89 manner, one fine hand upon my lord's sleeve, she had taken him into her confidence after this fashion. "My dear lord," she had said, "I am sure I can trust you with a little secret—secret for secret, is it not?—and, therefore, don't hesitate to tell you that my hope of some years' standing is about to be realised. You will be the last to misunderstand my satisfaction in a family match. It can only be known to a man of property and position how many difficulties are to be solved in that way—and in no other, so far as I can see. My nephew, George Coigne, is to have Hermia Mary—we hope this season. There is really no reason why he should not have his way in that. It is so happily arranged, nothing could be better. She will have my Botetort property when I die—it would have been her brother's had not Providence seen fit to dispose of the poor lad; as you know, it joins the Coigne place. I believe—Propert gives me to understand—it will near double the rental. It will more than double the acreage; and a

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great point with George Coigne is that the shooting will be greatly improved. It will be a different thing altogether, he tells me. So everybody will be pleased, and Hermia, I think you'll allow, is a very fortunate girl. I make no excuse for wearying you with these domestic concerns; you have been kindness itself, and I am sure I need not repeat that nothing, literally nothing but family interests, family duty, could withhold me from an alliance so gratifying to my family, and so acceptable to the child, as that which you have done me the honour to propose." So there was an end of Lord Viscount Sandgate.

Meeting Lord Rodono at Brooks's, I fear that he broke a confidence which he could not regard as seriously one; and that he could not show how seriously he regarded his own.

"I'm a beaten man, Tom," he said. "I'm winged, sir. Mother Morfa's refused me."

"What! that old game-bird?" says Rodono, who sometimes played the fool. "I never suspected you in that preserve. Why, she's five-and-seventy."

"She has the wiles of Circe about her, whatever. Let me tell you that she's made me feel pretty swinish. George Coigne's the man—George Coigne! She's marrying the loveliest girl in England—the warmest-hearted, the boldest—to a cock-pheasant, by God!"

Rodono shook his head, knowing better. "No, no, you're out there. George Coigne'll never get her. She won't look at him."

"The old dragon's settled it, she tells me. The properties march, it seems. And there's the shooting—oh, heaven, shooting—and Hermia Chambre!"

Lord Rodono could not approve of his acquaintance's methods, but did not find it possible to deny that, after his manner, he was serious. And if Sandgate chose to unbosom himself, ought not he? So he said, "You are a suitor, are you? I hadn't known that; and perhaps I ought to tell you that I am also."

"I supposed it," said Sandgate; "indeed, I may say that I knew it. Well, I wish you the joy denied to me."

Tom was touched. "That's very good of you, Sandgate—but I've been dismissed, by the goddess's self." Lord Sandgate raised his head.

"Did you——?"

"But I did. I swore that I would not—but I did it. Oh, she was kindness itself—has a liking for me, I'll swear to that. But it's love, sir, it's love that will open her wings—mark me, nothing else! And when they're open—she'll soar—she'll tower! It's not that she's cold, insensible, a Marcella for Cervantes's shepherd; she's not been touched, she's folded, has never felt the sun. And, for me, I'm not the god. Oh, she's rare!"

"She's divine—could set England free!"

Rodono threw himself deeper into his chair. "England!—oh, your divided duty. You're but half a lover, Sandgate—and that won't do. Now I own myself wanting in the godlike; but, at least, I'm a neck-or-nothing man, and don't give a curse for England."

"Why should you, Scotchman? But you'll try again?"

"I shall, indeed."

"Well, I await you. Then, by your leave, I'll break a lance."

"With her?"

"With no other."

"You are very amiable. I feel that we ought to shake hands upon it."

"We'll take it as done, Tom. When will you——?"

"To-night. At D—— House. Do you go?"

"No, indeed. I leave you the field."

Lord Rodono made his essay, with results which set him blinking his eyes. It was done in the library of D—— House, late at night. She heard him with gently bent head and gently lowered eyes; heard him out—and then, with a lovely, tender, friendly look which cut him deeply, quickly rose, took his arm, and, as they went out together, leaned her head almost to touch his shoulder. "Dear friend," she said, feeling that she knew him by heart, "you are so good to me—but don't tease me just now. You force me to say what I should not—you make me feel it your due. I am not quite free—now."

"Oh! Then I must behave myself. I did not guess that."

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"No, no. Nor did I—until lately; but now I think that I am sure." He was puzzled; had thought that he knew all her intimates. She saw him frowning over the problem, and stopped him by the door.

"You should know at once if—it's very extraordinary—if I knew myself. But——"

Now he stared. "What are you saying to me?"

"I am telling you the literal truth—that I am not sure."

"Of yourself?"

"No, no. Of the person."

"The *person!*" Lady Morfa's generic term!

"Well, I suppose that there must be a person——" and as he gazed blankly at her, she looked down at the white knot in her bosom. "There's my lover," she said, "and there's my heart. Ask me no more—I am drifting, but I have confidence. I am very happy—and you may wish me joy. I believe that."

Psyche! Psyche, and the Unknown God!

After that he had a grim interest in watching from afar Lord Viscount Sandgate run his career and break his lance against the violet shield. No bones were broken, but the politician was unhorsed. She liked him less, respected him more than his brother in opposition; she felt the honour of his regard, and told him so. "You make me very proud, Lord Sandgate," she had said; and he—"But you may make me the proudest man in England." When she shook her head, he knew that he was on his back. He never asked her again; but would always declare that he could not cease to love her. He did not discuss his failure with Rodono, nor did that gentleman impart to him any hint of the curious confidence he had himself received. Lord Rodono had never cared for Sandgate's way of involving love in political ambitions, and could never really forgive him for the supper-party in the Piccadilly house—to which, rightly or wrongly, he attributed all that was now fast approaching. He withdrew himself, therefore, from his colleague's society; and Sandgate, a very proud man, was not slow to perceive it and to make it exceedingly easy.

As to Miss Chambre's confession, that had been perfectly true. She had known from the day she returned to London that she was deeply engaged; and from the moment of surrender had not ceased to triumph in the completeness of it. With whom was she, then, in love? She couldn't tell. She ignorantly worshipped—but loyally, with unswerving faith and unfailing thankfulness. The veiled lover breathed—she knew that much; he lived and breathed—through violets. All that they signified, all that their coming, all that their ceasing to come, and coming again, as it were, on the surging of the flood—all that he was. Constant, curiously subtle, mysterious, reticent, delicate, modest yet direct; there she was sure of him; he could have been modelled after that pattern. He would be very strong—that's of course; strong not only to do, but to refrain from doing, when doing would be flagrant. He would never tire, never falter in his purpose, never change in his plan; his delicacy would make him subtle, and his modesty keep him on continual guard—and yet, she was sure of this—when the time came, he would bluntly declare his passion—there would be no "May I——? Dare I——? Might I hope——?" but instead, "Girl, I love you; come." And that was to be a lover indeed—and to such a lover she was proud to yield. She declared to herself that she would follow him all over the world, "in a white petticoat," like a love-lorn lady of olden time. Tall or short, dark or fair, noble or simple—these accidents never troubled her at all. That he was gentleness itself was certain. Could such a tribute ever have been paid by a clown to a lady?

What of her earlier concern? What of the timid eyes and flushing cheeks with which she had hitherto faced the man whose cause she had espoused? She could afford to smile to herself now when she remembered that Vernour had been able to trouble her heart's ease; and, what's more, she had been able to meet him frankly and pleasantly; to accost him in the court, to nod to him in the street, and to admire him for what she understood him to be rather than for what she had made of him out of her own enthusiasm. To Captain Ranald, who had

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come back from sea, she had often spoken of the young man; she had been to see his mother, too, and spent an hour very happily there; and then one day, not long before she made her strange confession to Rodono, she had met Vernour himself face to face and talked with him as an equal.

She had been in the company of Lady Grizel Turnbull, on a duty walk in the Mall. There it was that she suddenly came upon Captain Ranald—with him David Vernour in a black suit. Everything had followed very simply. Ranald had bowed, had introduced "my friend, Mr. Vernour—Lady Grizel Turnbull"; then Vernour had made his bow, and Miss Chambre had offered him her hand. Ranald had plunged into rattling sea-talk with Lady Grizel, prodding the grass as if it had been Mr. Croker; Hermia, bold in company, had opened to Vernour.

"You make a holiday?" He regarded her seriously.

"No—not that. I am on a committee with Mr. Ranald. But I have left business."

"Ah! and you leave London?"

"Yes. I am going into Wiltshire. Lord Sandgate has offered me a farm." Her thoughts were wide; presently she asked him a question.

"You heard of my brother's death?"

He bowed gravely. "Yes. I had heard. He died well—as he had lived."

"Yes, I believe it. Yet he was made to live."

"He did live," said Vernour simply. "His death was life—to him."

"That is well said. You were in London at the time?"

"I am always in London. Yes, I read it—and thought of you."

She had no answer ready for that. She asked him, Had he spoken at Westminster? He had, it seemed, and was to speak again soon. But politics just now seemed to her a foolishness.

She said, "Mr. Ranald doubts the value of speeches."

"So do I," he agreed, "but we make way by holding the people back. We must win on those terms."

"Yes, yes, you must win." She looked at him, and then away. "You are strong."

"We get stronger every day—by holding back. You head up your waters—and one day——"

She laughed here, feeling the triumphant certainty. "Oh, that day!"

"It will be a day on which to live," he said. "May I be on the crest of the breaking wave!"

Once again she found courage to meet his intent regard, and to smile her sympathy. "You, too, love battle."

"I hate war," he told her; "but I love fighting—with my head."

"With your head?"

He paused, and she had to search for his answer. It came slowly. "My heart, if you will. That instructs my head." She looked at the ground.

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH SIR GEORGE IS DISTRACTED BY HIS HEART-STRINGS

In the meantime, the bringing of Sir George Coigne to a point caused visible agony to that cheerful and prosperous gentleman of Bucks; caused beads of sweat to break out upon that candid front, and a perfectly normal heart to knock irregularly at a perfectly fitting waistcoat. The "going," as he put it, was so exceedingly nice: how not to offend his aunt, how not to lose his Harriet—how, above all, to adjust his theory of fine manners which, according to him, lay absolutely in agreeing with every word addressed to you, with his assumption that if a man of thirty thousand a year could not choose his own wife, damn it all, who could?

But here was hard work for a good, easy man. "'Pon my life, aunt, I'm very much gratified—highly gratified. There's nothing in life would please me more than to meet you in this. That property, Encombe, Morehays, and all that—oh, it marches with me all the way, I'll not deny. Fine property! Fine woods and plantations—wants thinning, though; I meant to have told your man about that, last time I was there. It's a very handsome offer, very handsome, indeed, by Jove! And, as you know, I always liked Hermy—full of spirit, full of dash, alive up to the chin—eh? Oh, Lord, yes!"

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He was failing fast; could hardly see the brown eyes of his attraction—and upon Hermia's account he had positively no more to say.

Nor did her ladyship need him to say any more. "Very well, then, George, that's settled, I suppose?" was how she proposed to close the discussion.

"Eh? Settled?" He was shocked. "Well, you know, aunt, a man must have time, you know."

"It is usually the lady who asks for that," she said drily. But he leaped at it.

"That's what I meant, you know—exactly. Course she must! Very proper. And I'll tell you what I feel about it—that a man ought to *choose* his time. She'd shy off at once if I—if I rushed her at it, and all that. No, no; one goes tenderly at these things. I'm certain of that—dead certain it's the wise plan."

"It's not at all my wish to dictate to you, George—that you know. Let it be understood that you do speak to Hermia and I will see to my part of the arrangements." And then she saw fit to mention Lord Sandgate's renewed offer of the other day, and her own act of boat-burning. "So you see, George, you are, as it were, upon your honour!"

Sir George Coigne's eyes stared roundly in his head. Really, his aunt was a high lady—"puts a man on his honour as easy as I'd put one on his back. And Sandgate, poor devil! Bad luck, that—damned bad luck all round! What I'd give my head to be out of, he'd give his to be in with—and if that don't make this world out a pretty queer kind of place, I'll be shot." Thus he mused as he drove home in the dusk, and then fell to dreaming of his slim Harriet, and to picture her peering haplessly out of a window towards the North. "The sweetest, gentlest creature! The kindest girl! Shall I play false to a little heart like hers? Dare I turn my back on those little kissed hands? By heaven and earth, if my honour's at stake, it's for her—and no other." Thus greatly the baronet testified of his love.

I am one of those—one, I know, of a minority—who think it possible that a lady's eyes can be too large; differing here from Mr. Romney and Monsieur Greuze. I am sure that Harriet's were too large, beautiful as they were, deep and velvety brown. But they loomed, positively, in her face, which was small and thin, and not remarkably well-shaped: too broad in the brow, too sharp in the chin, with cheek-bones prominent enough to earn her the name of the Death's Head Moth among those who were untouched by her peculiar charm. Eyes apart, her mouth was very pretty: she had those features to her credit, and her courteous, deprecating ways. She was thin, with no figure to speak of, timid and low-voiced, sparing in the use of her fine eyes. She was, however, very intelligent.

Here is a proof of her intelligence: shortly after this recent visit of Sir George's she had sought Hermia out, and piece by piece had confided to her the whole story of her entanglement with Lord Morfa, which, upon her showing, did not, after all, amount to very much. There had been interviews, certainly, and meetings—in the Mall and elsewhere; there had been kisses—"Oh, what must you think of me? Oh, Hermy, how can I tell you these things!" But—and she laid stress upon this—there had been *no* letters. The affair—she called it "attentions"—had begun soon after her taking duty with her ladyship—a time when, she said, she had hardly dared refuse Lord Morfa's gallantry, and would not have known how to do so. Since his unexpected visit to Petersham—he had kissed her then, when they were looking at the guinea-pigs—she had hardly seen anything of him; had heard he was entangled elsewhere, felt nothing but esteem for him, as the son of her patroness, etc. She was much more serious than she had been, and regretted that the cloister was forbidden by the English Church. Questioned as to her other affair with Sir George Coigne, she made it evident that it stood on a different level. It had been very honourable on the gentleman's part: a first meeting at Wrensham, a twisted ankle, a visit and a drive in a dog-cart at Plashetts, and an interrupted avowal in town. No more than that, she vowed.

This was the state of Miss Moon's affairs when Sir George swore that he would be true to her.

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The oath may have been supererogatory, and it may have been fine: in the latter case, it urgently required the test of deeds. Yes—but what deeds were open to a young man oppressed with a theory of manners? So far as he could see, there was but one thing to be done—make a clean breast of it to his cousin Hermy, and throw himself upon her generosity. He returned to London, therefore, and wrote to her requesting an interview in the Mall, if she could find it convenient to walk there on some fine morning, "suitably accompanied." He prided himself upon a phrase which was not only eminently proper, but might cause her to select for *duenna* his Moon. This Hermia would have done—for she was benevolent if her intelligence was not great in these matters—had not his Moon excused herself. She vowed that she could not possibly meet Sir George just yet—that she needed time to reflect—that he had not led her to suppose—and the usual half-phrases more. So Hermia went out with Mrs. Moth in waiting.

Sir George's agitation was such that he lost grip of his theory of manners. A hasty "Upon my soul, Hermy, this is more than common kind of you," was all he could manage before he plunged into the thick of his matter.

"Your grandmother's a wonderful old woman, you know—masterful! By the Lord, she's made things awkward for me—and for you, too, you know—oh, yes, you're in it, deep! and I'm quite aware that it's worse for you—don't flatter myself, eh? Oh, she's a rare one! I remember very well poor old Uncle Morfa—fine man he was in his prime, and when he was let alone—he needed that, I must say—two-bottle man, regular as gun-fire—I remember his saying to me once— Well, well, he's gone to his rest, eh? And—well, Hermy, my dear, the thing is, what are we to do—eh?"

"I have no notion," she admitted; "nor shall I ever have unless you begin at the beginning."

"I know, I know—that's the right thing," said the poor baronet. "Nothing like candour in these things. Your grandmother carries it too far, though. Candid! She uses a club—she lays you down! Eh? Like a pipe of port, by George! Why, she said to me of you—when we were talking one day last season—Oh, Lord!—well, never mind that. But—look here, Hermy, I'll ask you right out, and have done with it. How's Miss Moon?"

"So that's the beginning, is it? She's very well, I think."

"Hermy, I adore that lady. I've been head and shoulders in it this two years; constant as—anything. I could kneel at her feet, I do believe—it 'ud do me good, *good!* And I'd do it—that I'm ready to swear to—anywhere, by heaven!"

"You wouldn't swear it to grandmamma," she said, and sobered him.

"No," he said; "no, I wouldn't. That's just it. We've got to the point at last. I wouldn't, you know. She's extraordinary—she has a way of putting you on your honour—No! I'll be shot if I know how to do that. But I do think it's a queer state of—And look here, Hermy, you know—there's more in this than meets the eye."

"If it is ever to reach my eye, George," said she, "you must explain yourself."

Then, to her quiet amusement, he told her the tale—to her amusement, because her grandmother, she thought, might as well have commanded the sun to shine by night as that this round-faced, consternated baronet should marry her. Her grandmamma and her placid disposition! Why, when her fate was fixed—when in a few hours' time her violets—her lover—would be lying on her breast! She wore them always at night, and there were ritual ceremonies connected with their putting on and off into which I shall not pry. Poor Cousin George Coigne, protesting now elaborately that "of course nothing could have been more flattering—of course I need not say how sensible I am of the honour—"; and then, with a veritable groan, he broke down with, "I say, Hermy, you know, this is uncommonly awkward for both of us"—and she hastened to assure him that she took all his sensibilities for granted, and that, so far as she was concerned, the less he expatiated on them the better. She said that she was not inclined to marry just yet, and that, when she

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did, she should not allow grandmamma to dictate to her. Let him consider Harriet with her now, and not vex himself with grandmamma's absurdities. Thus she calmed the agitated gentleman, who grew extremely docile all at once, and took the law as she laid it down. Harriet, she told him, was very well disposed toward him, but for her sake he must do nothing rash.

O upright judge! Nothing could have pleased him better. "No, no, by Jove! you're right there—nothing abrupt, eh? Spoil everything—leave all that for the present. Play what we call the Fabian game—eh?" He saw himself as Fabius, wearing down Aunt Morfa by masterly impassivity.

On one point, though, Hermia was firmer than he relished. If her grandmamma spoke to her about it, she should tell the truth.

"What, all of it—eh? Would you do that, do you think?" cried Fabius.

"Yes, all of it—so far as it concerns me. Of course, I sha'n't speak of Harriet."

"Good Lord, no!"

"No. But I shall say that you have spoken to me, and that I have told you it's out of the question."

He shook his head. "She won't like that, Hermy. That's not her country at all."

"I'm very sorry—but what else can I do?"

He looked at her sideways. "Well,—you could say, you know, that you were thinking it over—turning it about in your mind. That's what I should say—like a shot."

"But I'm not turning it about."

"Oh, of course, of course—naturally—the thing's absurd. But—Miss Harriet's awkwardly placed, don't you see?"

"I can't tell a fib, Cousin George—really, I can't do that." He took off his hat to her.

"Hermy, you are splendid, by George! You make me feel a—young hound, 'pon my soul. And I do hope you'll forgive me for troubling you with these affairs of mine—and believe that I put them all in your hands with—a great deal of pleasure, by Jove!—and confidence, and all that. I don't know what to do for the best—except that I must see Miss Harriet. Yes, I must see her, cost what it may. When I think of what she has to put up with—there—in that great black house—with that nodding old woman—Oh, Lord!" He shut his eyes for a moment. "Look here," he said, when he had opened them again, "I'll go to her now—I declare I don't care a curse—I beg your pardon, Hermy."

She was sorry for him, and said, "Let me go to her first—speak to her first. Trust me to help you all I can."

"I'd trust you with my immortal soul," said Sir George, feeling sure that he had one. And then he kissed her hand and allowed Mrs. Moth to resume possession.

Lady Morfa had nothing to say to her granddaughter of any disposition made of her hand or heart; but Harriet, it appeared, had a great deal to say—and a great deal more than she had been able to say so far. Harriet knelt at Hermia's knees and wept; Harriet kissed and clung; and at last she made a clean breast of everything—or so it seemed. But it is to be remarked of her that all her confessions had had the air of finality about them, as if they exhausted the subject.

"Oh, I was very wicked—I know—I know—" she wailed. "He paid me marked attentions"—this, of course, was Lord Morfa—"and I was pleased—very pleased. It made me feel stronger, more able to bear—I was nobody here—and her ladyship treated me like a servant. Hermy!" her eyes were looming, "how would you like to be called Chambre? I was always Moon—it made me shiver. So then—I must tell you—I used to know when he was coming—or going—and we used to meet. And when he was kind to me, I felt altogether grateful and couldn't refuse him what he—what we—what I told you, Hermy, he did to me. I never loved him—no, I vow that I did not; and all is over now between us—yes, all, all! He was very fitful; sometimes I thought he was interested in me—especially when he came down to Petersham, and left Lord Drem, and asked me to show him the guinea-pigs—and—what I told you before happened. But then—very often—he seemed not to remember me at all. And now he's gone

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—and I declare that I am glad. Oh, it's better so—much better—for me."

"I think so, too," said Hermia rather drily. "I fancied that we were to talk of Sir George."

"Sir George was different," Harriet said composedly. "Sir George always acted toward me like a prince. But—" and she hid her face again—"oh, but Lord Morfa *was* a prince!"

"Very much a prince," said Hermia.

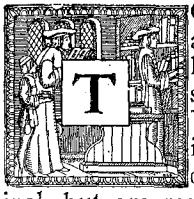
Harriet looked up, vehement and white. "It is all quite over. He cares nothing for me. I know where he goes—I know everything—I tell you, everything. Don't ask me any more."

"No, indeed, my dear," said Hermia. "Lord Morfa has no interest for me."

"Sir George is very kind," said Harriet presently. "Any girl would be proud—" and then she burst into tears and implored her darling Hermy to temporise with Lady Morfa—which was precisely what had been refused to Sir George. But Harriet's argument, that a girl in her position must be very careful, was a strong one. If she were to run away with Sir George, said Harriet, how could he respect her any more? How could she respect herself? Hermia, child of runaway parents though she were, had no respect for that form of marriage. Why run away? But when she remembered the Fabian Sir George, and looked, not without some contempt, on the deplorable Harriet, she saw that no other marriage was open to them. She consented, finally, to temporise with her grandmother—to this extent, that she would reply to any commands of hers that nothing could be done until she was out of mourning for her brother. Harriet's gratitude for so small a concession seemed disproportionate; and, after all, no temporising was called for. Lady Morfa had methods of her own which did not admit of the Fabian policy.

(*To be continued*)

ON QUOTED QUOTATIONS



O say that a quotation is a quotation by reason of having been quoted may seem a maudlin truism. Yet it is worth considering. Quotations are seldom taken from the original, but are requoted third, tenth, hundredth hand. This is natural and not significant in the habit of persons who do not read much and do not write at all. When the college girl, gone to earn her first dollar as teacher of English in a high school, writes you that she is teaching the young idea how to shoot, she is not conscious of the shadow of James Thomson. She is simply using a combination of words that she has heard or read anywhere but in *The Seasons*. One does not expect her to be much different from the woman who found *Hamlet* a string of old things she had heard all her life. My contention is outside the question of current proverbs and concerns the conscious literary use of "brilliants" from other writers.

I very seldom find, except in criticism which is naturally illustrated by samples from the subject criticised, a quotation that strikes me as being a first-hand selection, a reader's individual discovery. As books multiply, we come more and more to be readers of other men's reading. We grow increasingly dependent on the retailer of wares which were originally lavished at wholesale, and even "all we little writing folk" go but seldom to the primal sources.

There was published not long ago a story called "Wild Justice." I doubt whether the story would have had that title if Bacon's phrase had not been lifted out of the little-read Bacon and given by the much-read Stevenson to the present

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generation. "Sweetness and light" always irritates me when I see it quoted in a literary piece, because I suspect that the quoter never met that sturdy yoking of nouns in Swift, but is dragging out the weakened pair that Arnold drove nearly to death.

I have a friend who has discovered that it makes a good impression to quote Latin. Does he know Latin literature? "Not if I know myself at all." (See Lamb, via Bartlett.) He commits to memory the selections at the heads of the *Spectator* papers, where they are conveniently translated for him. He borrows what is aptest in the comprehensive latinity of Addison, a master quoter, who put his thumb in the whole big classical pie and every time pulled out a plum. By this theft of honest borrowings my poor requoting friend passes for a reader of Juvenal, Horace, Sallust, Martial, Virgil, Ovid, Terence, Lucan, Persius, Cicero and the rest.

The first quoter of a good thing does a service to the world and to the original author. The second-hand quoter, or the one who we feel is not a frequent guest in the home of the phrase which he introduces as his friend, is a bore. The second-hand quoter abuses our patience* and our vanity, too, for he assumes that we are not familiar with the familiar things in Bartlett—and he is usually right. If the quotations in Bartlett were familiar, the book would not have such a large usefulness, for more people use it to quote from than to refer to for authorship, accuracy and identification.

I have often wondered how Bartlett determined what is familiar. He does not explain much in his preface, except to say that he had to refuse a place to mere merit and confine himself to what the general reader would recognise as old friends. With all his wide reading, he could not know what had *not* been much quoted, and he certainly could not know what the general reader would recognise. The truth is, this interesting man impressed his own personality on his book, made phrases familiar by quoting them that others might quote them from him. It must have been extremely difficult to know when to leave out a line of Shakespeare. In the work of Pope, one of the most quoted authors, the epigrams are so wonderfully uniform in quality, point and quotability that there is no discernible reason why one pair of lines is "familiar" and the rest not.

For me Bartlett has spoiled the availability of almost everything he put in his book. Let an author give me a quotation he has found for himself and then be sure that it is not in Bartlett. If it is, I shall suspect him of having got it there. On a hot summer day, after one has read all the six worst sellers, it is a pleasant pastime to take an old book, mark for one's self striking passages, and then see if they are in Bartlett. If they are not, you win. If they are, you also win, for Bartlett was usually right, after all.

Quoted things have flown round the world on the wings of excellence, but something is necessary to make folk look up and catch sight of a good thing on the wing. The process of popularising a quotable phrase may be illustrated by a hypothetical case: Let us suppose that for some literary or biographical reason this page is to be many times reprinted; that it will appear in Libraries of Literature; be cloaked in vellum at $7.50; be republished in a World's Classics series at thirty-three cents; be stolen by pirates and sold for a dime; be edited by scholars and worked off on school boards for eighty cents. Suppose I set down here one of the striking things I have read lately, thus: Coleridge says of himself that he had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity." It is a great phrase or I should not quote it. It will be copied from this page and used in a sermon by some orthodox clergyman, and pass into current use. Its excellence, its quotability is not the sole cause of my putting it down here, for I do not know where Coleridge said it. Carlyle quotes it about Coleridge. One step further: I do not know (or did not until I searched for it) where Carlyle quotes it. I happened to be reading Bayne's *Lessons from my Masters*, and I quote Bayne's quotation of Carlyle's quotation of Coleridge. Q. E. D.

John A. Macy.

*Cicero. First Oration against Catiline.

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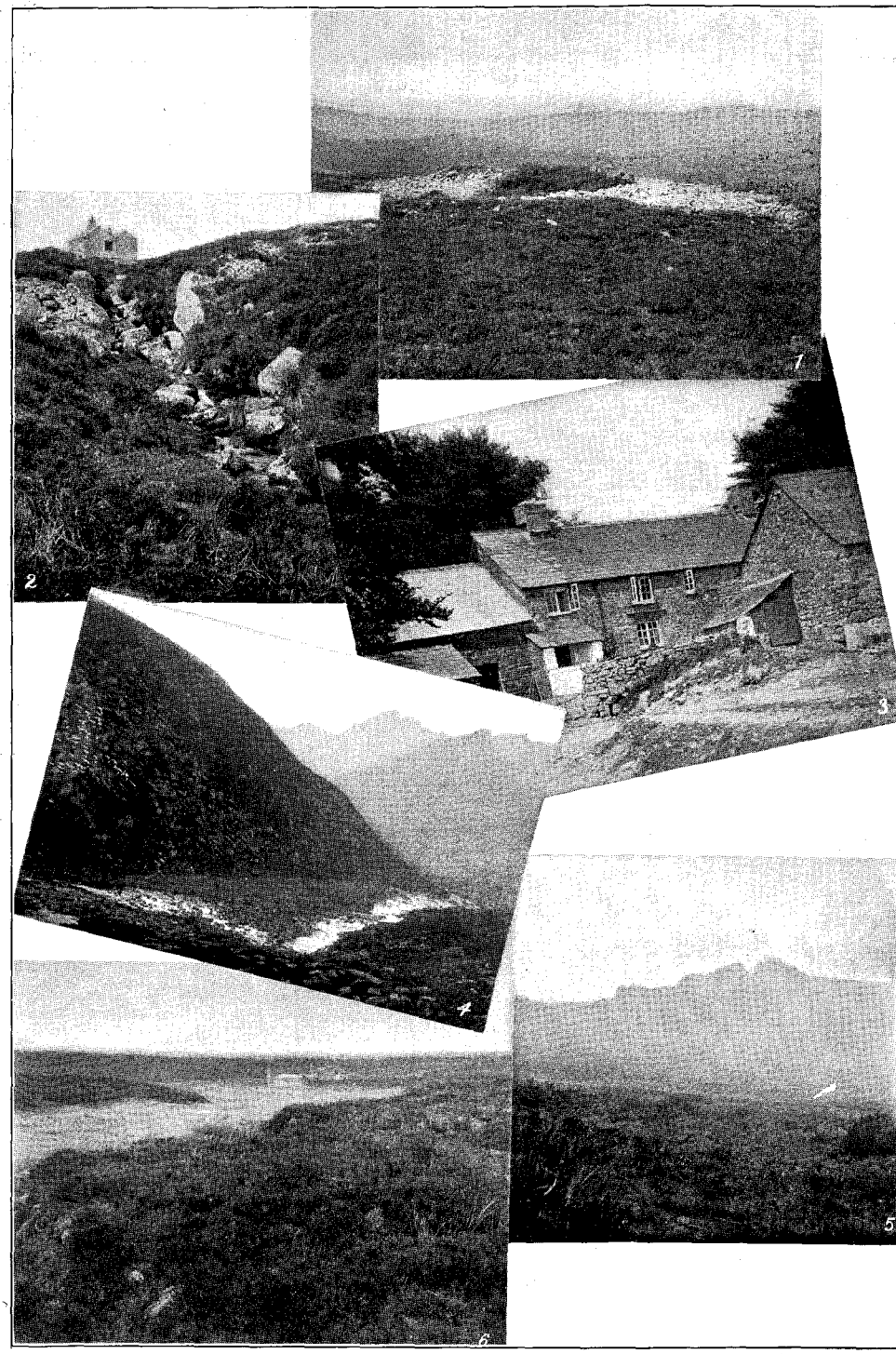

THE PHILLPOTTS COUNTRY. MR. PHILLPOTTS'S NEW SERIAL BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

1. WHITE HILL. "THE WHIRLWIND"
2. DANNAGOAT COT
3. RUDDYFORD FARM
4. TAVY CLEAVE.....
5. GREAT LYNX TOR
6. THE OLD PEAT WORKS

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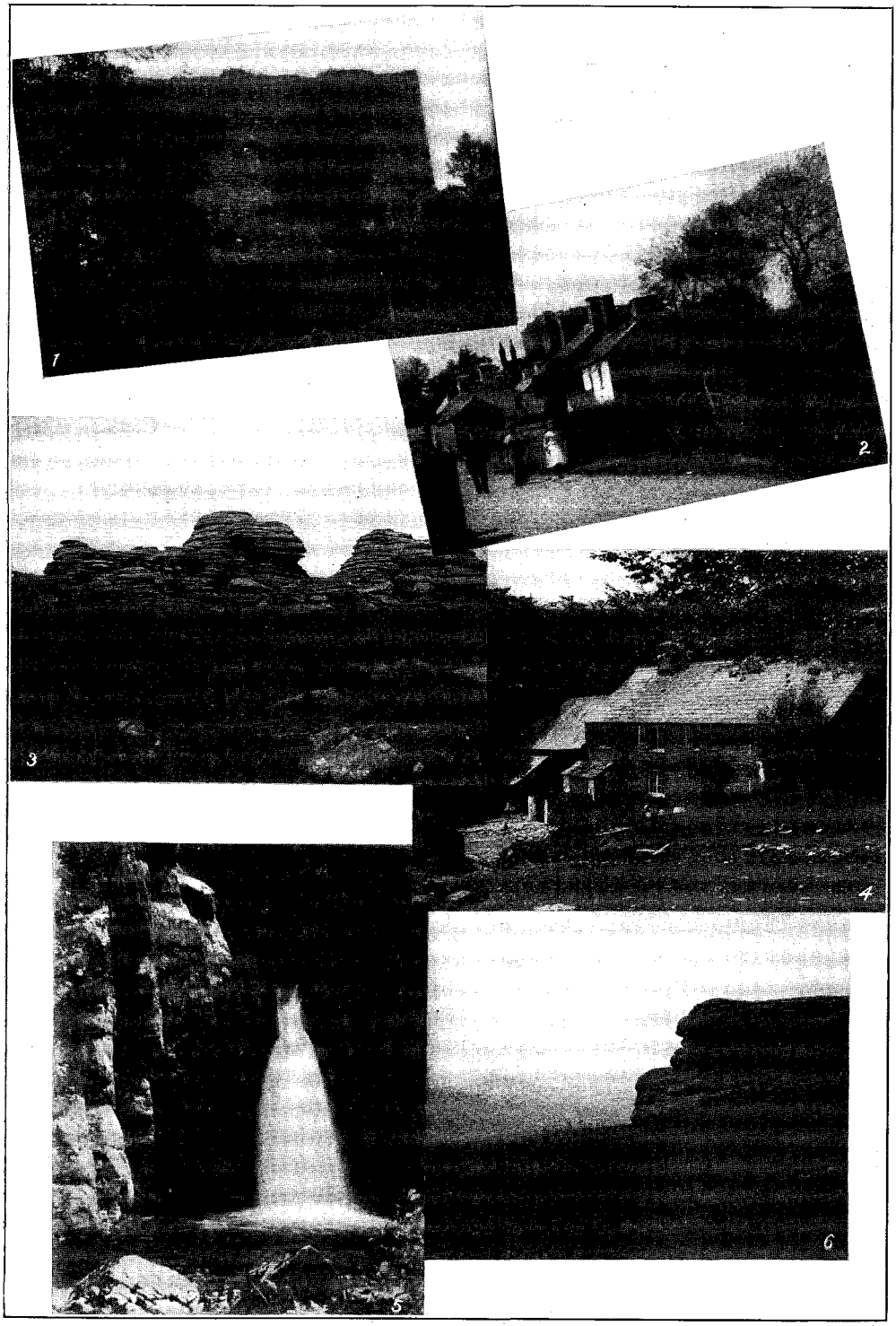

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1. LYDFORD CASTLE
2. LYDFORD VILLAGE
3. THE TOR
4. RUDDYFORD FARM
5. KIT'S STEPS. "THE WHIRLWIND"
6. GREAT LYNX

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THE CENTENARY OF SAMUEL WARREN

(*Born May 23, 1807*)

HEN Disraeli, asked if he had read the Greville Memoirs, replied, "No, I do not feel attracted to them. I knew the author, and he was the most conceited person with whom I have ever been brought in contact, although I have read Cicero and known Bulwer Lytton," the inference to be drawn is that he was not personally acquainted with the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. Samuel Warren, although according to all accounts a good-hearted man, and where his literary reputation was not concerned gentle and reasonable, was the vainest author imaginable. His prefaces are monuments to his overweening conceit, and his letters ably second them in this respect. He was as greedy of praise as a spoiled child, and was never so busy as to be unable to find time to explain away blame. If he heard his work favourably criticised—it must be remembered *The Diary of a Late Physician* was published anonymously—he was constrained immediately to send such a tit-bit of criticism to his publishers, and his correspondence with the House of Blackwood teems with agreeable remarks uttered alike by competent and incompetent critics about his writings, for although, of course, he preferred praise from the discerning, so long as it was sufficiently emphatic he was not very particular as to the source.

Some explanation, if not excuse, of this phase of Warren's character may be found in his unusual success with his first literary effort. Born in Denbighshire, he studied medicine at Edinburgh during 1826 and 1827, and in the latter year gained the prize for English verse, which distinction procured him introduction to John Wilson ("Christopher North") and De Quincey. He was admitted a student of Inner Temple in 1828, and practised in London as a special pleader from 1831 until 1837, when he was called to the bar. Early in his career, however, he attempted to write for the magazines, with little or no success, and, so far as is known, he made his *début* in *Blackwood's Magazine* with *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,* which he had begun in the previous year. "The first chapter of his *Diary*—the 'Early Struggles'—was offered by me successively to the conductors of three leading magazines in London, and rejected as 'unsuitable for their pages,' and 'not likely to interest the public,'" he wrote in the Preface to the fifth edition (1837). "In despair, I bethought myself of the Great Northern Magazine. I remember taking my packet to Mr. Cadell's in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it; but at the close of the month I received a letter from Mr. Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. It expressed his cordial approval of the first chapter, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited for his magazine, and calculated to interest the public. It would be great affectation in me, and ingratitude towards the public were I to conceal my belief that his expectations have been in some degree verified by the event."

The *Passages,* twenty-eight in number, appeared in *Blackwood's* at intervals from August, 1830, to August, 1837. The first separate publication in book-form, in two volumes, took place in 1832, and between then and the appearance of the last instalment four large editions were exhausted, and, declared the triumphant author, "It is a great satisfaction both to my publisher and myself, to find that this has been effected without having had in any way recourse to the modern system of *puffing*—that miserable source of the degradation of literature." In 1837, a fifth edition was issued, with a

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third volume containing the remainder of the chapters from *Blackwood's* since 1832.

Though we may laugh at the author's egregious vanity, he was taken by the public as seriously as he took himself. The success of the *Diary* was immediate, and its popularity resulted in the usual pirated editions in America and unauthorised translation in most European countries. "I have had several offers from American publishers to forward them duplicates of my future communications, if any, for *Maga* on terms similar to those offered to Sir Walter Scott," Warren wrote; and, according to another of his letters to William Blackwood, all London was ringing with the praises of the anonymous author. *The Man about Town* is exciting a sensation among the Clubs and elsewhere. 'Horrible,' 'ghastly,' 'frightful,' 'lamentable,' are some of the expressions to which I have listened. Campbell the other day in a large party, said of my *Passages* (of course not knowing who wrote them), 'They have been very successful indeed.' Some one asked him what he thought of them. He replied to this effect: 'Though I think here and there is an attempt at *fine writing*, these papers are unquestionably the production of a man of great powers, and exhibit many glimpses of *first-rate excellence.*" Again and again to the same correspondent he sent similar letters, from which one more may be given. "I have seen a letter to a friend from a very gifted person; and something, moreover, of a saint. 'Have you read the Papers in some of the late *Blackwoods* about a Physician? I have, and with wonder at the prodigious talents and *folly* of the writer. This I say for two reasons: that one of his astonishing command of language and power of thought and knowledge of character should think it necessary to resort to such contemptible expletives or oaths. They are motes, however, in a *perfect sunbeam of splendid talent.*"

To add to the success, there was a flutter in medical circles when the *Diary* began to appear in *Blackwood's*, for, from the detailed accounts of symptoms and diseases, it was thought to have been written by a doctor. Many guesses were made as to the identity of the author, who was generally supposed to be Dr. John Ayrton Paris, and *The Lancet* entered a strong protest against the revelations of professional secrets. It was only with the fifth edition in 1837 that Warren put his name on the title-page, having apparently tired of a perfectly unnecessary anonymity, which seems to have been preserved chiefly that he might hear the unfettered discussion of his work. "In these foreign editions of the *Diary*, the name of 'Dr. Harrison' is placed upon the title-page; in England, several persons have actually stated themselves to be the writers of this work; others, that they have contributed to it."

It is not so surprising, if all these tributes to his earliest work are taken into consideration, that Warren regarded himself as a heaven-born genius. "Oh, what a book I could have written!" he said after reading Dickens's *American Notes*. "I mean I who have not only observed but *reflected* so much on the characters of the people of England and America." With such phrases as "Beats Boz hollow," "splendid talent," "great powers," and "first-rate excellence" ringing in his ears, when he went out he regarded himself as the hero of the evening. On one such occasion, unfortunately for Warren's social reputation today, the witty William Henry Brookfield met him. "I dined at Mr. Pawle's. There was present Warren, the author of the *Diary of a Late Physician*. I was never more bored than by his eternal volubility, unsignalised by one syllable of wit, mere volubility—chiefly about himself, perpetual allusions to his literary habits—good-natured withal, but so terribly conscious of being a bit of a lion, and at the same time in all his eternal talk not saying a thing that could justify his claim to being called one. May I never again meet a small, self-conscious literary lion." Against this, however, may be set John Blackwood's testimony that the great man, when with his intimates, was an entertaining fellow, and being an excellent mimic, one evening at the publisher's gave a sermon as delivered by the Master of the Temple. "You could have thought you heard the old gentleman speaking," Blackwood wrote to his wife. "The

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Bishop (of Limerick) almost died with laughter. He had suffered in the morning."

It can scarcely be doubted that the judgment of present-day readers will endorse that of the "conductors of three leading magazines in London" who refused to accept the *Diary,* and it is easier to suggest reasons for the popular favour it attracted than to explain how it secured for its author the *entrée* into *Blackwood's Magazine.* "The Bar, the Church, the Army, the Navy, and the Stage, have all spread the volumes of their secret history before the prying gaze of the public," Warren wrote in the Introduction; "while that of the *MEDICAL PROFESSION* has remained hitherto, with scarcely an exception, a sealed book." A novel theme, then, could be claimed for the *Diary,* but, as we shall see, there its merit ends.

After the publication of the last chapters of the *Diary,* Warren devoted himself to the bar, and his next literary effort, with the exception, perhaps, of some stray papers to the magazine with which he had allied himself, was announced on September 9, 1839, in a characteristic letter to one of the Blackwoods: "Please to reserve a sheet for me in the October number, for the first part of *Ten Thousand a Year.* I thought out the idea that has long been floating in my mind yesterday (at church, I am sorry to say), and I have at a heat already written off half the paper. I feel convinced you will like it much."

Ten Thousand a Year, the first instalment of which appeared in October, at once attracted the popular favour, and Warren was delighted with the praise it extorted from readers of all classes. There was a hitch during its progress, when Warren received a number of the magazine from which, presumably in the fear of libel, certain passages in the election scene had been omitted without his sanction. "I propose, however, the concessions already alluded to, and wait your reply. Tell them I leave matters precisely as they are; and if your answer is in the negative, I beg you will make your arrangements for the next numbers without any reference to the further continuance of '£10,000 a year.'" This matter, too, was tided over, and *Ten Thousand a Year* continued to delight the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine.* The story was published in three volumes in 1841, was pirated in America, translated into French, Russian, and other languages, everywhere received with applause, and became, as Mr. Thomas Seccombe (to whom the present writer takes the opportunity to acknowledge his obligation) points out in his excellent article on Warren in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* "one of the most popular novels of the century."

'It is upon *Ten Thousand a Year* (which will presently be considered) that Warren's reputation rests, and his other literary efforts may be dismissed in a few words. A third book, *Now and Then,* written between November 20 and December 9, 1847, appeared eight days after it was finished, when it was rewarded with a transient success. "I am inundated with congratulations, and from very high quarters too," the author reported. "Indeed I hear only one opinion everywhere, and from people from whom I did not expect it." There is certainly only one opinion to-day. Warren then proceeded to write a long description of what should be said in the forthcoming review in *Blackwood's Magazine.* "My great object of all was to imagine, as I did, in my own mind, human characters, affairs and occurrences, seen for a moment *as they are,* and also as they are permitted to appear to us (through a glass darkly). There! I have just hit off exactly my meaning; and what a grand and awful lesson does it not teach us!"

"It is quite evident to me now," Robert Blackwood wrote to his brother John on November 13, 1847, "that Warren will drop the law and take to literature." Robert Blackwood, however, was mistaken, for, with the exception of *The Lily and the Bee: An Apologue of the Crystal Palace,* written in honour of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which critics have rightly dismissed as "inconceivably puerile," "that heavy and inexplicable piece of balderdash" and "more absurd than anything Tupper wrote," Warren wrote no more for the general public. Thenceforth he devoted himself to the

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legal profession and to politics. His progress at the bar was slow, but he found consolation in the belief that solicitors withheld briefs from him to avenge themselves for the unflattering portraits of attorneys in *Ten Thousand a Year.* Still he went persistently on the Northern Circuit until 1851, when he took silk; and subsequently became a bencher, and later, treasurer of Lincoln's Inn. He was appointed Recorder of Hull in 1852, which office he held until 1874; and in the following year, on the occasion of Lord Derby's installation as Chancellor of Oxford University, in company with Macaulay, Alison, Lytton, Aytoun and other men of letters, received the honorary degree of D.C.L.

He aspired to Parliamentary distinction, and his naive vanity led him to declare that he did not fear any speaker in the House of Commons, for he had watched them all and was confident he could do better. In spite of this agreeable anticipation, however, when he sat as Conservative member for Midhurst from 1856, he attracted attention only on the occasion of his protest against Baron Rothschild taking the oath in an abridged form. He vacated his seat in 1859 to accept a Mastership in Lunacy that, in the first instance, Lord Chelmsford had given to his son, but when it was vigorously denounced as a job, had cancelled the appointment. The report went round that Warren had declined the post, whereupon Disraeli declared it would be necessary to issue a writ *de lunatico inquirendo!* Thus Warren partially fulfilled the vaticination which had been spoken of him by Sir George Rose:

"Tho' envy may sneer at you, Warren, and say,
'Why, yes, he has talent, but throws it away';
Take a hint, change the *venue,* and still persevere,
And you'll end as you start with Ten Thousand a Year."*

*Another and better *jeu d'esprit* is given in the *Law Times,* October 20, 1877.

"If Warren, though clever
The vainest of men,
Could use with discretion
His tongue and his pen,
His way might be clear,
To 'Ten Thousand a Year'
Instead of a brief
'Now and Then.'"

Warren's remaining years were uneventful, and he died nearly forgotten, on July 29, 1877, at the age of seventy.

Samuel Warren's literary reputation, as has already been said, depends entirely upon his novel *Ten Thousand a Year;* but before offering any criticism of this remarkable work, it is worth while to enquire what was in the author's mind when he wrote it. *"Ten Thousand a Year,"* we are told, "is a fiction, the plot of which was contrived with great care, for the purpose at once of exciting and sustaining, as far as possible, the reader's interest, and exhibiting in a course of natural events, and by the agency of natural characters, the aspect, socially, professionally, politically and religiously, of English society in the nineteenth century. For this reason, the tale travels over a great space of ground, and deals with almost every class of society. Without sharing the opinion attributed to Mr. Titmouse, that 'the only real distinction between mankind is that effected by *money,*'—the author considers it an enormous engine for developing and testing the character of man, individually and collectively." His object being "to teach by the force of action and events important moral lessons," he collected a gallery of widely dissimilar characters in different spheres of life, and by the aid of a disputed succession to an estate, contrived to exhibit them in poverty and in wealth. The "important moral lessons" may be ignored, since they are the ordinary copy-book maxims that pride of purse and birth is ignoble, that suffering should be borne with fortitude, and that even in this world goodness is rewarded and vice punished. There are other and more worldly, though quite obvious, lessons to be derived from the book, wherein it is inculcated that speculation is risky and bribery at elections is sometimes dangerous to the perpetrator. Warren dipped his pen freely into satire, and poked fun at medical men with pet theories, at hair-dye, at the Church-rate Martyrs, and at Dr. Diabolus Gander (*i. e.* Dionysius Lardner); and perhaps did some good by ventilating the unnecessary intricacies and expenses of the law, the abuses of the sponging-house system, and the sweating of shop assistants. Many of

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SAMUEL WARREN

the characters in the book were declared to be portraits of persons then living, disguised under a veil of caricature. Tittlebat Titmouse himself, Oily Gammons and others had their prototypes, but those most easily recognised by the present-day readers are Lord Bullfinch (Lord John Russell), O'Gibbet (O'Connell), the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs (D'Orsay), and Mr. Quicksilver, afterward Lord Blossom and Box (Brougham), of whom it is said: "What a contrast was he to Mr. Subtle! He was of a vast capacity and versatile powers. In grasp and strength of intellect, Mr. Subtle was a mere boy in comparison of

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him. His acquirements were prodigious and his memory kept them as it were always under his eye. He was also one of the greatest orators of the age—equally feared and admired in the House of Commons. In the glare and multiplicity of his genius and knowledge, more extensive knowledge of law than he was given credit for, was eclipsed and lost; and it was feared that he disdained the details of his profession. Still it would not do to allow him to be retained on the other side! So he was secured for the plaintiff, in the hope that, like a wild elephant, he would be in a manner held in check by Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx."

Whatever may have been the case when it was first published, *Ten Thousand a Year* is not now read (if indeed it is read at all) for its moral lessons or its satire, but for an interesting story entertainingly narrated. The book opens with an admirable sketch of Tittlebat Titmouse, an unhappy under-paid, underfed shopman, with a craving for cheap finery, who falls into the hand of a firm of lawyer "sharks," Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, that believes him to be the rightful heir to the Yatton estates, then in the possession of Charles Aubrey. A creature of evil propensities in his poverty, the change in manner of the little brute—the author calls him "little brute," "little fool," "a despicable sample of man"—as soon as he learns of his good fortune is cleverly shown. "How the reptile propensities of his mean nature had thriven beneath the sudden sunshine of unexpected prosperity!" Warren points out. "See already his selfishness, truculence, rapacity in writing activity." We see him arrogant when all is going well with his case, obsequious when hitches occur; and at one desperate moment inviting his bosom friend Huckaback (whom he throws over when fortune is assured) to go to church with him. "Religion's all very well, Titty, for them that has much to be grateful for," objects Huckaback, "but devil take me! what have either you or me to be—" "But, Huck," replies our hero, "how do you know but we might *get* something to be thankful for by praying? I've often heard of great things in that line—but—*do* come in with me." In short, a man so despicable, so devoid of any tenderness, any gratitude, even of ordinary decency, that, though fate is cruel in calling him to a station he is unqualified to fill, it is impossible to feel more than a passing sympathy.

Very slowly and with great care Warren unfolded the tale, a method that apparently did not entirely commend itself to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine,* who ventured to utter a hint that produced an enthusiastic defence from the author. "I shall be sorry if the public joins with you in regretting the slow progress of the story. Remember that mine is not a story depending for its interest on *incident*—although quite enough is given from time to time to sustain the interest and curiosity of the reader. The great object of the story is *patient, close* and *true* portraiture of *character* and *feeling*. I am no hand whatever at stringing together a number of incidents. Surely, however, the new chapter contains a very important step in the story—namely, the solemn and final exclusion of the Aubreys from Yatton; and the manner in which each party bears his fate in circumstances of joy and triumph, of grief and trouble, *appreciable by all classes of readers,* who as they go on cannot fail to realise it to themselves, must fully compensate for the want of a series of exciting incidents." Warren was right, for, as Mr. Seccombe has pointed out, "as a writer he produces remarkable effects by the cumulative force of little points well made," and certainly in the first thirteen chapters there is not a word too much. The canvas is filled, leisurely it is true, but with the hand of a master. The characters are real flesh and blood, and the description of the middle-class homes of the Tag-rags and the Quirks, allowing for the slight exaggeration of the caricaturist, excellent. The scenes at Satin Lodge and at Alibi House are cleverly portrayed, while Warren is at his best in his portraits of the crafty Quirk, the subtle Gammon, and the hawk-like Snap.

When Warren turns from these unpleasant persons to describe more agreeable and politer society, however, his cunning fails him. "Rank hardly ever fails to attract and dazzle vulgar and

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feeble optics," he says of one of his characters; and rank seems to have that effect on him, for no sooner does he leave the Tag-rags and the Quirks for the family of a country gentleman than he loses his simplicity and pours out Bulwerese apostrophes to the "Beautiful moon! cold and chaste in thy skyey (sic) palace!" At the same time his good sense deserts him. No superlatives are powerful enough to convey his appreciation of the dignity, beauty and manners of the Aubreys, alike in their poverty as in their wealth. "I knew you would all like it," Warren wrote to the Blackwoods, when sending them some chapters about the Aubreys, "for it is more true to human nature, and it cost me (though you may smile) a few tears while writing it. How I do love the Aubreys! How my heart yearns toward them!" His affection for that unfortunate family led him to attempt that most difficult effort in novel writing, the creation of a Christian gentleman. Warren, however, had not the gifts that can be applied successfully to such a purpose, and we have in Charles Aubrey a snivelling bore, who shows his religious inclination chiefly by frequent and lengthy appeals to the Almighty. Would any gentleman, after losing his fortune, reply to the offer of help from an intimate friend, "There's a great gulf between us, Lord de la Zouche, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned—you, a peer of the realm; I, a beggar!" After this speech, which must be taken as a proof of Aubrey's intention to be independent, it is amusing to find it is compatible with his pride to invite this same peer of the realm to back bills to the extent of £10,000, that the drawer knows, except by a miracle, he can never meet. More amusing even is the scene when his sister Kate tells him some one has insulted her. "She had never in her life before witnessed her brother the subject of such powerful emotions as then made rigid his slender frame. At length, drawing a long breath, 'It is fortunate for him, Kate,' said he calmly, 'that *he* is not a gentleman, and that I *endeavour* to be—a Christian.' She flung her arms around him, exclaiming, 'There spoke my noble brother!'" Surely it is not wonderful that Mrs. Aubrey and Kate were, as the author tells us, overcome by such speeches. "I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in *Ten Thousand a Year,* except perhaps *The Young Duke* and *Coningsby.* There's a modest grace about *them,* and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear sir—to blue blood," wrote Thackeray in *The Snobs of England,* somewhat ungraciously, for it seems probable that this story suggested *Jeames's Diary.*

Enough has been said to show that Aubrey was a puppet set up to display, perhaps, the beauty of submission to fate—for which you will duly be rewarded (in novels) by being set up again on the pedestal from which you have been dethroned. The women throughout the book are shadows. We are told what Mrs. Aubrey and Kate Aubrey are, but we never see them for ourselves; they are as intangible as Miss Tag-rag and her mother and Miss Quirk, lay figures, of whom less is known than of Lady Cecilia, the high-born beauty, for she at least is material enough to find perpetual comfort in reclining on a sofa. The only real female character is the landlady, Mrs. Squallop, a creature of flesh and blood, human to the core, irascible but good-hearted, angry when she realises that Titmouse is spending on tawdry clothes the money due to her for rent, but moved to tears at the first hint of her lodger's misery. Kate Aubrey, however, was Warren's delight, for he alone had the pleasure to see her as he had conceived and not as he had drawn her—a lifeless, lymphatic girl; and in the very last paragraph in the book he takes a tender farewell of her in his best bombastic strain.

A sense of humour might have made *Ten Thousand a Year* into a great book, but in humour Warren was sadly deficient. Almost the only really delightful remark is made by Lord Drelincourt. "Reverses of fortune, sir," he says with the pomposity Warren thought the appanage of an earl—"reverses of fortune, sir, have happened to some of the greatest characters in our history. You remember Alfred, sir?" Mr. Cassilis, in *Sybil,* might have said that. Occasionally Warren was playful, as on the occasion

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when Yahoo Pimp, who had made sure of "plucking" Titmouse, is seized by bailiffs and taken to York Castle. "Ah, me, poor Yahoo, completely done! Oft is it, in this infernal world of ours, that the best concerted schemes are thus suddenly defeated by the envious and capricious fates! Thus were thy arms suddenly held back from behind, just as they were encircling as pretty, plump a pigeon as ever nestled in them, with pert and playful confidence, to be plucked! Alas, alas! And didst thou behold the danger to which it was exposed as it fluttered upward unconsciously into the region where thine affectionate eye detected the keen hawk in deadly poise? Ah, me! Oh, dear! What shall I do? What can I say? How vent my grief for the Prematurely Caged?" That is, indeed, out-Heroding Herod, for even Bulwer-Lytton never apostrophised "the Prematurely Caged." But Warren, as a rule, reserved his humour for nomenclature, perhaps the most ignoble form of wit. Pimp Yahoo is the man about town who lives on his pigeons, and the Honourable Empty Belly is an impecunious scion of the aristocracy; the Rev. Dismal Horror and the Rev. Smirk Mudflint are dissenting ministers, and the Rev. Gideon Fleshpot and the Rev. Morphine Velvet are Church of England clergy; Going-gone is the auctioneer, Hic Hac Hæc the schoolmaster, and Gargle Glister the apothecary; Mortmain is a conveyancer, Subtle and Lynx barristers, Vernon Tuft a toady, and Axle a coachmaker.

If Titmouse is the success of the book, he is run close at the beginning by Oily Gammon, "such an uncommon, gentlemanlike gent," as Titmouse calls him, the lawyer who schemes to obtain a complete ascendency over his distasteful client. In this, by his clever management, he succeeds, in spite of the machinations of his partners, who also desire to control, or rather direct, the income of the Yatton estates. But having by multifarious villainies achieved his end, his nerve deserts him. He makes mistake after mistake—indeed, throughout his "profound strategies" are very obvious and liable to exposure the moment any inquiry is set on foot. He proposes to Kate Aubrey, and in his excitement tells her it is in his power to restore her brother to his former position; he loses his head in a quarrel with Titmouse, and gives himself away to the Earl of Dredlington. Then comes Nemesis; and in a dramatic manner, down, like a house built of cards, comes the whole edifice with its superstructure of fraud and villainy. Thus toward the end Warren, who had lagged a while in the middle of the book, gathered together his forces, and concludes with the well-arranged righting of the Aubreys and the downfall of the miserable little wretch who temporarily had upset them.

Perhaps some part of the popularity of *Ten Thousand a Year* may have been due to the fact that it appeared at a time unproductive in the annals of English fiction, when Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen had disappeared, and Thackeray, the Brontës, and George Elliot had not made their bow, before Disraeli had written his famous trilogy, while Jerrold was known only as a dramatist, and Ainsworth by *Jack Sheppard,* Lover by *Rory O'More,* and Lever by *Harry Lorrequer.* The two most popular authors of the day were Dickens, who had published *Pickwick, Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby,* and Bulwer-Lytton (to whose early books Warren owed most of the blatant defects of his style), who at the moment was writing for the stage. Where among all these familiar names Warren should be placed is, to some extent, of course, still a matter of opinion; but if prophecy may be ventured upon without presumption, it is probable in days to come he will, by virtue of his one novel, find a position below Lytton, who was redeemed by his later work, and above Lover and Jerrold. Yet if Samuel Warren went down to the grave with more confidence than was justifiable of a lasting literary fame, at least it must be admitted that he made a definite hit in his day and left behind him one book that will surely be read for many generations to come.

Lewis Melville.

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Thomas Wright's "Walter Pater"*

Once again the ruthless Mr. Thomas Wright has enacted his favourite rôle of the bull in the china shop. There is nothing in the present performance to surprise those who have observed his dealings with Cowper and Fitzgerald and Sir Richard Burton. This is merely the most absurd of his absurdities; the chief, and, let us hope, the last of his biographical ineptitudes. The British public has a taste in biography rather more liberal than ours, to judge by such recent phenomena as Vizetelly's "Zola," Mr. Douglas's book on Watts-Dunton, and the various manifestations of Mr. Thomas Wright. Such a book as this written by an American could hardly find an American publisher. The present volumes, to be sure, were printed and originally put forth in London, the sheets being imported, furnished with a new title-page, and bound here for the American trade. We may perhaps lay the clumsiness of their form to the English intolerance of the single-volume work. One pair of covers might have held Mr. Wright's text conveniently enough; only by the aid of thick paper and numerous more or less irrelevant "plates" are the two dropsical octavos forthcoming.

Mr. Wright appears to have had three objects in view in writing this so-called *Life,* none of which had anything to do with his proper object: First, to cast scorn upon all previous writers about Pater; second, to praise the name and celebrate the possessions of one Richard C. Jackson, not hitherto known to fame; and third, to give free play to his own genius, especially as a humourist. These objects are suggested plainly enough in the long-winded and bumptious Preface—a fair warning to the reader to proceed, if he is to proceed at all, in a spirit of amused, or indignant, curiosity. Mr. Wright begins by announcing that no account of Pater's life has hitherto been given except in the "meagre outline" of Mr. Benson. This is to ignore Mr. Greenslet's brilliant study, which antedated that of Mr. Benson; however, we are to fall foul of Mr. Greenslet later. The sad fact which occupies us for the moment is that Mr. Benson's outline is not only meagre, but untrustworthy—"crowded with the most astonishing, the most staggering errors." We have nothing against Mr. Benson personally. "He has always written to me with the courtesy of an English gentleman, and I hope I have never in my replies allowed myself to be outdone under this head." We seem to hear ourselves delivering this behind the footlights, in our character of accomplished greengrocer. But in spite of Mr. Benson's good manners, we are forced to bring home our charges of misdemeanour. Let us, in a spirit of the kindliest condescension, convince him of the error of his ways. One must be right, even at the expense of a perfect gentleman.

Thus impelled by conscience, Mr. Wright proceeds to list twelve alleged Bensonian errors. Of the eight errors of commission two are made to seem probable by the ensuing narrative—the others not. It evidently does not dawn upon the ingenuous fancy of Mr. Wright that an opinion different from his own can be anything but an error; why trouble himself to demonstrate the fact in specific instances? As for Mr. Benson's faults of omission, they include such enormities as the failure to mention Mr. Richard C. Jackson, or to so much as hint at Pater's "connection with the St. Austin's Monkery." "To omit Mr. Jackson is to tell the story of David and leave out Jonathan"; not to mention the St. Austin's episode is "something like giving an account of Wellington and leaving out the Peninsular War and Waterloo." As a considerable part of Mr. Wright's work is devoted to enlarging upon these points, we may give them a moment's attention. The facts with regard to St. Austin's seem to be simple. In 1878, when Pater was nearly forty years old, a certain high-church clergyman of wealth found-

*The Life of Walter Pater. By Thomas Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907.

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ed a "priory" in a low part of London—a sumptuously equipped establishment dedicated to the practices of celibacy, ritualism and mission work. Ritual had always possessed a strong æsthetic appeal for Pater, and becoming acquainted with the founder and "provost" of this institution, for some time was a frequent attendant at the elaborate services—just the needful hair's-breadth short of Rome—in the gorgeous "mission chapel" of the order. Pater was never a member of the brotherhood, or even a temporary resident, and his interest in the services was his ordinary interest in rich observance wherever it might be found. Mr. Wright does not deny this; indeed, he complacently cites Pater's own statement that he was attracted to St. Austin's chapel "solely by the gorgeousness of the scene." Why, then, was his introduction to that scene "the great central event of Pater's life"? Mainly, we take it, because a Richard C. Jackson was, in the character of "Brother à Becket," a member of this "rich men's monkery," as he delicately called it. Jonathan has come upon the stage, there to remain throughout the entire second act of this biographical farce. No detail about him is to be spared us. More than half of the "plates" in this volume have to do with Mr. Jackson. The four portraits of the gentleman himself are pleasingly supplemented by one of his dog "Tiny," whom we should have been misled by the text into remembering as "a very handsome little white and fawn Pomeranian" if the writer had not pulled himself together in time to advise us in a footnote that Tiny was, "to be exact, a cross between a Pomeranian and a King Charles." We are also introduced by the friendly half-tone to each several corner of "The White King's Drawing-Room, Bowyer Park, Camberwell," and to select pages from divers rare books in the possession of Mr. Richard C. Jackson. Such, and such only, are the arguments Mr. Wright has to adduce toward proving that Mr. Jackson was not only the original of "Marius the Epicurean," but Pater's most cherished and intimate friend. Not to accuse Mr. Wright of bad faith, we may deplore the easy temper which has led him to accept Mr. Jackson's unsupported statements as to his relations with Pater. Mr. Wright's other chief informant, Mr. McQueen, seems to have been listened to with equal reverence.

The situation is, we gather, this: Mr. Wright rushed into the discussion of Pater against the express wishes of Pater's nearest friends and relatives. He got hold of some distant cousins and two persons who proclaimed themselves among Pater's most intimate friends. None of Pater's own circle know them, unless in the most casual way. This does not trouble Mr. Wright, however; he straightway invents a theory that Pater was peculiarly disinclined to mingle his friendships, and so was intimate at the same time with several persons who had never heard of each other. He objects, however, to Mr. Benson's statement that Pater was "apt to be reticent about his own interior feelings." "On the contrary," says Mr. Wright in his irresistible way, "when with very intimate friends like McQueen and Richard C. Jackson he wore his heart on his sleeve. He told them everything. Had it not been so this book would have been sadly lacking in details." After which delightful *reductio ad* Dogberry there appears to be nothing more to say on the subject of Messrs. McQueen and Jackson.

That the criticism of such a writer amounts to nothing is a matter of course. Mr. Wright has not the slightest qualification for dealing with so delicate a mind and art as Pater's. His commentary is a series of small, flat observations, enlivened with facetiousness. "Clarity not being Pater's principal virtue, his meaning is not always easy to grasp. Indeed, he loves to involve himself in shadows. Indistinctness pleases him. This is noticeable even in small matters, where he goes out of his way to be indefinite. Thus, on the Campagna 'an animal feeding crept nearer.' We presume it was a cow; and at the Apuleius feast 'a favourite animal purred its way gracefully among the wine-cups.' This probably was not a cow." It is not surprising to hear from such a critic that Pater is "the Alma Tadema of English literature." For Pater the man Mr. Wright has an evident antipathy. He was, we are given to understand (on the authority of the dear friend McQueen, his schoolfellow), a

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coward and a prig as a boy; a youth of unsocial habit and a prurient literary taste; and a man of repulsive appearance and selfish manners.

In short, the book adds nothing of importance to our knowledge of Pater. It is a mass of undigested anecdote and comment, much of which is evidently indigestible—either irrelevant, or untrue, or both. It is worth speaking of at such length only because it is a fourth offence, and because the offender has hitherto gained a hearing of a sort. It remains for us only to record certain amusing passages in the Preface, which give the author's opinion of his own work: That "it will seem practically a new 'Marius' or 'Renaissance'"; that "to be sealed of the Tribe of Dante [that is, to be circumstantial] is only what the public have a right to expect of the biographer of Pater"; and, crowning feat of unconscious humour, that "it is the kind of work, too (if I may have the egotism to say so), in which Pater himself would have gloried." It is difficult to see how the memory of a remarkable man could have been more gratuitously or clumsily insulted.

H. W. Boynton.

II

Mr. Cotes's "Signs and Portents in the Far East"*

Mr. Everard Cotes is perhaps best known to Americans through his marriage to Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan. He has, however, held a responsible position as press correspondent with the Indian Government at Calcutta and elsewhere. His experience as a journalist and his knowledge of the East have peculiarly qualified him to observe and understand the situation in China and Japan to-day. The present volume records what Mr. Cotes set down in the course of a journey which he made last year through Manchuria, Corea and Japan. The time was one of especial interest. The great war had lately ended; but its traces were everywhere apparent, not merely in things physical and objective, but in the attitude and feeling of those persons with whom Mr. Cotes had most to do.

The author has a gift of accurate narration which brings places and persons clearly before the mental vision of the reader. There is no attempt at effect; yet, none the less, effectiveness is attained. Take this, for example, from the description of a hill near Port Arthur which cost the lives of ten thousand Japanese to capture.

> Purple violets, white-flowered Siberian edelweiss, green thyme and grey-leafed wormwood are aiding sparse grass, dark dwarf pines and brown-leafed Chinese oaks to cover up what has been. The curious must also be careful; for at his feet, amid the stones, are green, corroded buttons still attached to the matted fur of a grey Russian overcoat, and from the collar protrudes a column of dry, yellow cartilage and bone. That brown, mouldy Japanese jack-boot, too, cast out so carelessly amongst weather-worn rags of what once were Calcutta-made jute sand-bags, lies more heavily upon its side than an empty boot should lie. A piece of a human jawbone, showing white where the young, sound molars are smashed, rolls down the bare, steep incline with a loosened stone.

Here in small compass is given an impression of the raw repulsiveness of warfare when seen at short range. Worth noting also is a bit of comment that is essentially psychological. Mr. Cotes roamed about Port Arthur and observed the manner in which the Japanese had already begun to obliterate the traces of Russian occupation. He found whole terraces of fine Russian houses standing empty and dilapidated. Russian droshkies drawn by Russian horses were rattling over the streets, driven, however, by Japanese. The principal hotel had already passed into the hands of a manager from Tokio, though the traveller still found Russian tea served up, and knives and forks stamped with the name of Moscow. The Russian pleasure resorts were empty, and their gardens, once well kept, were rapidly becoming jungle. After seeing all these things, Mr. Cotes remarks:

> No European, however he may admire the achievements of the present owners, and sym-

*Signs and Portents in the Far East. By Everard Cotes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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pathise with the objects they have had in view, can see this place as it now is, without some sore thought for the men who staked and lost so much there. The claim of race, made oftener than one cares to count in any progress through Manchuria, obscures, with a pulse that is almost physical, the dictates of reason. The traveller admires, but cannot entirely admire, and applauds, but not wholly. He learns many things upon these battlefields; but the thing of which he is surest is that Russians are not aliens.

Because of its subject, the most fascinating part of this volume is found in its account of the Japanese and in some facts which it presents relating to their practical capacity for carrying on the work which foreign instructors first taught them to perform. These foreigners have now been sent away. The Japanese feel themselves quite able to stand alone. Is this confidence really justified? Will they revert, perhaps, to oriental inefficiency in those tasks and occupations wherein the science of the West is steadily advancing? Mr. Cotes, being an Englishman, is naturally in sympathy with the Japanese. Nevertheless, he is trying to set down facts impartially, and some of the things which he records are well worth pondering. Thus, for example, he discovered that while the great manufacturing works are now operated wholly by Japanese, and with some financial profit, there is a certain incipient inefficiency perceptible which may be ominous for the future. He speaks of one incident as being generally known and as illustrating how Japanese engineers have failed to learn completely the essentials of a foreign industry.

> This was in some big ironworks where the molten metal refused to flow from the principal blast-furnaces, soon after white supervision had been bowed out of the gate. The furnaces were ruined by the coagulation of the pig-iron within them, and dynamite had to be employed to clear away the débris.

In fact, it was at last found necessary to recall the European experts who had been sent away. It is noted further that, in the mills and factories of Japan, deterioration is by no means unknown. The plant, originally of the best, is allowed to fall into disrepair. "Competent authorities are to be found in Japan who hold that the falling off from European standards is far more serious and widespread than is generally supposed. The supply of trained Japanese mechanics and engineers is so limited that machinery is often injured by unskilled handling." It appears also that, even now, the more complicated parts of expensive machinery are imported from Europe or America. So in the railways, the woodwork of the cars are Japanese, but the working parts are usually of foreign make. An interesting passage may be cited as to the alleged inventiveness and originality of the Japanese.

> The Japanese claim to be large inventors, and quote their rifle, their high explosives, and their wireless telegraph as examples of their achievements in this field. The more closely, however, that intelligent foreigners in Japan have been associated with these inventions, the more sceptical one finds them upon the subject of the originality involved. The laws of Japan afford little protection to foreign patents. The Japanese is clever in borrowing the discoveries of others and in adding unimportant modifications which give an appearance of novelty. His critics regard the secrecy in which he wraps many of his manufacturing processes as confirmative of the common allegation that he is making illegitimate use of other men's discoveries. Evidence of clever imitation and adaptation is everywhere available in Japan, but examples of originality in practical matters are more difficult to obtain.

Mr. Cotes describes the advantage which Japan possesses in its cheap labour and in the national cleverness at copying. Japanese students go abroad and study foreign methods and note down whatever is of value. Then, returning to Japan, they strive to reproduce what they have seen and learned. The copy, says Mr. Cotes, is astonishingly good, but the original still surpasses it. The Japanese must pursue the road of progress a very great deal further before he can overtake the white man at his best.

These and other like reflections are exceedingly significant. Americans, with their fondness for exaggeration, have been absurdly ascribing to the Japanese an almost superhuman intellectual ability.

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Only the test of time can satisfactorily determine whether there is any substantial basis for even a part of this admiration. It may turn out that, after all, the Japanese are only clever mimics. In the past they copied Chinese art, and in doing so debased it. At the present time they are copying occidental civilisation. It is quite conceivable that, left entirely to themselves, they may debase this also, and that what has been regarded as their genius is nothing but an intensely stimulated and ephemeral precocity.

H. T. P.

III

PEARY'S "NEAREST THE POLE"*

Whether or no the search for the North Pole, pure and simple, seems hardly worth while to business men and to certain scientific men, at all events there are a thousand persons who admire the pluck of the man who carried the flag of the United States—uselessly, perhaps, so far as their well-being was concerned—farther north than any other flag had been. They were the thousand of those who had been turned away from Commander Peary's first account of his journey, in the Museum of Natural History; the lecture hall was too small for the crowd, and *faute de mieux,* part of the rejected turned for consolation to the cases of specimens. After the lecture was over, Commander Peary had occasion to pass through the museum, and the multitudes of the envious who had not heard his lecture stood aside and clapped their hands as he went by. It would not have been a surprising spectacle in Italy. Captain Cagni, who won the farthest north in the expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi, has had his greeting of vivas. But in this country it was obviously unusual. We applaud our heroes in the intimacy of dinners or lecture halls, but except in times of political stress we have not the habit of clapping our hands at them when they appear unofficially in public places. Evidently, then, in spite of the fact that no discussion of polar exploration steers clear of the question, "Of what use would the North Pole be when found?" still, there are large numbers of persons who would like to have it found, and who are ready to pay tribute to the energy of the man who has had for twenty years the fixed idea of finding it, and is going to try again. All the scoffs of hard-headed utilitarians have not killed out our enthusiasm for mere adventure. We admire the Pole-seeker; we go in crowds to hear him lecture, and if he can produce a good book, we read it.

A few years ago there was a fashion among writers for the daily press of being witty over the munificent gains of explorers from lectures and books. The fashion seems to have gone to rest with other stupidities, and that is well. Even if no other benefit had come of polar research, the exhilaration to the public from hearing or reading the stories of the brave fights between men and ships on the one hand and ice and storms on the other would have justified explorers in seeking the far north.

There is a certain uplift in stories of heroic fortitude, whether one believes in the object of that fortitude or not, and no body of literature about any country is more inspiring than the very large literature of the polar regions. Among stories of arctic exploration, Commander Peary's book is to American readers perhaps the most important that we have had for twenty years—since Greely wrote of the triumphs of discovering what was in 1885 the "farthest north" and of the sadnesses of the deaths by starvation of seventeen members of his party.

It is the record of his most conspicuous success by one of the very greatest arctic explorers who has ever lived. That characterisation can hardly be denied Commander Peary. He has passed more years in the arctic zone than any other man. He knows the Smith Sound region "as a man knows his own back yard." He has twice crossed the northern snow desert of Greenland, and his plans for crossing on the south were published two years before Nansen actually made his first famous journey. He has stood upon the most northward known point of land, and he has passed beyond it over the polar ice pack to the farthest point ever

*Nearest the Pole. By Commander Robert E. Peary. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

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reached by man. He has aroused new scientific curiosity by observing from a distance what is probably a new island in the North American Archipelago.

It is a fine mass of achievement. Sir John Franklin travelled more arctic miles than Commander Peary has travelled; so did Baron Nordenskjöld, and Baron Nordenskjöld's contributions to science were invaluable. Charles Francis Hall spent almost as many years in the arctic regions and in his day reached what was then the "farthest north," and he opened the route which Commander Peary has followed. But taking into consideration difficulties in the way of the explorer, new means devised to meet them, hardships endured, scientific results incident to exploration achieved by him or others, and all the results *en masse* for which an explorer is appreciated, Commander Peary is obviously entitled to a place among the very great arctic travellers. Certainly among living arctic explorers he is pre-eminent. And he is going to try again.

His narration, comprising the story of his work, not only in his latest expedition, but also in the expeditions of 1897, 1898 and 1902, is an energising book. It is a story of achievement, the kind of story that appeals to what is called the American appreciation of success. It is distinctly a personal work. The writer has spent the greater part of fifteen years in the arctic region; he is no longer concerned, as most arctic explorers have been concerned (and as he was concerned when he published *Northward Over the Great Ice,* in what, comparatively speaking, were the days of his novitiate) with the picturesque aspects of ice and storms and mountains. They are commonplaces to him. The daily routine of camp life, the personalities of his companions, the holidays, the enjoyments and the frictions which have been described with so much colour by most of his predecessors among arctic writers are every-day affairs with this veteran—not worthy of mention. But the personality of the leader himself appears in every line of the book.

It is a vigorous personality—resolved, active, self-centred. The writer has wisely presented the greater part of his narrative in his journal; a journal in which he set down not only the events of the day, but also his comments upon them. For readers who like to look between the lines it is, on the whole, the most interesting form of narrative; making all allowances for the writer's sense of dramatic effect, it reveals his personality better than any other form, and shows more vividly the conditions under which he worked. There are few allowances to be made for Commander Peary's sense of dramatic effect in this narrative; it is a simple story. When you read that, after sleeping in a temperature of sixty-one degrees below zero, nevertheless, he "wants no mild weather," you believe it, because you are prepared to believe from the rest of his book that he is willing to stand a little discomfort if only the sea between him and the pole will stay frozen long enough to let him travel thither and, incidentally, back. The early part of the book is vibrant with the intensity of his desire, concentrated on one end, the Pole itself.

The subsequent narrative of the journeys of 1906, after the struggle with unprecedented conditions of ice and water, a struggle which ended in what the writer calls failure, though it broke the record for the "farthest," is the record of a strong will assembling itself unconsciously for another struggle—and incidentally using what physical energy the leader had left after his starvation in making a sledge-trip over the route travelled by Aldrich, of the British Admiralty expedition of 1875-76, and some thirty-odd miles beyond Aldrich's turning point, over new territory, to the point which Sverdrup reached. As arctic expeditions go, that journey alone would have marked Commander Peary's efforts successful. Aldrich's journey was one of the triumphs of the Nares expedition. Peary made it by a different route, not without difficulty; but he makes light of difficulty. He has learned to travel in the north; the minor discomforts of arctic excursions do not loom large to him. He can, however, appreciate the trials of his predecessors; he pays tribute to the heroism of Beaumont, who had to fight not only the ice, but also the scurvy. Commander Peary has illustrated to ex-

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plorers the method of avoiding the scurvy—provide your party with fresh meat; and he has learned where fresh meat may be found in the region which he has made his own. It is his own region; to sneer at his frank assumption of it, at his phrases, "my new dominions," "my children, the Eskimos," would be simply to exhibit jealousy. The navy ought to be very proud of Commander Peary. He is one of the few representatives of it who has accomplished anything of note in arctic exploration (De Long, Melville, De Haven and a few others honourably acknowledged), and his exploits in the north compensate in a measure for the rather unfortunate record of another polar expedition sent by the navy to the far south—the United States Exploring Expedition—of which the geographical reports have been, with apparent reason, discredited.

It would be very unfortunate if the navy were not thoroughly gratified at the new relief granted to Commander Peary for the purpose of sending the United States flag still farther northward.

Albert White Vorse.

IV

George Sylvester Viereck's Verse and Prose*

The work of George Sylvester Viereck in German and in English is already worthy of critical attention, although the author is only twenty-two years old. He was born in Munich of a German father and an American mother, and the first thirteen years of his life were passed in Germany. Since 1897 he has lived in the United States, and last year he was graduated from the College of the City of New York. While he was yet a boy he began writing poems by ear in the German language. These were influenced first by Heine, then by Poe, and afterward by Mr. Swinburne and Oscar Wilde. Beneath the echo of these elder poets rang a note of ardour that was Viereck's own. The *Gedichte* were more than literary legacies received: they were the call and cry of a new poet groping for his heritage. A small collection of them was privately printed in New York. Later these, with many others added, were published in Germany by the memorable house of Cotta. The verse of this volume indicated clearly the bilingual training of the poet; he felt in English and wrote in German. The result was novel. By sheer auditory imagination he made the German language a vehicle for emotion educated by modern English poetry.

Last fall Mr. Viereck published a series of brief dialogues in English prose entitled *A Game at Love and Other Plays*. His fluency in English prose was shown to be scarcely less remarkable than his eloquence in German verse; but the volume disclosed in its content merely the immaturity of a mind sensitive, keen, searching, but as yet unsure. The subject of the dialogues was love—not in its aspect as the primal force that serves to keep the world repeopled, nor in its aspect as an influence to spiritualise the individual soul, but in its aspect as a thing to be played with, a fire in which to singe the wings and thereby steal a basis for self-pity. The characters were not real men and women; they were merely personified poses. The women were barren-souled, the men emasculate in mind. They were not alive enough to be immoral; but their toying attempts at eroticism were to any sane and healthy reader nauseating. Mr. Viereck showed a sharp and somewhat impudent insight into a half-truth of his momentous subject, but the half-truth that he saw was the worser half, that should be thrown away. And the volume was pernicious in seeming so precociously accomplished as to convince the unwary reader that the writer really knew what he was talking about.

Mr. Viereck is far more grown up in his knowledge of himself than in his knowledge of the world; and the volume of English poems which he has published very recently is, for the most part, free

*Nineveh and Other Poems. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company, 1907.

A Game at Love and Other Plays. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Brentano's, 1906.

Niniveh und andere Gedichte. By George Sylvester Viereck. Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger, 1906.

Gedichte. New York: Privately printed, 1904.

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from immaturity of thought and feeling. Many of these poems are English transcripts of his earlier German verses; but several are new, and written for the first time in English. The volume is remarkable not only for its promise, but also for its accomplishment. Mr. Viereck still writes entirely by ear rather than by studious and careful command of artistry, but his ear is felicitous and lures him into memorable melody. As yet he shows greater ease in German than in English; but some of the most recent poems in the volume indicate definitely that his ultimate medium as a poet will be the latter language.

Mr. Viereck knows what he is talking about in *Nineveh and Other Poems*. His theme is, for the most part, the anguish and the joy of adolescence. Some of the best poems are glorious riots of purely sensuous passion; others are despairing cries to some stolidity of stay amid the turbulence of sense. The poet and the immoralist are at war in many verses, but the poems are sane because the poet is the stronger. The experience of life portrayed is not extensive, but intensive; it is not broad, but it is deep. And the depth of it is expressed with vivid, sudden fire. The best poems are alive: they are not words, but sentient entities. And to have created living poems at such an early age is an enviable guerdon.

Mr. Viereck owes something to the world. His recent volume proves him to be indisputably a poet. It also indicates the lines along which he must develop in order to fulfil his promise. As yet his genius is greater than his talent. His verse has spontaneity, but not perfected art; and it behooves him to study carefully the master poets and grow to greater sureness of technical effect. But more it behooves him to broaden his experience of life. His period of storm and stress should soon be over. Before long he should learn that there are greater gods in the heaven of song than Mr. Swinburne and Oscar Wilde. And he should learn that the greatest poet deals serenely with man and nature and human life rather than poignantly with the thrill of sense and the worship of Eros and the Sphinx. What he may become depends chiefly, for the next five years, upon the women he may grow to know; after that, upon the men. It is a privilege to wish that God be with him, to the end that poems may be born.

Clayton Hamilton.

V

A French Criticism of Germany*

For a number of years now Romain Rolland, all of whose writings betray a marked predilection for the study of the characteristics of genius and a preoccupation—amounting almost to an obsession—with art in all its manifestations, has been devoting himself mainly to a rather remarkable work of fiction in several volumes, which portrays the life history and soul growth of a German musician, one Jean-Christophe.

The first volume, *L'Aube,* treats of Jean-Christophe's childhood; the second volume, *Le Matin,* of his boyhood; the third volume, *L'Adolescent,* of his youth; and the fourth volume, *La Révolte,* which has just appeared, of his young manhood.

La Révolte, considered as a work of fiction pure and simple, has several fine qualities and several which are not so fine. But it possesses a special interest, quite apart from its value as a romance, by reason of the vivid picture it gives of German life, and the striking, not to say somewhat sensational, opinions it expresses regarding the social, intellectual, moral and artistic status of contemporary Germany.

If M. Rolland is to be believed, the Germany of to-day is in all respects a very different country from the Germany of yesterday. It has surrendered itself completely to commercialism and industrialism. It is in the iron grip of militarism. It has created for itself conditions which are slowly but surely destroying the idealism which has been its birthright for centuries and was already its birthright as far back as the days when Tacitus wrote his Germania. It has surrounded itself with an atmosphere of materialism in which an idealist of any sort cannot breathe. It has been industrialised, com-

*Jean-Christophe. Vol. IV. La Révolte. By Romain Rolland. Paris: Société d'Éditions Littéraires et aristiques. 3 fr. 50.

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mercialised, dementalised, depoetised, demoralised, and despiritualised.

Force is now the god of Germany. The German has become not merely an apologist but an apostle of the evangel of brutality. He receives superciliously every reference to "the rights of man," "universal peace," "fraternity." He is the new, the twentieth century savage. All along the line German ideals have been degraded. Everywhere there is "compromise between the recent adoration of force and the ancient principles." In every department of life and thought the old idealism is being distorted into a defence of "German interests." "When we were whipped," observes Jean-Christophe, "we said that Humanity was the ideal of Germany. Now that we have whipped others we say that Germany is the ideal of Humanity."

The "great and good," the most serious and the most distinguished, have given in their allegiance to the new order of ideas, as well as the *bourgeoisie* and the populace. The venerable and illustrious university professor obsequiously cedes the right of way on the sidewalk, or quits the sidewalk for the street, to let pass the *herr lieutenant.* Even the socialist agitators who claim to be propagating a new idealism display "a pedantic rigour, a despotism of thought, a secret cult of force and a militarism wrong side out," which combine to make a materialism that differs little except in its terminology from the materialism of the rest of the nation.

The science of contemporary Germany is the bond-slave of the money-makers. Its literature, art and philosophy have been impressed into the service of Bismarckism.

Music, which has long been regarded as the special and peculiar glory of Germany, has not escaped from the general degradation. Rather it is the field in which this degradation is the most pronounced and the most obvious. Music has become perfunctory and submissive in this modern, military, manufacturing, trading Germany. The trail of the sword and the machine is over it, as over everything else. The music he hears exasperates beyond measure the artistic soul of Jean-Christophe. "Too much music, too much drink, too much victuals . . ." he cries. "You eat, you drink, you listen, without hunger, without thirst, without desire—from a mere habit of gluttony. . . . You plume yourselves on being the great musical people. You pretend to love music. What music do you love? Is it the good or the bad? You applaud both equally. You are above partisanship, you say. Above! You mean below."

Jean-Christophe affirms that singing is a lost art in his country. He derides the heaviness and provincial uncouthness of the vocalists *à la mode:* "Opulent matrons, jovial and corpulent, exhibit themselves as Ysolde and Carmen, turn and turn about." He has scarcely a better opinion of the "lions" and "panthers" of the piano. At the opera his eyes suffer as much as his ears. He finds the stage settings grotesque, the costumes ugly, the colours "shrieking," the attitudes and gestures vulgar. The Kapellmeister, for which Germany has been envied the world over, is a sort of human metronome—of unvarying correctness and punctilious regularity, but nothing more. He plays everything with the same unvarying, monotonous energy. In the last analysis, the essence of music is, for him, the volume of sound, the musical noise. "To enjoy the ocean," Jean-Christophe says to one of these Kapellmeisten, "you would be obliged to put it in a glass globe with red fishes. You comprehend life only when you have destroyed it."

In spite of all the severe criticism of Germany M. Rolland puts into the mouth of his German hero, he does not display an animus against that country. He seems to write less in anger than in sadness—the sadness of disillusion. He undoubtedly exaggerates deliberately and grossly in order to make his point. On the other hand, it may be that there is a modicum of truth in what he says. There is a seamy side to nearly everything in this world, and it would not be surprising if there were a seamy side to the unprecedented material development of Germany during the last quarter of a century. Germany may be paying the penalty of its phenomenal prosperity. It is hard for a country, as it is for an individual, to "have its cake and eat it, too."

Alvan F. Sanborn.

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VI

Harold Bindloss's "The Dust of Conflict"*

The title of this book is well chosen. There is enough conflict in it to satisfy the most exacting of strenuous minds. And there is much dust—in fact, it is mostly dust. A book may typify a fad or a fashion, or a natural current of evolution in literature, by being either the best or the worst of its kind. It is equally instructive in either case. And the best of the kind, in a sense, is apt to be the worst in that it carries to cumulative effect all the qualities of the type and proves them either good or bad. The story here under consideration is an example of this sort of book. It is, or should be, one of the best of the kind, because it gives in over-rich measure all the qualities supposed to be necessary for that type of story. In reality it is one of the worst of the kind, and in being so it proves the type to be a bad type, because, as seen in this book, its faults are so glaring. We are told, somewhere in the personal notes of literary journals, that the author is a quiet person who lives at home in England. Presumably he reads many such books, and if he were an Irishman instead of an Englishman, one might easily imagine this volume to be a huge practical joke, a sort of parody of the kind of book it imitates. The thing the professor in Mrs. Wharton's delicious story, *The Descent of Man,* attempted to do, with the disastrous result of being taken seriously and making money at it, perhaps this is what has happened to Mr. Bindloss. Anyway, it would be hard to find a book which is so complete a satire on all the faults of the so-called "novel of adventure." The characters are the mere shreds to hang the happenings on, the old conventional lay-figures of the novelistic property-room. And the happenings tumble over one another with such rapidity that it is scarcely possible for the most careful reader to keep any sort of a coherent thread of narrative, or to disentangle the intrigue, the fighting, and the mix-up generally. The hero is, of course, the usual fine young Englishman, poor, but of good family, who takes the crime of a cousin on his shoulders because of the woman who loves this cousin. That goes without saying; they all do it in that sort of book. Then this fine young hero goes to America . . . also goes without saying. He meets the daughter of an American millionaire on shipboard, saves her life, her father gives him a start . . . beautifully according to rule. The hero goes to Cuba. . . . Cuba is more or less up to date; it was South Africa some years back. There his rush of strenuosity begins, and he gets mixed up in the Cuban insurrection, in the blowing up of the *Maine,* and in the growing dawn on the horizon of that much-tried country when the gallant American troops are likely to come down . . . hurrah, boys, hurrah! Oh, how exciting it is! We hold our breath . . . because of the dust . . . and try to find out what the conflict is all about. Of course it all comes out right in the end, the right man finds the right woman, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. As Kipling says, "I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques." They always do in that sort of novel. Of course it's all very harmless, and for those who like that sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like . . . if the bromide may be excused. But what a sober-minded reader may find to cavil at in this type of book is that it is not so harmless as it seems. With great mouthfuls of sounding words about honour, and courage, and morality hurled at one, there is a calm disregard of honour of the finer sort, of the higher sense of decency and morality. A man fights and slashes about him regardless of the right or justice of the cause he may be fighting for. The American millionaire comes down to Cuba to make money out of the troubles of the harassed island, and there is absolutely nothing in the point of view of the author, or any of his lay-figures of characters, to show they feel that these shady financial operations are anything but legitimate and quite the proper thing. There is a "might is right" attitude about the book which is pernicious . . . as about most books of this type. As long as a man doesn't actually murder his

*The Dust of Conflict. By Harold Bindloss. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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friend or ruin a woman, he is an honourable man. It doesn't seem to matter if he has absolutely no sense of civic decency or of public spirit, or of any other of the viewpoints that have come to mean something in our present-day life. That is why this type of book does harm. The "adventure" novel that opens out new countries to us, that takes us into wild lands among wild people, or shows us civilised man in places where civilisation stops—that sort of book is one of the finest blossoms on the tree of American literature. And the story of stirring adventure for younger readers is all right in its way, if the moral taught be one of uprightness in the higher sense, not from the mere prize-fighting point of view. But for the sort of book this present volume typifies there is no legitimate use in literature. Probably it will sell very well, however.

J. Marchand.

VII

I. Zangwill's "Ghetto Comedies"*

The Jew in fiction too often suffers even more from indiscreet champions than from Juden Hetze. Space is lacking to analyse the causes of this; to prove it one need only mention the superior merits of Shylock to Daniel Deronda or Sidonia. The truth is, that among painters of the Ghetto Mr. Zangwill stands almost alone in his attitude of perfect candour. The whole matter strikes him as much too serious for cheap sentimentalising, and he is far from the position of claiming everything, immortalised by Thackeray's "His Majesty *is* one of us; . . . so is the Pope of Rome . . ."

These *Comedies* chiefly deal with the pangs of adjustment, when the tie made by persecution has been loosened, and the pious Russian Jew feels himself torn between inherited racial and religious conviction, and a genuine loyalty to the country in which he has found sanctuary.

Mr. Zangwill shows his people fairly racked in a sincere endeavour to square the circle, to unite the irreconcilable, to serve the Talmud and the Union Jack. If there be any didactic intention, he has so delicately hidden it that the Gentile may read unsuspectingly, merely enjoying a set of stories, some minor, some gay, some inscrutible, telling how S. Cohn's son showed the results of "Anglicisation," describing the efforts of the Sudminster Synagogue to reconcile Sabbath keeping with business, or merely, as in "The Jewish Hamlet," a brilliantly amusing study of the Yiddish drama.

Beyond this, however, the thoughtful Jew will discover a searching inquiry upon his position in the world to-day. He will relish (or wince, if he be foolish) the irony of Sir Asher Aaronsberg, M.P., arguing against Zionism as a solid Briton, yet piously praying for a return to Jerusalem "speedily and in our days." Sir Asher also quotes the prophets against hastening this blessed event unduly through any human agency. He advocates waiting for signs. "Read your Bible," he exhorts Barstein, the sensitive, argumentative sculptor. "Mount Zion will be split by an earthquake, as the prophet . . ."

Barstein objects, "But why can't we go to Jerusalem and wait for the earthquake there?"

"Because we have a mission to the nations." Sir Asher is sure of his ground. "We must live dispersed. We have to preach the unity of God. . . ." And so on through a long debate of the most light-fingered satire, ending with Barstein's angry denunciation of Sir Asher as forming in himself a complete trinity . . . "the Briton, the Jew and the Anti-Semite."

This same Barstein reappears in another story, where his intellectual dispair is cheered by the bewildering comedy of one Nehemiah Silverman, an irreclaimable optimist, a Jewish Micawber, who meets all objections to a penniless exodus of himself, his wife and eleven children to Turkey with . . . "And cannot the Almighty support us in Turkey as well as in England?"

"It was then that the word Luftmensch flew into Barstein's mind. Nehemiah was not an earth-man in gross contact with solidities. He was an air-man, floating on facile wings through the ether. . . . His very pessimism was optimism in dis-

*Ghetto Comedies. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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guise . . . not that impersonal despair of the scheme of things which gave the thinker such black moments."

From Nehemiah, happily starving in the Minories, the stories wander to the Jewish snob—Razenoffski, the pianist, who tingles with race feeling, yet tacitly denies his race—to Schneeman, the distinguished painter, going back from Rome to his Gallician village to find his ancient grandmother on the verge of a marriage offensive to his worldly dignity. In every instance Mr. Zangwill manages to convey the sterile rootlessness of those detached sons of Israel, in contrast with the depths of meaning which life holds for such favoured natures as are able to rest secure in the shadow of the Talmud.

The curious, cumulative effect of these stories is that in spite of unsparing satire and the openness with which Mr. Zangwill treats the foibles of his people, he still gives a far more interesting and sympathetic impression than could be made by indiscriminate praise. Throughout the tone is light (although his earlier flippancy and over "smartness" have entirely sloughed away), the dialogue is full of wisdom, but swift, witty and without too much emphasis. In fact, with a few exceptions till the last story, he vindicates the title *Comedies* if not in always supplying the literal, happy ending, at least in giving a point of view coloured by characteristic Jewish humour, the mellow and robust fun of his own inimitable "King of the Schnorrers."

If the closing story, "Samooborona," however, contain any trace of comedy, it is on those appalling elemental lines of burlesque along which Nature herself plays her grim, practical jokes.

David Ben Amram hurries to Milovka to organise a Jewish Local Self-Defence Corps. Headquarters has caught wind of a pogrom (massacre) in preparation. In Molovka he finds almost as many parties as Jews. Each individual has discovered a panacea—Zionism itself is split into Political Zionism, Economic Zionism, Chovevi Zionism! There are Leagues for the Advancement of Equal Rights. There are N. S.'s, D. R.'s, Maximalists, Minimalists, Resurrectionists, Bundists. David has "a nightmare vision of bristling sects and pullulating factions, each with its Council, Federation, Funds, Conference, Party-days, Agenda, Referats, Press-Organs."

He seeks to save lives. "It was asking too little. The poor Russian Jews, like the rich Russian Jews, were largely occupied with saving the world, or at least Holy Russia. Crushed by such an excess of Christianity," David tries to rouse a father's apprehension as to the fate of his children in case of a pogrom.

"But we Chassidim have no fear," is his answer. "Our wonder-working rabbi, who has power over all the spheres, will utter a word . . ."

And so it goes on, the Philosophers of Milovka, trained in long generations of Talmudic intellectual calisthenics, having queerly absorbed, through contact, a measure of Slavonic fatalism, dispute and quote Hegel and split straws over fine drawn distinctions of party and platform till the comedy is ended by Russian gatling guns. The pogrom is complete.

Mr. Zangwill has never been more serious than in this enigmatic volume, and never has his capacity showed more clearly than in his successful illumining the unattractive and the absurd with an appreciative love, which establishes the existence of noble and lovable qualities in the very object of his satire. Never has he proved more plainly that a special theme in no way hampers an artist, if only the artist be sufficiently strong and fecund to resist over-specialisation and to remain alive and sentient within his chosen field.

Mary Moss.

VIII

Helen Green's "At the Actors' Boarding House"*

"How does a woman come to know it all?" is a question that will be asked by every one who reads Helen Green's *At the Actors' Boarding House* through from cover to cover and bestows upon its contents the appreciative attention that they deserve. And certainly the variety and extent of the knowledge displayed in those three score of sketches would be remarkable in a man as it is unheard of

*At the Actors' Boarding House. By Helen Green. New York: Brentano.

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in the case of a woman whom report describes as young and well favoured.

The book takes its name from a boarding house kept by one Maggie de Shine, a professional herself in her younger days, and patronised by such "top-liners" of vaudeville as the Property Man, the Buck Dancer, the Ingenue, the Three Mangles, Bertine Feathers and her six Pantella Girls, the Texarkana Comedy Four, Mildred Molar, the Queen of Burlesque, and a score of others whose dinner-table talks, punctuated by an occasional "scrap," are described in speech racy enough to make George Ade's slang conventional English in comparison, and with a humour that is at once fresh, original and absolutely true to the life that it describes.

So familiar is Mrs. Green with this actors' boarding house, so numerous are the tales that she tells about it without once repeating herself, so keen is her observation of Mrs. de Shine's guests, their conversation, their manners and their point of view, that it would seem as if her whole life had been spent entirely within its walls; yet she treats, and always with a touch that is sure and accurate and humorous, of such widely diversified phases of life as the Yukon trail, with its dogs and swirling snow; Canton Willie's ill-smelling Pell Street opium joint; the gambling house, the race track and the Southwestern Indian country; and the Chatham Square saloon, where the thieves and pickpockets gather for the exchange of confidences. And the wonder of it all is, not that she has chosen to portray life in such unusual places, but that she should do it so truthfully and with such a fine sense of humour and the humanities. When she goes down to Pell Street or Chatham Square for characters and what is known on the literary counters as "local colour," she does not concern herself with owl-like speculations on the "problems of the slums" or any of the fifty-seven or more varieties of reform—one almost for every kind of crime—with which honest New Yorkers are harassed year in and year out by fat-witted "muck-rakers." Nor does she go poking her nose into garbage boxes and sewers under the delusion that "realism" means dirt, and that to deal with the repulsive and the horrible is to be "daring." Indeed, I am afraid that her work will possess but scant charm for professional philanthropists, clerical students of sociology—don't make me laugh, my lip's cracked—or any of the other serious-minded ones who prefer filth to humanity and disease to humour.

The truth is—and a wonderful truth it is, too—that Mrs. Green, working in the fallow fields that lie below Grand Street, has kept herself free from all taint or suspicion of Zola; even as George Luks, painting butcher boys, beggar women and the bar-room dog with her offspring, has escaped the influence of Forain.

Mrs. Green has not yet completely mastered the art of story telling, but that will perhaps come to her in time; for the real story teller, though sometimes born, is not infrequently made, now that there is so much money in the business. It is as a writer of newspaper sketches that she excels—sketches that are not mere photographs touched up by the chief blacksmith of a Park Row art department, but real pictures of real life, written from the inside, and, although often running cheek by jowl with crime and vice, never repulsive.

Nearly all of our so-called "low life" literature is written from the point of view of the tourist on the rubber-neck coach, but these are genuinely from the point of view of low life itself, and it is quite plain to see that the author's sympathies are not with the horror-seeking tourists or even with the officers of justice in pursuit of their prey, but rather with the fake criminals who cadge for the rubber-necks' money and the real ones, who, having turned a successful trick, are "blowing their coin" over the sloppy saloon bar instead of hiding themselves prudently until the affair shall have blown over.

Humour is the very cream of this life as well as of that which is better favoured and further uptown, and this humour Mrs. Green skims off like so much cream, while her genius for slang—correct slang, too, by the way—gives to her sketches a zest that is not unlike that which a pungent sauce imparts to a dish of venison.

It is not easy to say which one of these

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three score of sketches is the best, but in "The Boston Kid's Last trip," which tells how a half-breed Cree with his dog Mogi brought a dying young college boy out by way of the long trail from the frozen north in a vain effort to save him, that is worthy of Bret Harte and yet not imitative of the great writer. Another story tells how "Dopey Polly" never reached the orchard of her dreams. It begins with this paragraph, which is a fair example of Mrs. Green's terse style:

> The gang were gathered in the stuffy back room of "Boston Annie's" resort for crooks of both sexes. Boston Annie was the lady friend of a famous porch-climber now doing his bit away out in San Quentin because one of the gang had squealed on the big job in Frisco. The crooks considered it only just to patronise her establishment, for Annie was stuffing all her profits in her stockings to get the porch-climber free, if money could do it.

But after all, the racy humour of Maggie de Shine and her boarders will have the widest appeal, and of these "The Honeymoon of Sam and Caroline" is perhaps the best and its opening paragraph fairly characteristic of them all:

> "Emmar! Tell that single turn in six he's gotta git out of there this minnit! Here, Sam Smith an' his new bride's tuck them two rooms, an' they got to be fixed. Emmar! D'yuh hear me?"

James L. Ford.

IX

Mr. Futrelle's "The Thinking Machine"*

In sheer inventiveness and ingenuity these stories at times surpass the now classical problems which interested the mind of Sherlock Holmes. "The Thinking Machine" is a name given to a certain Professor van Dusen, who is the incarnation of unemotional science. His logic is without a flaw; his mental processes are infallible. Sherlock Holmes was partly a man of action; but Professor van Dusen is wholly a man of thought. In this respect he resembles Mycroft Holmes, but without the amiable eccentricities of that cogitator. The problems that are given to him to solve are often, on the face of them, so impossible as to make the reader absolutely certain that they cannot in any way be mastered.

Take, for example the problem of Cell 13. Professor van Dusen consents to be placed in a certain cell of Chisholm Prison. The prison is built of granite. It is surrounded by a wall of solid masonry eighteen feet high and topped by a five-foot fence of steel rods. Armed guards are stationed in the yard both night and day, and electric lights dispel darkness as soon as the sun sets. Cell 13 is usually occupied by some person under sentence of death. Its walls are of solid masonry; its door is of chilled steel. Its window is a narrow slit. Outside the door are heavily barred gates, at which a sentinel is always watching.

Into this cell The Thinking Machine is thrust, after being thoroughly searched, and the doors are locked and barred upon him. The warden is especially warned to keep him in confinement, for The Thinking Machine has declared that within a week's time he will pass out of this dungeon unhindered and without the knowledge of his keepers. Here, surely, is a problem that seems insoluble, and the reader is quite as incredulous as are the friends of The Thinking Machine who arrange the test.

This story is perhaps the most absorbingly interesting and puzzling in the book; but the others are all extremely clever. If, after the reading is over, one still ranks them below the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, it is because the latter have greater realism and accord more closely with the conditions of actual life. Holmes sometimes makes mistakes, and this fact renders him more real as a human being. The incidents which befall him are also far more usual, and for that very reason are the more convincing. But *The Thinking Machine* is a book that will be read with avidity for its great cleverness; and other stories by the same author are certain to receive an appreciative welcome.

Rafford Pyke.

*The Thinking Machine. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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X

ALTRURIA ONCE MORE*

In *Through the Eye of the Needle,* Mr. Aristides Homos, the Traveller from Altruria, returns to us, or, rather, Mr. Howells returns to the narrative of his adventures and observations among us, begun fourteen years ago, and finishes it. Mr. Homos, it appears, won an American bride while sojourning among us, a widow of great riches, who accompanied him to his home in the country of human perfection. The book is consequently divided into two parts, the first containing the hitherto unpublished remainder of Mr. Homos's descriptive letters to his friend in Altruria, and the second Mrs. Homos's missives from her new home to a friend in the United States. These two bundles of letters are prefaced by an introduction, in which Mr. Howells points out how much we have advanced along Utopian lines during the last fourteen years in this "Golden Age, or Age on a Gold Basis," of ours; how merit, not wealth, has become our social criterion, how culture has grown among us, our men now lagging no longer behind our women in this regard, how the charity of our millionaires is bestowed secretly, how the widow's mite is more honoured among us than their stupendous bounty, how the poor are better housed, how, among much other progress ironically pointed out, our servants are no longer treated with disdain, "poorly paid, badly lodged, meanly fed."

The downtrodden American domestic servant (the very word sticks in Mr. Howells's throat) continues to be the object of his commiseration. To-day, as fourteen years ago, he waxes particularly indignant over that "servants' staircase," while insult, it appears to him, has in the *interim* been added to injury in the form of a special elevator for their use and that of "tradespeople." Thousands of housewives there be in this free country of ours who tremble before the overdressed, overbearing domestic tyrant, mostly imported, and generally incompetent, but no matter. From Mr. Howells's point of view, which is the basic one of native Americanism, the descent from "hired help" to servants is no doubt unpleasant to contemplate, it implies so much.

How near this old native Americanism was socially as well as politically to a realisation of Altrurian conditions Mr. Homos makes clear in a striking passage in one of his letters home. "Perhaps," he writes to his puzzled correspondent, "I can aid you by suggesting that, logically, the Americans should be what the Altrurians are, since their polity embodies our belief that all men are born equal, with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but that illogically they are what the Europeans are, since they still cling to the economical ideals of Europe, and hold that men are born socially unequal, and deny them the liberty and happiness which can come from equality alone. It is in their public and civic life that Altruria prevails; it is in their social and domestic life that Europe prevails." And later, the American-born Mrs. Homos tells her friend in New York, in almost her first letter, that her mother, who has accompanied her to Altruria, has begun to feel quite at home in the strange country: "You know she was of a simpler day than ours, and when she was young she used to do her own work, and she and father always washed the dishes together after they had company. She said she guessed she should like it in Altruria, for it took her back to the America she used to know." One wonders a little if Mr. Homos's views of our social system would not have been modified somewhat if, instead of confining his observations almost entirely to certain circles in New York, he had visited the real American country—Mr. Howells's own Middle West, for instance, where the "America she used to know" may still be found.

Mr. Homos's opinion of the wives and daughters of the prosperous American is worth noting. He holds that they live in "doll houses" as truly as did Nora. To be sure, the doll houses are of their own choosing and making, they carry the latchkey as a matter of right, but their liberty to come and go has profited them little in this sharp critic's

*Through the Eye of the Needle. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers, $1.50.

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eyes. "With all their cultivation," he opines, "the American women have no real intellectual interests, but only intellectual fads; and while they certainly think a great deal, they reflect little, or not at all. The inventions and improvements which have made their household work easy have left them, with their quickened intelligences, the prey of the trivialities which engross the European women, and which have formed the life of the sex hitherto in every country where women have an economical and social freedom without the political freedom that alone can give it dignity and import. . . . I need not tell you that they are romantic and heroic, or that they would go to the stake for a principle, if they could find one; but they have not much more perspective than children, and their reading and their talk about reading seem not to have broadened their mental horizons."

Mr. Homos the social philosopher is more interesting, helpful and suggestive to us than is Mrs. Homos the Altrurian enthusiast. Hers is the headlong lust of proselytism of the convert. She admires and praises without qualification; in fact, she finds nothing to criticise in that country of happiness, though its leaders are confident of never-ending progress. This is not a modern scientifically socialistic commonwealth, but an ideal state, the dream of the ages, in which not merely a social and economic system, but human nature itself, will be raised to a condition of approximate perfection. It is the dream of a Plato, a More, a Morris, a Howells—nay, more, it is the dream of the realisation of peace on earth, goodwill toward all men, aspiring far above the crass materialism of a Bellamy or the sober Slavic vision of the world-wide *mir* of a Tolstoy. Meanwhile more sober idealists have busied themselves with making sandals for the dream, that its feet may be beautiful upon the mountains when, having soared its flight, it shall come down to earth to set about its own practical realisation, which, the sceptics have it, will bring with it a huge disillusion.

A Schade van Westrum.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton and Company:

Mother. By Maxim Gorky.

A plea for human liberty. The "Mother" is the wife of a drunken and degraded Russian peasant whose only son, Pavel, bids fair to follow in his father's footsteps. His mother is overcome with horror at this prospect, and by her great love wins him back to the paths of virtue. He becomes greatly interested in the socialistic movement prevailing in Russia, and incidentally falls in love with a very beautiful Russian girl, whom he renounces in order to give his whole life to the cause. Suspicion falls upon the "Mother's" home, and it is thoroughly searched, though without success. Later, Pavel, with some of his comrades, are put in a prison, from which he makes his escape. On May 1st, with the excitement of the mob at its highest pitch, and the town full of revolutionary documents, with inflammatory speeches being made by the leaders, the soldiers suddenly appear and seize Pavel. From there on the development in the character of the "Mother" is brought about.

The Isle of Dreams. By Myra Kelly.

The story of an ambitious young artist, a girl who is evidently winning both fame and fortune with her pictures. She is invited to be one of a week-end party to a beautiful island on the Atlantic coast. Her host, as a pleasant surprise, takes her to his art gallery, and there, to her astonishment, she discovers every picture that she has ever painted. Her self-love wounded, she goes away determined to make good her title to renown. Crossing to Paris, she works hard at her art for a year and really succeeds in winning some of the much-coveted laurels. When she returns to America her lover is properly subdued and ready and willing to make amends, so the book ends happily.

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The Authors and Newspaper Association:

Caleb Conover, Railroader. By Albert Payson Terhune.

A novel with the central figure a political boss and railroad king, Caleb Conover, Railroader. He dominates the book from the beginning, and is described as having "shrewd, light eyes, a humorous mouth, ponderous jaw, and close-cut reddish hair." His speeches are full ot cutting and bitter philosophy, but other parts of the book verge toward melodrama.

Badger:

Lorenzo of Sarzona. By Elizabeth Lewis.

A romance of love and art, in which the *dramatis personæ* are Mary Mortimer, the heroine, a woman painter, grim Margarita, her companion, and Lorenzo, a man of talent, who wanders in and out of their studio at will. Lorenzo loves Mary, and she, to a degree, returns it until she finds out by accident that Lorenzo's former wife, who was supposedly dead, is in reality alive. The shock which follows this disclosure is very much like a relief, as Mary discovers in the end that she loves another man.

The Missive. By Maud May Parker.

Verses. By Charlotte Whitcomb.

By the Sea. By H. Lavinia Baily.

Unseen Save of Solitude. By Robert Cariveau.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Case of Doctor Horace. By John H. Prentis.

A detective story working out the theory that the guilty conscience of a criminal is an important factor in the discovery of crime.

The Golden Hawk. By Edith Rickert.

A love tale laid in Provence. It is dedicated to Mistral, the Provençal poet.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

In the Days of Goldsmith. By Tudor Jenks.

A biography of Goldsmith, in which the attempt is made to portray him not only as a peculiar genius of great intellectual power, but also as one who was on the most intimate terms with England's most gifted minds. Mr. Jenks treats his subject in an extremely sympathetic manner, and presents to the reader each era in Goldsmith's life, from his childhood through years of earnest struggle to final success.

The Origin and Nature of Life. By Felix le Dantec.

The second volume in the New Knowledge Series, introducing the mechanical theory of life. Professor le Dantec says, "The body is a mechanism which in substance, energy, form and movement proceeds absolutely in accordance with the law of substance."

Esperanto in Twenty Lessons. By C. S. Griffin.

Educational. A grammar of the new universal language, the roots of which are taken from the component languages, French, English, Spanish, and Italian.

The Spirit of Nature Study. By Edward F. Bigelow.

"A book of social suggestion and sympathy for all those who love or teach nature," enlarging on Thoreau's thought when he said, "There is a little spring in all seasons."

Brentano's:

The Demetrian. By Ellison Harding.

A novel of the future. When the hero, who has been long asleep, wakes up, he finds society greatly changed and living under the régime of Collectivism. The main thread of the story winds around the provisional marriage theme.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

Bixby of Boston. By John Tornrose Fitzgerald.

An Arizona Ranger. By Albert Des Sulles.

The Century Company:

The Training of the Human Plant. By Luther Burbank.

Mr. Burbank's many years of research into the vegetable plant life has resulted in this book on the human plant. He advocates for the training of a child an environment of love, differentiation in training, sunshine, good air, nourishing food, and discusses in detail hereditary predestination, training, growth, environment, and character.

Jerry Junior. By Jean Webster.

The scenes of this story are laid in a little town in northern Italy, with Jerry, the hero, awaiting the arrival of his mother and sister. He falls desperately in love with Constance, a fascinating American girl, and in order to be near her disguises himself as her donkey driver. Constance soon penetrates his disguise, and although he knows that she knows who he is, they play the comedy through to the end.

Robert H. Clarke and Company:

The Mountain People of Kentucky. By William H. Haney.

Written by a Kentucky mountain man, this book deals with the mountaineers of that region, tells where they came from, who they are, their social conditions, feuds, industries, and education.

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Anecdotes peculiar to that region are introduced in one of the chapters.

Robert Grier Cooke:

The Hidden Places, and Other Poems. By Alice Chanler Brent.

A collection of poems containing "The Angelus," "I Wandered Happy," "Welcome the Years," and "The Hidden Places."

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Cinders. By Wright Bauer.

The diary of a drummer, with seven entries.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Efficient Democracy. By Doctor W. H. Allen.

Here it is said that not honesty alone, but a combination of honesty and efficiency, is needed to attain results in political, financial, and charitable affairs. In the chapter on the Goodness Fallacy it is shown how impractical it is to try to measure our choice of an officer by any one standard of goodness, for a general definition of goodness cannot be given.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Water Wonders. By Jean M. Thompson.

Telling in an untechnical way of the wonders of the Dew, Frost, Snow, Ice, and Rain. It is illustrated by one hundred and fifty-two photographs.

Tin Enamelled Pottery. By Edwin Atlee Barber.

This is considered an authoritative work on pottery, and contains an historical sketch, review of the processes through which it undergoes, and a data to make more convenient the identification of specimens.

Duffield and Company:

A Wingèd Victory. By R. M. Lovett.

A family of three motherless children, two girls and a boy, a "no count" father, who neglects them, and a benevolent old aunt, who adopts the older girl, constitute the principal characters. Dora, the second daughter, spends her early life in taking care of her small brother and attending school. Later she succeeds in fascinating three men into falling desperately in love with her, and marries the least desirable one among them, a selfish egotist.

The Windfall. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

A study of life in the Great Smoky Mountains. Narrating the fortunes of Hilary Lloyd, a gentleman showman; Clotilda Pinnott, who dances and sings in his little street fair; her masculine relatives, who distil and sell illicit whiskey; and her wicked lover, Eugene Brinley, who at first contemplates murder, but finally commits suicide. When the elegant and wealthy Mrs. Laniston, with her daughter, niece and son, and their friend, Mr. Jardine, drive over from a nearby town, the company is complete.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice. By Frank T. Bullen.

The scenes are laid at sea. It is written for boys and contains lessons in seamanship, adventure, with quite a good deal of moralising on Yankee brutality as seen by one of our English cousins.

Forbes and Company:

The Truth about the Congo. By Professor Frederick Starr.

These articles have appeared previously in the Chicago *Tribune* and are the result of over a year's investigation into the political and social condition in the Congo Free State. Professor Starr travelled over seven thousand miles and visited at least eight different tribes during his sojourn throughout "darkest Africa."

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Home Life in Order. By A. F. Schofield, M.D.

Concerning hygiene and the managing of the household. The organisation of the human body and its functions are dealt with in a manner which, though untechnical in style, has a scientific basis.

Balm in Gilead. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

One of the Hour Glass Series. This novelette is a companion volume to *The Transfiguration of Miss Philura.*

Between the Testaments. By David Gregg.

Dealing with the lives and adventures of the Jews during the centuries which elapse between the Old Testament and the New.

Ginn and Company:

Manual of Composition and Rhetoric. By Gardiner, Kittredge and Arnold.

Educational. The language in its relation to thought and the expression of thought is considered. The practical rather than the theoretical is advocated, and a great deal of attention is paid to the forms of discourse, narration, description, exposition and argument. A specialty is made of literary criticism and method.

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The Letters to a Painter on the Theory and Practice of Painting. By W. Ostwald.

These letters first appeared during the winter and spring of 1903-04 in a German paper, and they advocate the empirical-experimental method of art.

The Major Dramas of Sheridan. Edited by George H. Nettleton.

This edition of Sheridan's works, in the Athenian Press Series, aims to unite a systematic investigation of the text, an appreciative study of Sheridan's work as a dramatist, and to define his position among English dramatists. The contents are "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critics." The text is a reprint of Fraser Rae's English edition taken from the original manuscript.

The Old Greek Press:

The Lover's Club. By Philetus Brown.

A series of essays depicting a club composed of an equal number of men and women who meet there at stated times to discuss with each other different incidents and accidents pertaining to love. There are chapters on the Confessions of a Flirt, the Essence of the Tender Passion, and the Infection of Mary Ann.

Harper's:

Nature's Craftsmen. By Henry C. McCook.

A collection of nature articles which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* during the past few years and are here presented in a form for permanent publication. Especial consideration is given to the picturesque and uncommon in insect life, and although it is not encumbered with technical terms, it is treated in a thoroughly scientific manner. Many years spent in different parts of the United States furnish the material necessary for these sketches.

Strange Stories of the Revolution. By Mollie Elliot Sewall, Howard Pyle, Winthrop Packard, Percival Ridsdale and others.

In the historical atmosphere of the days of the Revolution these stories are laid. They follow each other in chronological order from the events occurring immediately after the battle of Lexington to Yorktown. While the book is written in the form of fiction, it is intended to convey to this generation a realising sense of what really happened during the Revolution and how the Americans of that period lived.

The Friendly Stars. By Martha Evans Martin.

Presented in an unscientific manner. A story of the stars for those who know nothing of technical astrology. We are told how to recognise the various stars, their rising and setting, number, colour and distance, movement, and distinguishing characteristics. The aim of the book is to establish a relation of personal friendship with the stars.

To the Credit of the Sea. By Lawrence Mott.

A book full of the salt and savour of the sea. Ellison, "the best man out of Labrador," is magnanimous enough not only to save twice the life of his enemy, but also both his fortune and position.

Manners and Social Usages. Revised.

A code of what to do and what not to do in regard to deportment. It contains answers to almost any question which might arise in the social world, and is designed to be of practical use to the average American man or woman. The titles of some of the chapters are as follows: Cards and Calls, Luncheons, Formal and Social, Chaperons and Their Duties, and English Social Usages.

Ferdinand Magellan. By Frederick A. Ober.

Magellan's life and voyages are exploited in this volume, which makes prominent the expedition discovering the straits of Magellan, Guam, and the Philippines.

The Substance of Faith Allied with Science. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

A philosophical attempt to show the complete harmony between science and religion based on the "new thought" idea.

Strange Stories of Colonial Days. By Francis Stern Palmer, Hezekiah Butterworth, Francis S. Drake, G. T. Ferris and others.

A series of pictures on life and adventure. The mighty deeds of Pontiac are chronicled, King Philip's War, and the Dutch on Long Island.

The Princess. By Margaret Potter.

The scene is Russia. Among the characters are the Czar, the Czarina, the Dowager Empress, the Chief of Police, De Windt, Vitrov, nearly all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses and the spirit of Ivan Gregoriam.

The Invader. By Margaret L. Woods.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

D. C. Heath and Company:

The Making of English Literature. By William H. Crawshaw.

Written for the use of students and general readers and intended to be an introduction to English literature in general. Biographical details are given and an outline of historical facts and movements are furnished in the appendix.

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Heinemann:

On the Death of Monna Laura. By Francesco Petrarca.

Rendered into English by Agnes Tobin. Verse.

Henry Holt and Company:

As The Hague Ordains.

This work professes to be "the diary of a Russian prisoner's wife in Japan," but it is evidently the work of a man. The principal purpose of the book is to tell the world in how civilised a way the Russian prisoners were treated in Japan. They were allowed a liberty of discussion that they had never enjoyed at home, and they freely read such literature as would have been immediately suppressed in Russia.

A Caddie of St. Andrews. By Gilbert Watson.

A London critic has called this story "an epic of the golf links." With the famous golf links of St. Andrews as the background, and the Skipper, otherwise Geordie Grieg, as the principal character, the tale moves along quite vigorously and enthusiastically. Wayward Skipper was once a fisherman and is ever in search of adventure.

Goethe's Faust. Edited with introduction and notes by Julius Goebel.

A new edition of *Faust*, which is the result of many years of study and research. Some new discoveries as to the origin of the Faust story and Goethe's literary sources are included so as to enlighten many passages which have thus far baffled all interpreters.

Making a Newspaper. By John L. Given.

Mentioned elsewhere in this number.

Growth. By Graham Travers.

A novel of contrasts peopled with Scotch theologs and fascinating women of the world.

Le Cid, Horace, and Polyeucte. By Pierre Corneille.

A companion volume agreeing in plan and arrangement to Warren's *Racine* following the text of Marty Laveaux.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Practical Guides for Authors. By William Stone Booth.

Clearing up some of the questions and difficulties which arise between the author and the publisher. The publishers are glad to do their best for the authors, as naturally the prosperity of the author means the prosperity of the publisher.

The Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell. By Edward W. Emerson.

A reflection of the Union feeling towards the South during the Civil War. It is illustrated by four portraits of Mr. Lowell.

The Price of Silence. By M. E. M. Davis.

In the prelude the looting of the mansion of Madame Nemours de Laussan by Federal officers and their men is described. Among other valuables, they carry off a casket containing valuable family documents. In the interval which follows to the next chapter a generation is skipped and the story has to do with the grand-niece of Madame de Laussan, Noéme Carrington, and the son of the officer Cortland, who carried off the letters. He uses the letter, which hints that Noéme is descended from *gens de couleur* to force her into an unwilling marriage with him. However, towards the last, his evil plans are frustrated and Noéme's purity of origin is proven.

German Ideals of To-day. By Kuno Francke.

Essays and sketches of the higher life in modern Germany portraying the psychology of the German national mind. All of the papers except one have appeared previously in magazines.

The Arthur of the English Poets. By Howard Maynadier.

The outcome of a course of lectures on the Arthurian legends, giving their origin, development and history, which was delivered at Radcliffe in the spring of 1900.

B. F. Johnson Publishing Company:

Half Hours in Southern History. By Lesslie Hall, Ph.D.

Written by a Southerner, a statement of the South's stand during the Civil War. It portrays Southern civilisation during the two generations in which the author lived.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Lords of the Ghostland. By Edgar Saltus.

An epigrammatic history on the religious sense in mankind. As "Historia Amoris" had to do with the erotic sense, "Historia Deorum" deals most especially with the religious. It is essentially a treatise on the spiritual essence of the different religions, a genealogy of the divine.

Charles H. Kerr:

The Rise of the American Proletarian. By Austin Lewis.

One of the International Library of Social Science. Here it is stated that

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the proletarian, though a new fact in American political life, is a very important one. The object is "to show briefly the causes of the origin of this proletarian class in the United States and to describe the mode in which it has made its existence manifest up to the present time."

The Jewish Publication Society:

Simon Eichelkatz, the Patriarch. By Ulrich Frank.

Two stories of Jewish life translated from the German with a glossary.

Laird and Lee:

Inside Facts of Pugilism. By George Siler.

Consisting of descriptions of early battles in the ring, old-time boxing, rules of the game and some of the queer decisions made by referees. It is illustrated by reproductions of pen sketches of famous fistic battles and portraits of champions and ex-champions.

John Lane and Company:

Woven of Dreams. By Blanche Shoemaker.

Verse. By the author of "The Song of Youth."

Lippincott:

Four Seasons in the Garden. By Eben E. Rexford.

Containing information on all phases of the gardening subject. Special attention is devoted to the use of plants in the household and as table decorations.

Landscape Painting. By Alfred East.

The writer and illustrator of these pages endeavours to place the art student in a closer touch with nature. He writes with the supposition that the reader has at least an elementary knowledge of the first principles of drawing.

Skat. By A. Elizabeth Wager-Smith.

This primer is intended to introduce the German card game "Skat" to beginners. It is said to offer a wider field for the intellect and a more unlimited opportunity for strategic play than any other card game in existence, not excepting whist.

The MacWhirtir Sketch Book. With an introduction by Edwin Bale.

Reproductions in colour and pencil from the sketch book of Mr. MacWhirtir are found in this interesting volume.

The Old Engravers of England in Their Relation to Contemporary Art and Life. By Malcolm C. Salaman.

Tracing the art of copperplate engraving in England from the middle of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth. The earliest known engraving issued by a native artist is "Eliza Triumphans" in 1589.

Little, Brown and Company:

Jenifer. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

Jenifer, in starting life, is handicapped by poverty and dependent on his own efforts to make a living. He discovers a valuable deposit of kaolin and buys the land from the owner, who does not know its true value. After Jenifer has made his fortune and had a chance to review his past life, his conscience, so long dormant, troubles him and he makes restitution to the people whom he has injured.

The Castle of Doubt. By John H. Whitson.

Amusing complications are brought about in an unusual way. A young man finds himself identified as the husband of a very pretty girl whom he feels sure he has never even seen.

Under the Harrow. By Ellis Meredith.

Dealing with the euthanasia theory of permissible suicide, this book presents a problem. It is the story of the lives of five or six young people and their struggle for success in New York.

Ackroyd of the Faculty. By Anna Chapin Ray.

Ackroyd is born and brought up in adversity. He forces his way steadily up until he becomes one of the faculty in a leading American college. He falls in love with the President's daughter, Constance, and saves her brother, who has absconded with the fraternity funds, from disgrace. In a railroad accident he nearly loses his life, but eventually recovers and marries Constance.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Woman in All Ages. By James Donaldson.

A dissertation on the various ideals regarding women during the Greek, Roman, and early Christian era. The Spartan, the Athenian, the Roman, and the early Christian women and their different standings in the community are discussed. It is said, "One woman is a philosopher and one is an enemy to philosophy; one woman has spirit and one is without spirit. All the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women, and in all of them woman is only the lesser man."

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

The Diamond Key. By Alvah Milton Kerr.

Telling how twelve men by deeds of conspicuous bravery win that badge of

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honour among railroad men, the diamond key. The scenes are laid in the mountain regions of Colorado and Arizona.

John Luce and Company:

The First True Gentleman. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale.

An essay by an anonymous author, taking for his text that beautiful passage from the Elisabethan poet, Thomas Decker, in which he said of Jesus, "that He was the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Macmillan:

Classroom Management. By William Chandler Bagley.

This book concerns the principles and technique of classroom management, and is for the use of pupils of education in universities, training and normal schools who are equipping themselves for classroom teaching, particularly in the elementary grades.

The New Theology. By J. R. Campbell.

This monograph is intended to set forth in a methodical and comprehensive style the new theological ideas that are abroad to-day, in introducing which the author says, "The fundamental principles of the new theology are as old as religion."

The Short Story. By Evelyn May Allbright.

On the analysis of style and construction of the short story, and although no following of rules will ever make a successful short story, this book will elucidate to a great degree the technique of fiction.

A Victor of Salamis. By William Stearns Davis.

Taking the reader back to the times of the Isthmian games, the atmosphere bright "with the glory that was Greece." The hero, a young athlete, successfully meets all champions. Later he is driven by enemies from Athens to Persia at the time when the power of Xerxes was at its height, and all thought is turned toward the conquest of Greece. At the battle of Salamis the hero wins and redeems his name.

Economics. By Frank W. Blackmar, Ph.D.

A reprint with many valuable and extensive additions. It is intended to be a complete manual for pupils and teachers and covers the entire field of political economy.

The Spirit of American Government. By J. Allen Smith.

Tracing the influence "of our constitutional system upon the political conditions which exist in this country."

Ghetto Comedies. By Israel Zangwill.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Birth of the Nation. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

Beginning with the year 1600, with the discovery of America by Vespucci, it describes in succession the appearance of the new country, the inhabitants, and the great patriotism of the Pilgrims.

Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh.

One of the English Men of Letters series.

McClure, Phillips & Company:

The Master of Stair. By Marjorie Bowen.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Mentioned elsewhere.

A Night in Avignon. By Cale Young Rue.

A play in blank verse. It has to do with one night in the life of Petrarch, the famous Italian poet.

The Croxley Master. By A. Conan Doyle.

Mentioned elsewhere.

The Smiths. By Kebble Howard.

The annals of a young couple living in the suburbs, their daily joys and sorrows, comforts and discomforts, will appeal to the average suburbanite.

The Siamese Cat. By Henry Milner Rideout.

A love story brimming over with romance and mystery. A young American girl travelling in the far East with her aunt determines to buy one of those strange felines, the Siamese cat, and on its purchase there ensue all kinds of exciting complications.

The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories of the Four Million. By O. Henry.

Twenty-five stories are contained in this collection, dealing mainly with life in the middle and lower classes.

The Great American Pie Company. By Ellis Parker Butler.

A successor to *Pigs Is Pigs*. It tells of the dreams of two old men who plan to corner all the pies in circulation into a combination to be known as "The Great American Pie Company."

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A. C. McClurg:

Hawaiian Folk Tales. By Thomas G. Thrum.

Containing "Legends Resembling Old Testament History," "Peli and the Deluge," and "A Visit to the Spirit Land."

The Missions of California and the Old Southwest. By Jesse S. Hildrup.

A brief account of the missions and settlements illustrated by half-tone plates. The missions, which will interest especially travellers from the East, stand as monuments to the departed Spanish rule.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Tales of a Warrior. By Charles Richardson.

A collection of stories being "Sanguine but not Sanguinary for Old-Time People," and containing, among others, "The Requital," "The Old General," and "Old Major Beverly."

The Chancellorsville Campaign Fredericksburg to Salem Church. By Charles Richardson.

It is said that "The Campaign of Chancellorsville" was an epic poem written on the fair brow of Virginia in the mingled blood of the sons of the eleven Confederate sisters. And sad also it is to tell that in every State of the Union, from Maine to Minnesota, there were many mothers weeping for their sons who lay forever on Virginia's sanguinary lap."

The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter. By Ambrose Bierce and G. A. Danziger.

The foundation for this romance is an old manuscript found in the Franciscan Monastery at Berchtesgarten, Bavaria. Benedicta is a child, beautiful and good, yet shunned by the public because of her father's terrible trade. When she grows up the young monk, Ambrosius, pities her first for her soul's sake and then loves her for her own.

With the Tourist Tide. By Arthur B. Cooke.

An account of the route of travel pursued by a party beginning with the ocean voyage by way of Azores and Gibraltar, on to the buried city of Pompei, Rome, Florence, sunny Italy, a week in Paris, then Cambridge and the country of Walter Scott. After visiting the English lake country the return is made by way of Newfoundland.

Oxford University Press:

English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By T. S. Osmond.

This sketch of English Prosodical Criticism was intended in the beginning as an appendix to the *Study of Metre*. Now, however, the volume is complete in itself, as it contains all that constitutes the real criticism of Prosody. An effort has been made to follow up carefully the gradual development of the sounder views about verse structure and the works which influenced this development are considered at greater length.

Poet Lore Company:

Ode to the Russian People. By John Scholl.

Verse.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Epic of Paradise Lost. By Marianna Woodhull.

Twelve essays embodying the idea that in Milton's love of nature may be found the secret of his epical attitude and unusual poetical force.

A History of Comparative Literature. By Frederick Loliéé.

A large subject treated briefly. It points out plainly the origin, progress and interdependence of the world's literary developments. A happy medium between generalisation and minute detail is attained, and the summaries are as instructive as they are concise.

Beside Still Waters. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Written by the author of *The Upton Letters* and *From a College Window*. Its intention is to win men to the joys of peaceful work, the simple life and quiet friendships.

Dante and His Italy. By Lonsdale Ragg.

Not intended as a biography of the "Divine Poet," but rather it is a sincere attempt to portray the life of Dante's time, and to regard from Dante's eyes the world of the Trecento.

The Letters of One. By Charles Hare Plunkett.

The revelation of a peculiar temperament. There is a young man who is very much in love, yet at the same time he tells the lady that he cannot marry her for two reasons: that in doing so she would interfere with both his ambi-

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tion and his art, for if he marry her he would feel obliged to devote himself to her happiness for the rest of his life, whereas he has already promised himself to his art. He loves her because he renounces her, and renounces her because he loves her.

The Friends of Voltaire. By S. G. Tallentyre.

Delineating the faults, the virtues, and the love affairs of Voltaire's most intimate friends. The peculiarities and distinguishing characteristics of the men who paved the way for that momentous event, the French Revolution, are dissected in these pages.

How to Find Happyland. By Jasmine Stone van Dresser.

A book of children's stories.

Switzerland and Its People. Written by Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine.

Taking up "Swiss Patriotism," "The Swiss Government," and "Some Literary Associations," with coloured plates on "The Wetterhorn from Grundelwald," "Lucerne," "The Old Bridge," "Spring Flowers by the Lake of Lucerne," and "The Rhine at Basil."

Alcohol. The Sanction for Its Use Scientifically Established and Popularly Expounded by a Physiologist. Translated from the German by Dr. J. Starke.

The Union Cause in Kentucky. By Captain Thomas Speed.

A chronicle concerning the various efforts made by the Federal sympathisers before the Civil War to compel Kentucky to remain in the Union.

The Censorship of the Church of Rome. And Its Influence Upon the Production and Distribution of Literature. By George Haven Putnam.

A study of the history of the Expurgatory and Prohibitory Indexes, together with some consideration of the effects of Protestant Censorship and of Censorship by the State.

The Rebman Company:

Dining and Its Amenities. By a Lover of Good Cheer.

In the preface the author says: "The papers embodied in this work were originally read before an association of professional men who met monthly for diversion and reflection, during which were discussed many questions relating to letters, science and art, besides those pertaining to alimentation."

The Samurai Press:

The Dust Which Is God. By Ralph Strauss.

Considering the problems of modern philosophy from the esoteric and spiritual standpoint, this is an attempt to solve certain transcendental problems.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Guide Books to English. By Gilbert and Harris.

Educational. Consisting of a course of language lessons and a grammar.

Through France and the French Syntax. By Robert Louis Sanderson.

A book of French composition, the real object of which is to teach the student to think in good idiomatic French instead of first thinking in English and then trying to express himself correctly in French.

Scribner's:

Outdoors. By Ernest McGaffey.

Mr. McGaffey writes with an intimate knowledge of nature in her different moods. In describing the marshes he says: "In spite of life, light, and colour, the keynote of the marsh is its extreme sense of loneliness—above the reeds there is a level sea of silence."

The Tragedy of the Cæsars. By S. Baring Gould.

The author spent two successive winters in Rome, and there gathered the material for this biography on the seven greatest Cæsars.

Apollo. An illustrated Manual of History throughout the Ages. By S. Reinach.

A corrected and revised edition, being entirely reset. It contains six hundred reproductions of all the famous pictures from the origin of art down through the nineteenth century.

A Short History of the American Navy. By John R. Spears.

This history has been officially adopted as the standard short history of the United States Navy. The part the navy has taken in the making of history is set forth here in a temperate manner.

Antonio Pollaiuolo. By Maud Cruttwell.

Pollaiuolo, it is said, did more to pave the way for Leonardo and Michelangelo

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than any other artist of his time. This is the first book that has ever been published dealing with his achievements, and Miss Cruttwell has in it definitely defined Pollaiuolo's place as painter, sculptor, draughtsman, designer and engraver.

The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Romance and adventure in Holland, Venice and New York. The Veiled Lady of Stamboul is a beautiful Venetian whose love affairs become matters of moment to the community. Others concern a New England girl with a conscience, a prim lady of uncertan age, and "Muggles."

Memoirs of a Sportsman, Smoke, Virgin Soil, The Jew and Other Stories, On the Eve, Rudin and King Lear, of the Steppes, A Nobleman's Nest, Fathers and Children. By Ivan Turgenieff. Translated by Isabel Florence Hapgood.

The first eight volumes of a new edition of the works of Ivan Turgenieff, translated directly from the Russian by Miss Hapgood, who has an intimate knowledge of that language.

Military Memoirs of a Confederate. By E. P. Alexander.

This is considered to be one of the most valuable books on the Civil War, consisting as it does of the reminiscences and anecdotes of a man who was chief of the ordnance in the army of Northern Virginia. Primarily, the book is a criticism of war on both the Confederate and Federal sides.

Prophet's Landing. By Edwin Asa Dix.

The development of a capable enterprising man in a New England village is told here. The figure of the Prophet dominates this tale, which also contains a great deal of every-day philosophy and an exposition of the business methods of to-day and their effect.

Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson.

The second in a dozen volumes which are to appear under the auspices of the American Historical Association. It deals with the memorable journey of Cabeza de Vaca across the continent 1528-43, and is supplemented by Castenado's and Coronado's expedition. It contains a thorough editing and indexing.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list for the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Three Men and a Maid. Fraser. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Penalty. Begbie. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Three Men and a Maid. Fraser. (Clode.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shulamite. Askew. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The White Darkness. Mott. (Outing.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Unseen Jury. Root. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Quest. Van Eeden. (Luce.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Are you a Bromide? Burgess. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The White Cat. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The White Cat. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Giant's Strength. King. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. General Lee, 1861-65. Taylor. (Nusbaum Book Co.) $2.00.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The White Cat. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Heart Throbs. Chapple. (National Magazine.)

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Stolen Throne. Kauffman. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. John Glynn. Paterson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Dangerville Inheritance. Fox-Davies. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
4. Brain and Personality. Thompson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. Half Hours in Southern History. Hall. (Johnson.) $1.50.
6. The Patriot. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hillier. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 50 cents.
6. Madame de Treymes. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Meamy. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
5. Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. Mr. Barnes, American. Gunter. (The Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Case of Dr. Horace. Prentiss. (The Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.00.
6. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.25.
2. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
2. Beside the Still Waters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 229
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50 133
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25..... 113
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00..... 100
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 94
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25..... 86

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